

NOVEMBER, 1908

Gen. Period.

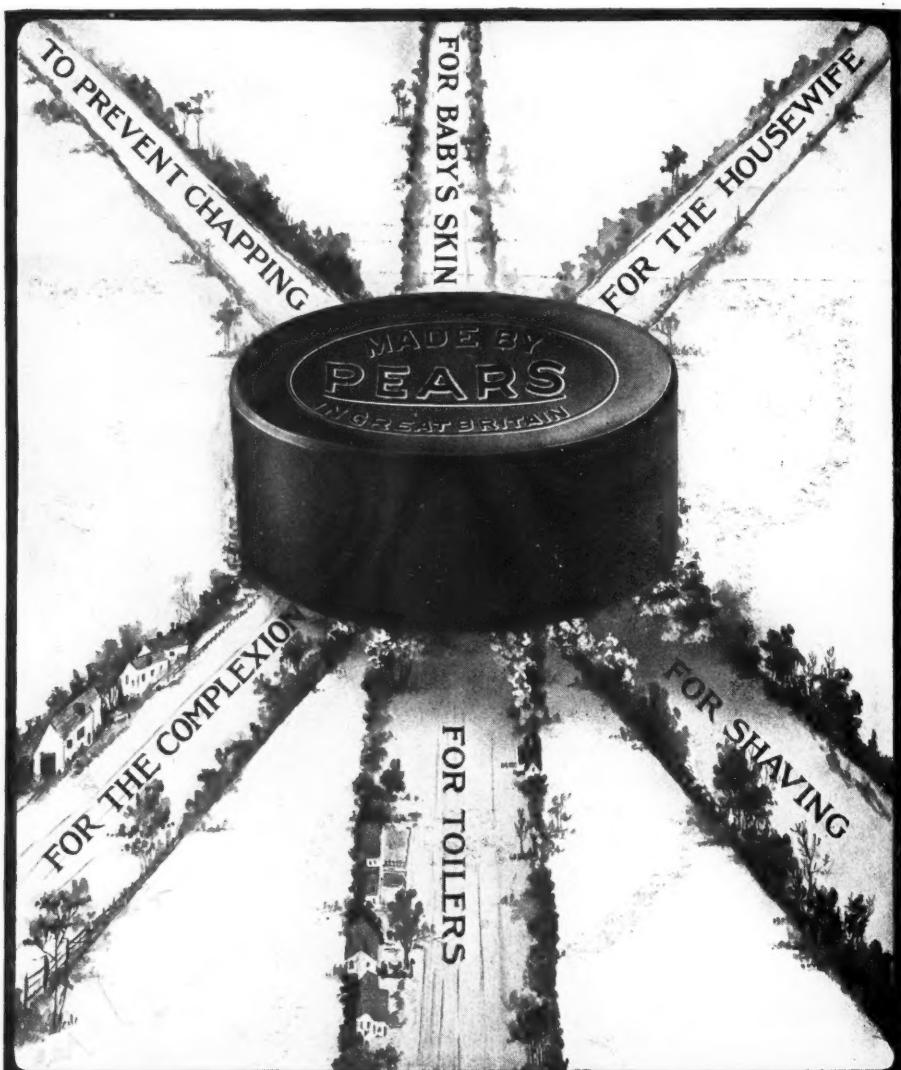
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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

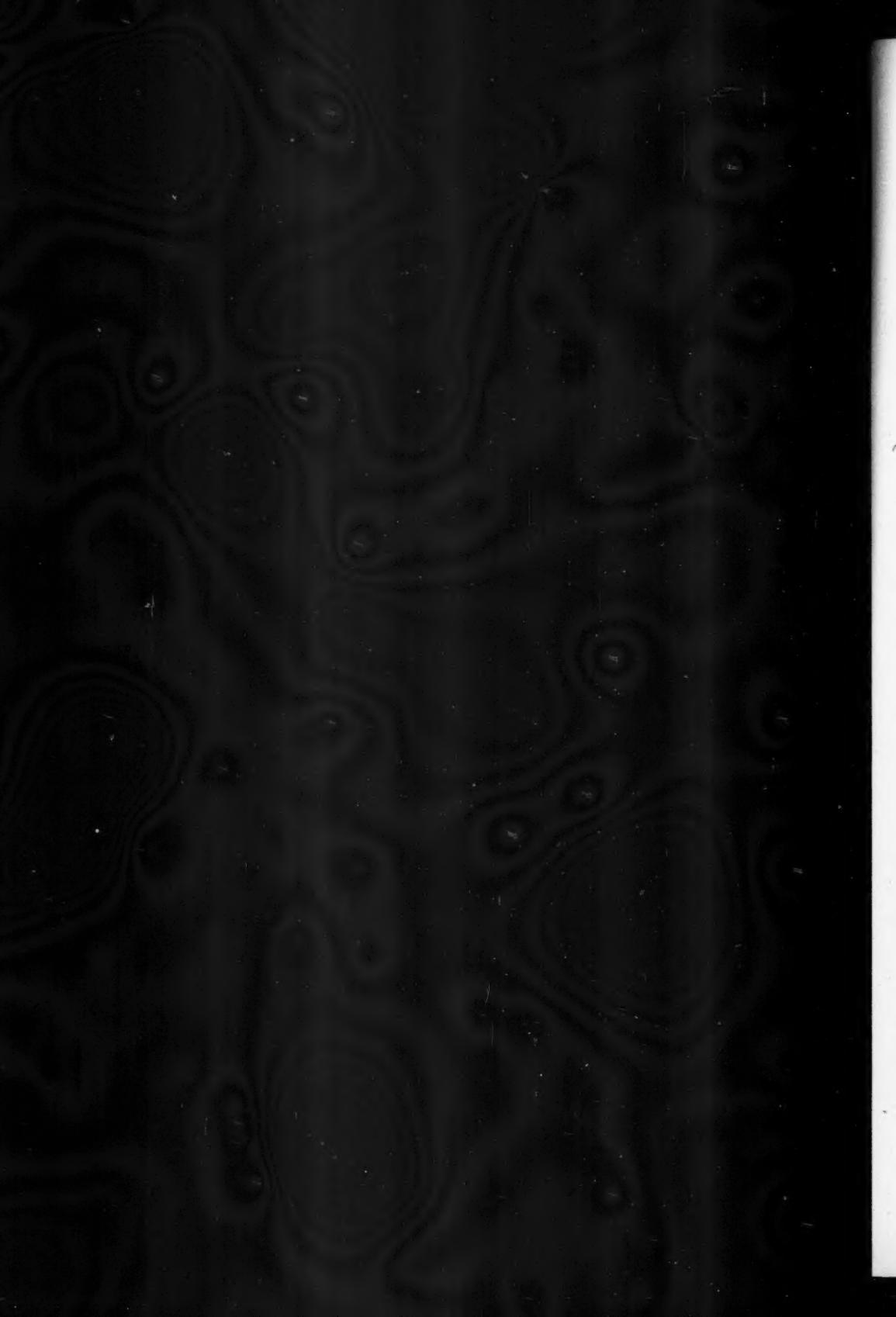
EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

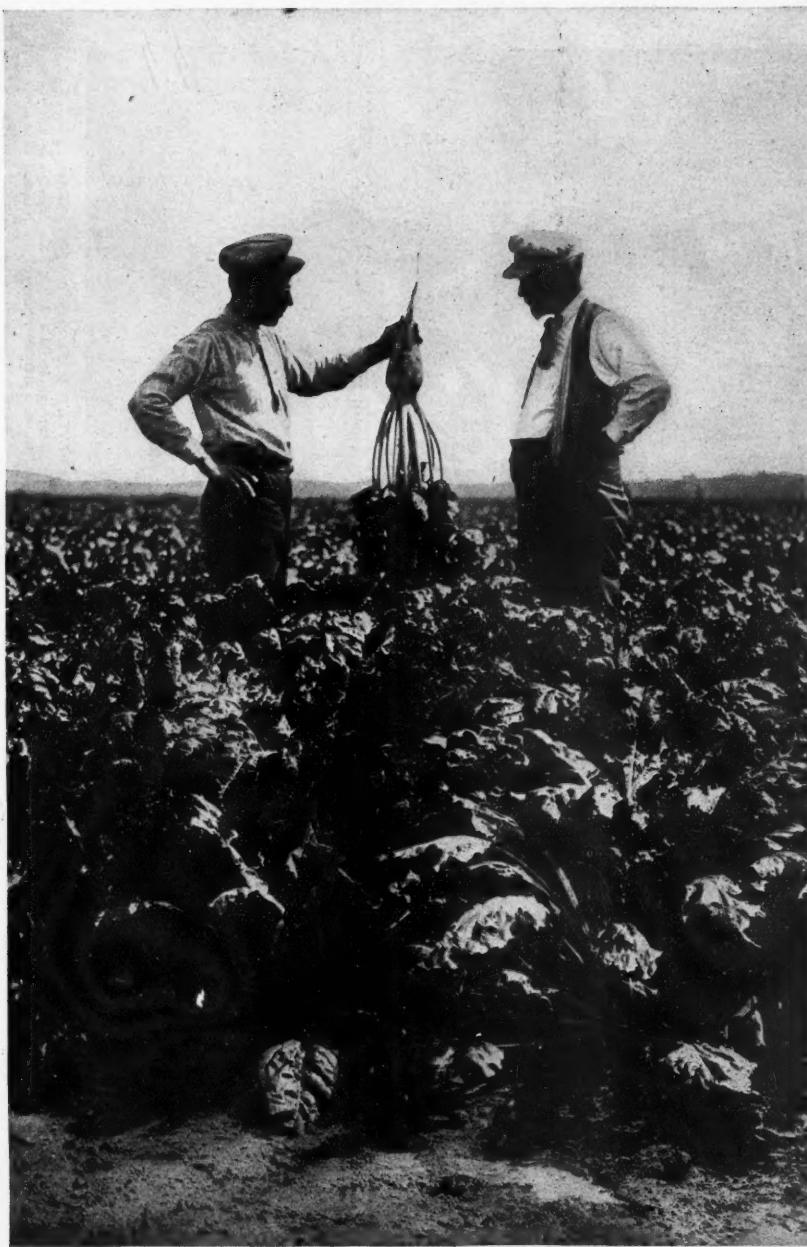


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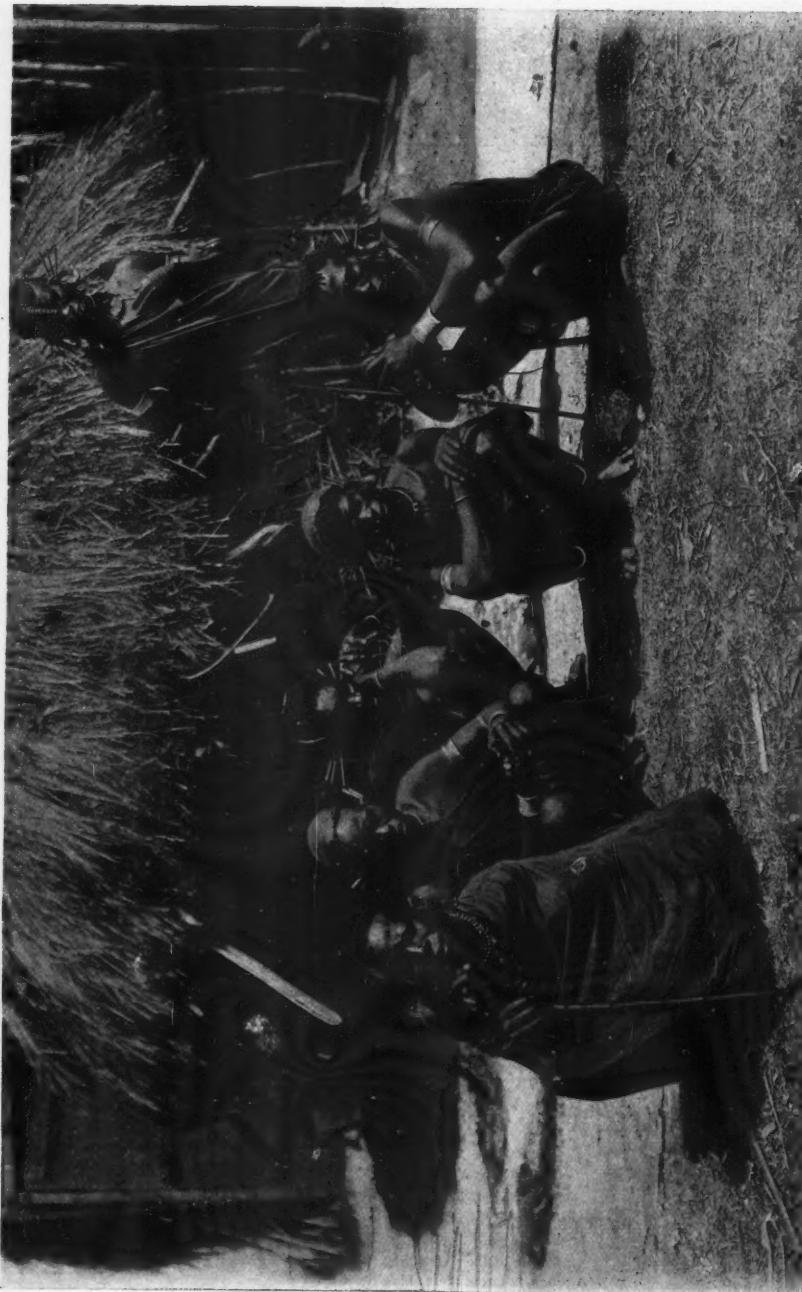






A PERFECT SUGAR BEET IS A JOY TO THE FARMER
Though Wordsworth said of Peter Bell—

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more." — See page 185.



A SCENE FROM THE SOUTH AFRICAN HUNTING GROUNDS WHICH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT WILL VISIT NEXT YEAR
In the December issue will begin a series of remarkable articles by Peter MacQueen who has just returned from a thrilling trip through Darkest Africa. Mr. MacQueen was the staff contributor for the National Magazine during the Cuban War in Cuba and in the Philippines. He is one of the widest-known travelers and the readers of the National have a rare treat in store from his pen depicting the stirring adventures in Africa, which the President will visit next April.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIX

NOVEMBER, 1908

NUMBER TWO



ELECTION day comes ten suns before the ides of November. If the date for an event so important as the election of the President of the United States had been fixed for the thirteenth of November in olden days, there would have been earnest consideration among the Roman soothsayers, as they bent over the victim slain at the altar to ascertain what of good or evil the "cauls involved with solemn art" might indicate for the future of the nation. The "thirteenth" would suggest foreboding and disaster for one party or the other. Luckily, election day does not come on the thirteenth, and Shakespeare's warning concerning the "ides of March" has no terrors for the voting hosts.

The election of a president marks the dividing epochs in national history; it is conducted on very different lines from those graphically described by Dickens in his chapters on "A Shoal of Barnacles," a clique of solemn prigs, who all assiduously studied the art of "How Not To Do It," at their headquarters, the Circumlocution Office. They were annually congratulated on their success as follows: "My lords and gentlemen, you have, through several laborious months, been considering with great loyalty and patriotism, How Not To Do It, and *you have found out.*"

"All the business of the country went through the Circumlocution Office except the business that never came out of it; and *its* name was Legion."

The American voter is not a circumlocutionist; he has no "objection to be precipitated" into anything.

In the closing days of the campaign the heavy battalions of speakers were not concerned with Precedent or Precipitation as they looked over the field where every voter had his own individual, firm conviction upon the evidence presented. The thorough system inaugurated in the present campaign reached even remote voters, who had almost forgotten that they had a vote. They were not only informed that they were not on the registration list, but were told, by means of a red-marked card, where and when to register.

* * *

The result of the election is important, but far more so is the expression of individual beliefs; each man has his ideals; he may "vote for the best man" or stick to his party, just as he chooses, but in either case he decides for himself; he is not "led to the polls by a stately Barnacle," but demonstrates his own political views. For instance, I heard a man say: "I am not a Republican, but I am a Taft man."

Another said: "I am not a Democrat, but I am a firm believer in Bryan."

The revolt against dictation by a few labor and other organizations means much for the upbuilding of the nation. The power of mere personal leadership has lost its charm. Men look rather at what the leader stands for than at his own personality; they keep apart from affiliation with any party. This is somewhat of a paradox, in view of the fact that the campaign has been essentially one of remarkable organization; it is business organization utilized as a piece of machinery and not as a guiding force. It has been

called "the campaign of organization," and it might, with equal truth, be called "the campaign of reorganization"; of partisan and political beliefs.

In the congressional districts the fight was stubborn and close. "Uncle Joe" Cannon's gallant "charge" in the old Danville district was a most picturesque feature of the campaign. In no other presidential election has the "idio" of the voter been more in evidence. There was less of the traditional records of party organization. This is not dis-

R. Shipp, secretary of the National Conservation Commission, in the Forest Service at Washington, was formerly secretary to Senator Beveridge, and is a product of the Hoosier State and an enthusiast. He lives, talks and breathes his work, and is issuing bulletins of progress which indicate how rapidly this movement has advanced, although started at the White House conference of governors only last May. The personal interest of the governors of the various states, and their co-operation, and the compilation by Henry Gannett of the gigantic mass of material, resulting from inquiries made, will furnish the first real inventory ever made by Uncle Sam since he went into business "on his own hook" in 1776.

The details show immense waste in unexpected ways and places, as by the erosion of the soil by heavy rain and other causes, which is declared to be as great a depletion of natural wealth as that sustained by the denuding of the forests. Another avenue of loss is the waste of water power, and the government will in a short time know what proportion of existing water power is being used. Just what amount of flood water goes unutilized will also be ascertained.

On Tuesday, December 1, the National Conservation Commission will have a meeting for general discussion on the reports received from the various bureaus, and on December 8, commissioners will discuss the subject with the governors of the various states or territories or their representatives. This is regarded as one of the most important meetings scheduled for the winter.

* * *

integration, for individual strength means national power, and makes strongly for progress.

* * *

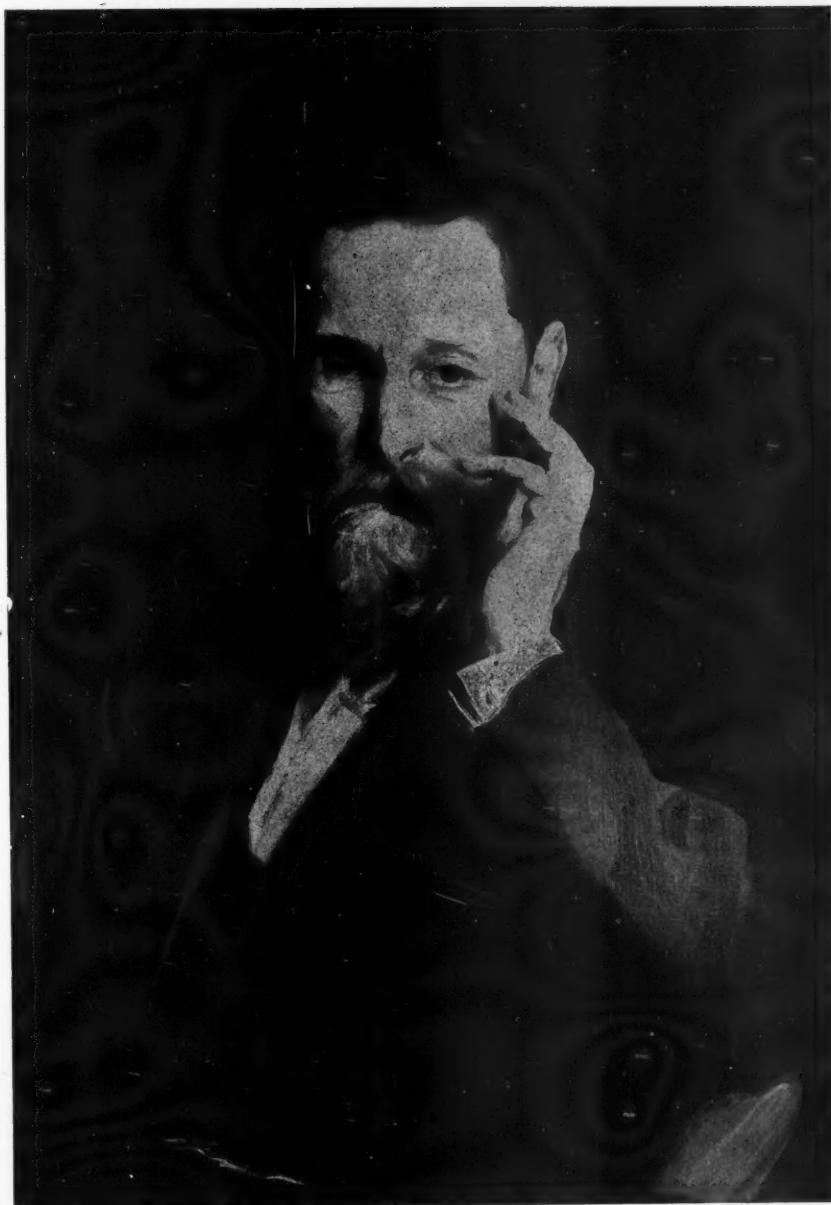
THE National Conservation Commission, one of the live-wire institutions at Washington, is making rapid strides toward securing an inventory of Uncle Sam's natural resources. It is a vast undertaking, but the corps of experts and scientists who have been at work all summer are bringing in reports which indicate splendid progress.

When the schedule of inquiries sent out by this commission is complete, it will assuredly embody the most valuable data contained in the government archives, and will have great influence in deciding the important questions of the future. Mr. Thomas



JAMES T. WILLIAMS, JR.
Secretary to the Chairman, Republican National
Committee

DURING the coming winter, Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence of Nashville, Tennessee, will very likely be the guest of President Roosevelt, who met Mrs. Lawrence, the adopted granddaughter of "Old Hickory," when he visited the home of her illustrious grandfather during his trip to Nashville. Mrs. Lawrence found a home there with General Jackson, and at "The Hermitage" met, "as guests honored and honorary," Presidents Johnson, Polk and Van Buren. Later, she met President Buchanan at Washington, and as Presidents McKinley and Cleveland were also known to her, her meeting with President Roosevelt completes a long line of presidents she has met since General Jackson's time.



JOSEPH PULITZER
Editor of the New York World

It is interesting to hear Mrs. Lawrence tell of the likeness to "Old Hickory" which she discerns in the lineaments of President Roosevelt. No one is better fitted to detect such a resemblance than is she, the daughter



Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN
Commissioner of Education of the United States

of General Jackson's adopted son and his only surviving grandchild. She is about seventy-five years of age and is the often-mentioned "Little Rachel" of "Old Hickory's" declining years.

The President is gathering material for a notable literary work which he will doubtless take up when he retires from the White House, and the notes from his visits to the homes of former presidents while President, will add graphic material to the historical lore he has in preparation.

* * *

THE headquarters of the National Democratic Committee, at the Auditorium Annex, Chicago, has been a busy place for the past few months. The literary department, in charge of Josephus Daniels, has made a splendid record. Willis J. Abbot was another political pilot who stood at the helm night and day and is a veteran of many campaigns. Judge Wade of Iowa, in charge of the Literary Bureau, was constantly busy with conferences in the rooms or the corridors.

The entrance to headquarters leads directly from the lobby of the Annex through the front and back stairs, which makes it easy of access. The incessant click of the typewriters suggested all the busy-ness of a great newspaper office. There was never any time that good line "stories" were not on top for the Democratic newspapers. The young cartoonist, who has made the hit, is a son of Bill Nye. Even after Treasurer Haskell left, the boys went right on with increased vigor, not even thinking of whether or not the "ghost would walk" on pay day.

The last hurricane speaking tour of Mr. Bryan through the East, gave the committees a chance to rest on their oars and await the results of the pamphlets given broadcast.

* * *

ONE of the funniest incidents brought to my notice for some time was the surprise of a friend, just landed from England, at our American slang. He had been care-



J. OGDEN ARMOUR
Head of Armour & Co., Chicago

fully educated at private schools, and gave me to understand that any departure from good, classical English was "decidedly impopaw." Eton and Oxford had done their best for him, and he had the mellifluous drawl that is associated in the American mind with "swell English," while every sentence he

uttered was not only correct, but ornate enough to have stood as a model in an English phrase book for the benefit of the foreigner. We stood chatting to an acquaintance, to whom I introduced him, and were absorbed in discussion, when a fourth man came up, and said:

"Now, if you'll let me butt in, I can tell you all about that."

My English friend almost fell off the curb, and his surprised look attracted my attention to that choice and expressive "butt." After we had passed on, he said:

"Butt—I never heard of any creature 'butting' except a goat"—he pronounced it "gow-et"—"I really glawned up the street expecting to see one."

With carefully chosen language, I explained the meaning of this vulgar word as used in the States. We had not gone far before a senator waved his hand to me and we stopped to talk with him. Something had gone wrong



CONGRESSMAN WATSON
Who has made a whirlwind canvass for governor of
Indiana

with the voting in his district, and he burst out with, "We're right up against it."

My companion looked hastily to the right and left, and then listened attentively while the legislator told how he desired a place on a certain committee for a special purpose, and it had not fallen to his lot.

My friend wore a meditative and puzzled air; in a minute or so he said:

"I should like so much to know what barrier he was up against."

"He told me he was up against 'it.'"



DR. HARRY B. BERTOLETTE
Delegate to the National Republican Convention from
the Seventeenth District of Ohio

"But what is 'it'?"

I endeavored to explain the wide scope of "it" in American vernacular. The climax was reached when we walked out Seventh Avenue and he called my attention to a sign in a shop window which read:—

"LADIES' AND GENT'S CLEANSING
AND PRESSING INSIDE."

He stopped and stared at it as though it had been some mysterious Egyptian hieroglyph.

"Bah Jove," he said, "that really might be called intricate. What a curious mode of advertising public baths. May I ask what the pressing process is? Is it some new method by which one's interior is massaged and bathed, or does the sign merely indicate that one enters the interior of the building in order to undergo these processes, whatever they may be?"

We walked two squares before I made this clear; I began to think that the explana-

tions were hardly worth the trouble, so I turned my attention to other things and remarked, "I feel like breakfast now."

"Now," he said, "I understand your idiom. You mean that for the moment you feel like boiled eggs and toast—don't you?"

"No," I growled, "I feel like a boiled owl," and he was more mystified than ever.



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WATCHING THE BALL

WHILE the days that Judge Taft spent at Hot Springs, Virginia, may not figure conspicuously in the campaign of 1908, they cover that important period of preparation which meant so much to the future activities of a presidential candidate. Situated nearly half a mile above the sea level, encircled by

a verdant Virginian mountain range, "The Homestead" of Hot Springs, Va., lies in picturesque seclusion, in a veritable natural amphitheatre. This magnificent summer resort is worthy of its reputation; no wonder, then, that it has been for years the favorite rendezvous for the people of Cincinnati. It was only natural that Judge Taft should retire there with the "home folks" before the "hustings," as our English friends would say. Indeed, it would be very difficult to find a place better adapted to the requirements of the opening activities of a presidential campaign—recreation and business.

We arrived at Hot Springs on a day of conferences. In room 529, sat the Judge buried in his work, his quarters adjoining those of Secretary Carpenter, where the typewriters were flying at express speed. There were books, papers, copying presses and sundry other evidences of business-like activity. Singularly enough, on the threshold I beheld a plain axe, but was assured that its use was for opening boxes only, and that its red top was symbolic of nothing but its newness.

When the conferences were on, the Judge had before him a typewritten list of thirty-five distinct topics for consideration with Chairman Hitchcock and Mr. Vorys, who will remain with him at Cincinnati during the campaign. Every hour of the morning was spent in conference. Senators Scott and Elkins came to discuss the dual Republican state ticket in West Virginia, but decided after farther consideration to bring the matter up in a regular way before the National Committee for a judicial determination.

There were some guests at the hotel who did not appear in the political rush, but there was an atmosphere redolent of the approaching election-time. In the spacious lobby, portraits of Taft and Sherman beamed from the walls.

On the same train with our party was John Hays Hammond, erstwhile candidate for the Vice-Presidency—a South African mining engineer who is said to be able to smell a gold mine at any distance. He has the distinction of being the highest-paid mining engineer in the world, is a resident of Gloucester, Mass., and a classmate of Judge Taft, who greeted him familiarly as "Jack." Mr. Hammond has been elected the President of the National League of Republican

Clubs, and has since taken an active part in the campaign to elect his classmate, and add to the glory of the Yale alumnus.

* * *

Judge Taft confessed it — the rose is his favorite flower, and now the question is, whether it be the Rose of York or of Lancaster — the white or the red? The matter is left open until after election. Whatever his preference for boutonnieres, however, it must be said that his favorite recreation is work. The way he devours it is amazing; he is not nervously quick, but handles his mail with the same deliberation that he handled legal documents while on the bench holding court down in Tennessee and Kentucky — those Southern States that still retain an enthusiastic admiration for him and his public service.

The most popular event for the guests at "The Homestead" comes about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the orchestra at the Casino begins to play, and little groups gather about for a cup of tea and a chat. This day we let the cup of tea go by, sauntering down the hill to witness a game of golf, between "Bill" Taft and Lindsay of the New York World, who had been selected as the victim in place of Senator Bourne, Jr., of Oregon, whose valiant stand for Roosevelt's "Second Elective Term" has passed into history. The Judge swung deliberately along, with that curiously elastic and almost silent tread which not infrequently characterizes heavy men. Mr. Taft looked his part as one of the leading citizens of the country, attired in a silken golfing shirt and light gray trousers, and wearing his famous Filipino hat — a broad, full, light headgear.

* * *

In front of the Casino stretch the famous "Homestead" golf links, each hole of which has its appropriate name, special difficulty, and natural beauty. There is "The Walnut" near a great tree of that name; "The Graveyard," where spectral granite obstructions have been indeed the burial place of many a golfer's fond anticipations, and "The Crater," a deceptive little hill whose invisible summit conceals a depression wherein nestles a cozy green. Many promising drives come to an untimely end here, and many an extra stroke is needed to get out of limbo.

Mr. Taft's negro caddy carried his well-

tried clubs — seven, the mystical number dear to magicians and golfers, whose exploits with the ball at all times seem to partake of the marvellous. Although a novice, I had Chevalier Hill explain the game with maps and plans on the well-kept sward. The seven golf clubs suggest Scotch "canniness," being prepared and trained to surmount



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JUDGE TAFT ON THE LINKS

obstacles with a specific club for a specific drive, or bunker. There was the driver, with its long elastic shaft and carefully shaped and balanced head, with which the gutta-percha ball is driven to marvelous distances. Next the brassie, whose wooden head, defended by a plate of brass, takes up the work of

the driver in long grass or rougher ground. Then the cleek, iron-headed, narrow-faced, set at an exact parallel with its long shaft, drives the ball with great force and accuracy, and is, of course, less likely to break. The niblick's brazen or steel head, set at a peculiar angle, comes into action when the player has



From the book "William Howard Taft, American." Copyright 1908, Robt. Lee Dunn. Chapple Publishing Co.

NOW FOR A DRIVE!

to "lift" and at the same time drive his ball out of a depression. The short-headed mashie is for gradual approaches to the desired hole, the short-handled putter for skilfully holing a well-placed ball on the green, and the midiron is a kind of compromise, or general tool, for special ground and unexpected difficulties.

In the summer time the player saunters along over the same course which he takes on a brisk "trot" during the crisp days of autumn, but always finding keen enjoyment in the beauties of nature. Each hole has its own teeing ground, with its green-bordered hole located in a guarded place. It may be that a bunker appears to guard the approach to the invincible hole. The general direction of the course is indicated by a white flag which floats out among the trees in the distance. Eighteen holes constitute the "Homestead" golf links. It is 2,780 yards going, and the return makes it 5,560 yards, or something over three and a half miles.

To see the Judge stand with the tiny golf ball elevated on a pinch of sand and swing his club two or three times in preparation for a stroke, is a delight in itself. It is easily seen that it is not the hard hitting that counts so much as the accuracy of the stroke which is in an exact circle; the ball follows the club for eight or ten inches and then zips off two or three hundred yards. The player is ambitious to make each hole with the fewest possible number of strokes. To put the ball into a cavity a few inches in diameter some three hundred and thirty yards away — to send it through the air, avoiding trees and other obstacles, and make it fly the desired distance in the right direction — that is golf. As the players say, "Nothing can equal the satisfaction of a good drive," — and when he looks at his companion at the close and says "2 up" — that's golf.

* * *

If there are any business cobwebs hanging about the brain, they quickly fly off, for the utmost concentration is required. Nothing but golf can be thought of, and it certainly tempers the spirit and cultivates the patience. After galloping over the links with Judge Taft, I no longer wonder at his love for the game.

As the spectators naturally gather about the players the word "fore" is often heard, which means "look out!" On the links it is etiquette never to stand behind a player that he may not be rendered nervous by the fear of hitting any one in the rear with his club. With one eye on the direction flag and another on the ball, a player has no time to think of onlookers.

As we sauntered along Judge Taft remarked

that to him the beauty of golf was the opportunity it afforded to observe nature, "and never," he said, "does a walk over the golf links seem tedious." When I saw him make a drive up "The Crater," following the ball with the energy of a boy after a red apple, while I came along behind, breathless and perspiring, I began to appreciate the value of "form," and concluded that the Judge had acquired it.

Light-footed and agile as Nimrod himself, this big man ascended the steep slope, intent on the game. While perspiring freely, he never appeared at all fatigued, and made a cheery picture as he strode along — loose jointed, swinging his club and always ready for a quick, decisive drive from tee to tee.

In his trousers' pocket the Judge kept a score book in which his strokes were faithfully recorded. He has equalled the prize record of John D. Rockefeller, having made the eighteen holes in eighty-eight strokes. A story was related of how Mr. Rockefeller went the rounds amid a chorus of "Magnificent, Mr. Rockefeller," "Splendid stroke, Mr. Rockefeller." This was repeated just to cheer on the Judge — but he never failed to make his drives count.

It soon became evident that Mr. Lindsay was being beaten; he rushed over and requested us to have Jack Hammond come and talk a little more politics to the Judge — "He is playing too well," he said, "and I must jar those strokes with a little politics." "Jack" Hammond went over, but the Judge caught the gleam in the eye of his old school chum and suspected the plot.

"Remember, no politics until I have made

the last stroke at the 'Homestead,'" said the Judge, and he finished the game with the prettiest drive of all, that won the plaudits of the onlookers. As the ball went sailing off, seeming to circle like a bird above its nest, dropping with amazing accuracy, and then rolled over toward the flag in the hole,



From the book "William Howard Taft, American." Copyright 1908, Robt. Lee Dunn
JUDGE TAFT WITH HIS FAMOUS MANILA HAT IN WHICH HE
ALWAYS PLAYS GOLF

where a deft stroke with the putter finished the game — Lindsay and the Judge looked with satisfaction at his score of 92. — "2 up."

When the ball is in the green, the player farthest from the hole has the first shot, and Lindsay had a series of first shots; but "putting" that day was bad, the ball circling along the edge of the hole and passing it by haughtily, bringing to Lindsay a feeling that

printed words cannot describe. Judge Taft has a way of calling "whoa" to his balls that seems almost to effect their progress, while a clicking of tongue and lips, a curious and unspellable sound, always marks disgust or pity as the balls fly or amble contrarily.



JOHN C. CROCKETT, OF IOWA
Appointed Reading Clerk of the United States Senate

Justice Harlan told a story to Judge Taft of how he went out to play golf in a fog. He thought he would drive the ball and sent it off at a "hazard." He came to the caddie and asked him to find the ball, looking within a radius of three hundred yards. The caddie's eyes stuck out.

"I done found dat ball, Judge. It am in de hole sure 'enough. It jest wiggled in like."

It was certainly remarkable that a drive through the fog should place a ball where the most earnest effort of two to twenty strokes may fail in broad daylight.

Judge Taft responded with a fishing story, also about a fog. He went out one day in a wagon to fish and the fog came down thick. He drew up where he thought the stream ought to be, cast his line, felt a pull, and hauled in a fine trout — another bite and another, until the wagon was filled. The fog lifted and the wagon was three hundred yards from the river! There was a silence which

might be felt, when Judge Taft concluded, and Justice Harlan told no more fog stories. It was decided as a draw.

These stories remind one of the old Yankee carpenter who was shingling a big barn when a dense fog came up. He was so intent upon his work that he had shingled off the roof and some thirty feet into the fog before it lightened up and let him gradually down to the ground.

After a succession of experiences on the links — in fog and sunshine — many a golf player lies in bed at night, considering the problem as to whether he ought not to have used a midiron instead of a mashie in making that hole. So in the activities of today such games as golf have their influence in keeping alert and active those faculties that mean so much in the solution of problems that present themselves along the links of life.

* * *

THE great conquests of science have been demonstrated in the Tuberculosis Congress in Washington. More and more the



CONGRESSMAN H. OLIN YOUNG

capital is becoming the meeting center for those interested in this and all other important movements. There has seldom been a gathering that has attracted more widespread attention, or given more alarming information concerning the ravages of the "great

white plague," which seems to deal death to every country and nation alike.

Dr. Koch, the German specialist, was there, and all that he had to say was listened to with close attention. He told of his wonderful research, giving the subject a weight and impressiveness that could not possibly be secured by mere reading.

It is gratifying to note that the paramount purpose now is to save life. It is stated that if even a much smaller amount of money than that spent in establishing and maintaining life stations on the coast could be allotted to the study and care of people afflicted with consumption, many more lives would be saved to the nation than are now rescued from death by means of these stations. Public sentiment is awake, and it is believed there will be an appropriation in the near future.

On the train from the West, which carried several of the delegates to the International



FRANCES STARR

Tuberculosis Congress, was a young Ohio farmer and his wife, who had been in Arizona in the hope that the climate there might stay the hand of the dread destroyer. The young woman was in the last stages of consumption, and for four nights her husband had not left her side. On Sunday morning she was very

bright and cheerful, and seemed much better; she insisted that her devoted husband go to breakfast, while a jolly, rotund traveling man volunteered to remain beside her. The husband had scarcely entered the dining-car when the change came; he was hastily



Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington

JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN
Washington correspondent of *Chicago Tribune* and a noted magazine contributor

summoned, and the young woman, who had struggled through weeks of homesickness in the search for health in Arizona, passed quietly away amid the roar of the limited.

The tender sympathy of the people on that train compelled us to believe in the eternal goodness of heart of all humanity. The husband was inconsolable at the thought that he had lost even one of her precious last moments by going to the dining-car, and could find but little comfort in the thought urged by the kindly passengers that the last he had seen of his wife was when she seemed her old self—bright and cheerful and at her best.

According to rules, the train should have stopped at the next station, but it was so near the journey's end that the passengers pleaded that the run might not be interrupted. Despite the protest of the delegates on their way to the Tuberculosis Congress, the young man carried his precious burden straight through, and was saved the grief

of seeing it put off among strangers instead of at the home station, as she had planned. It is probable that the sad occurrence proved a vivid object lesson to the delegates, and that it helped to point a moral at the Tuberculosis Congress. No appropriation can be



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MARTIN B. MADDEN OF CHICAGO
Who has the Republican and Democratic National Headquarters in his district—to say nothing of the Auditorium and Annex.

too generous, or no amount of time too precious to spend in the work of this Congress for better public health.

* * *

WITH the opening of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition only a few months distant, public interest is fixed on that energetic northwestern point of the national compass, Seattle. This will be a great "World's Fair," and everything will be completed in readiness for the opening day, June 1, 1909.

The beautiful campus of the Washington University is being transformed into a veritable fairyland of gentle slopes and commanding terraces overlooking Washington Lake. Ranier Avenue looks as though it led directly to the summit of snow-capped Mount Ranier, towering 14,000 feet above it in the distance.

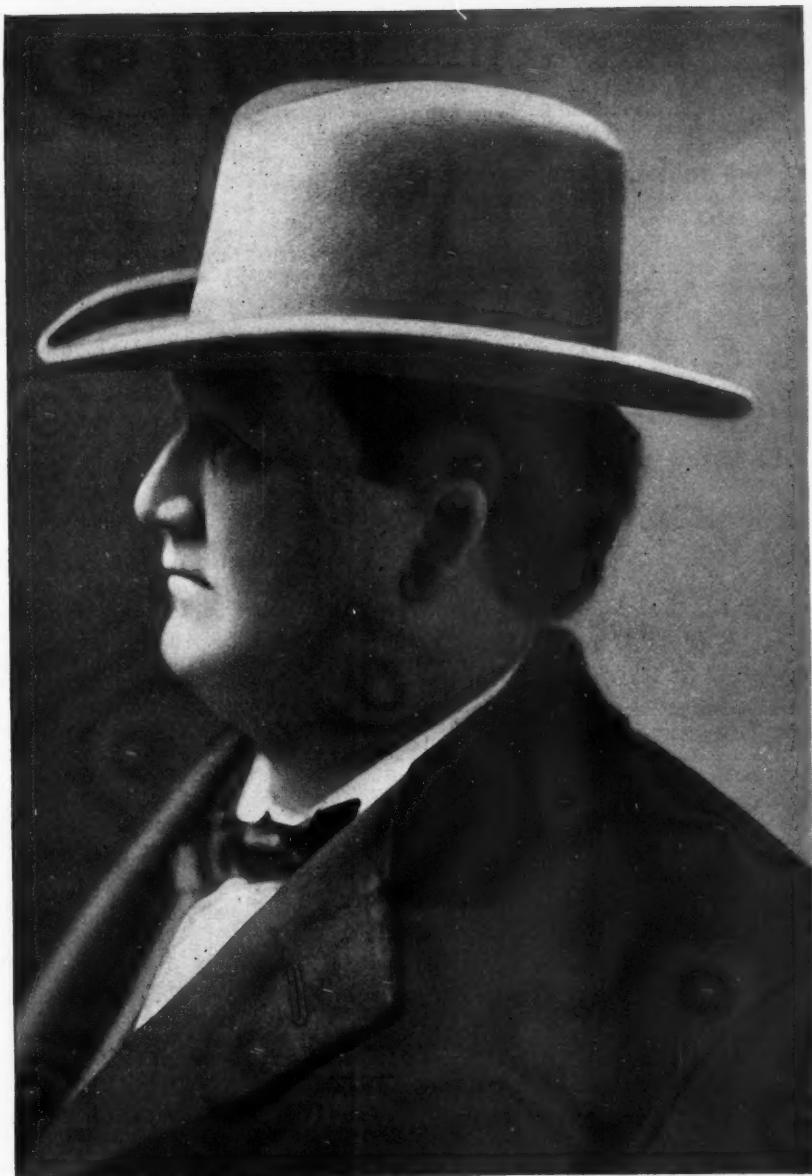
Nearly all the buildings of any importance are either under construction or completed. The Manufacturers' Palace, fronting the eastern wall of the Court of Honor, was the first to be completed. Machinery Hall, a permanent brick building, is also finished. Many of the buildings are to be permanent, including the Fine Arts Auditorium and the Forestry Building. Of the million dollars appropriated by the State of Washington, \$600,000 will go into permanent structures. The great amusement highway known at former expositions as the Midway, The Pike and The Trail, is to be christened "The Pay Streak" at Seattle, emblematic of the harvest of Alaska gold that has poured into Seattle.

The popular enthusiasm manifested during my visit to Seattle, when the first ground was broken for the exposition, indicated the high crest of American sentiment regarding all things progressive. The preliminary exercises were held in that magnificent natural amphitheatre just beneath the hill and overlooking the beautiful lake. There one realizes that what especially impresses everyone



F. J. V. SKIFF
Appointed United States Commissioner for the Japanese Exposition, 1917

who visits Seattle for the first time is the character of her people; the cheery, hopeful, dauntless expression that whatever they undertake will be done promptly and done "better and best." This exposition will virtually in-



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SENATOR JEFF. DAVIS OF ARKANSAS

Introduce Seattle to the world as a city of worldwide ambitions, aspiring to become the metropolis of the Pacific Coast.

The United States government exhibit will be a small exposition in itself, and is now well under way. There are separate structures for Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippines. This group is to stand at the head of the Cas-



THE LATE SENATOR PETTUS
He lived to ride in an automobile despite his protest

cades closing in the northern bend of the Court of Honor. The government will have a very elaborate showing for the \$600,000 appropriation. Various state buildings are in course of erection.

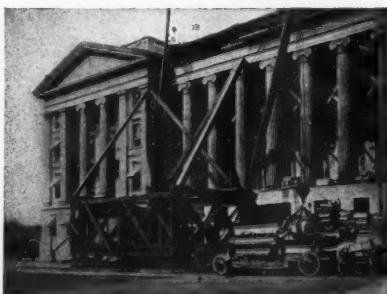
The "Pay Streak" is over three-quarters of a mile long, and will contain the very newest creations in popular and curious diversions and amusements.

Over a half-million dollars is being laid out by the street-car company to provide adequate service for the crowds. Everybody appears to be boosting, and every letter sent out by a Seattle resident contains some reminder of the coming fair. The cactus dahlia has been named as the official flower of the exposition; it resembles the chrysanthemum in appearance and blooms in great abundance from June until the frosts of autumn, when the great Pacific exposition will close in a blaze of glory.

NOTHING in Washington has attracted more attention from passersby than the dismantling of the "American Pantheon" by the substitution of the new pillars for the old ones. The Treasury Building furnishes the only pure example of Greek architecture in the country. The sandstone pillars were peculiarly susceptible to smoke, and the tedious process of cleaning them with sandblast took so much time that before the last pillar was cleansed the one first worked upon had become smudged again. It was finally decided to replace them with those of granite, each one of which would cost \$23,000 and be subjected to a rigid examination. One pillar was discovered to have a slight crack in one of the flutes, and was rejected after it had been delivered on the ground by the railway. The work will be continued until all the sandstone pillars of the Treasury Department have been supplanted by the classic Greek granite columns which are more in accord with the dignity of the building.

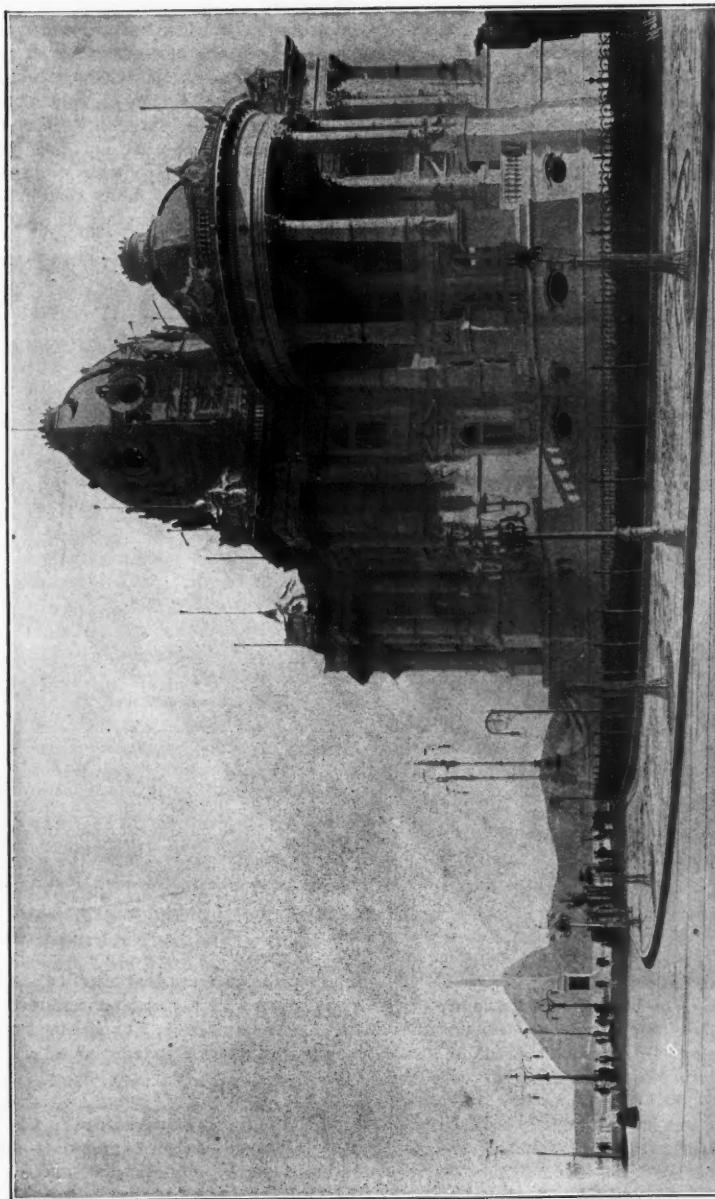
* * *

NOWADAYS when I meet that grand old gentleman and original poet, Joaquin Miller, at Washington, I wonder how he feels at the prospect of having a life competence assigned to him, provided he lives long enough. Few poets have sung in measures that swept closer to the hearts of the American people, but while he has reaped a rich harvest of love and admiration, it may be



THE AMERICAN PANTHEON
Placing new pillars in the Treasury Building, Washington

that he has been no better rewarded financially than Edmund Spenser, in the time of "good Queen Bess." It would seem that her "goodness" to the poet of her reign was of somewhat doubtful quality, as her repeated promises to remunerate him for his verse



By permission International Bureau of American Republics "MONROE PALACE," AT RIO DE JANEIRO

were unkept. In desperation, he wrote:—

"I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rhyme.
From that time unto this season
I received nor rhyme nor reason."

John Herrin, an old prospector, has been less ungrateful to the poet of the Sierras. At last the miner has struck it rich in Rawhide, and has made a will leaving all that he possesses to one who saved his life thirty-five years ago.

not only leaves him his money and mines, but his two pet jackasses that have served him so faithfully, as he followed his varying fortunes across the desolate plains on prospecting journeys. In his characteristic answer, the poet said that he thought more of the jackasses than he did of any other property his friend might leave him, and hoped that Mr. Herrin would live many more years to enjoy his good luck rather than pass it on to anyone. It reads rather like an old-



SCENE IN THE FIRST ACT OF "A GRAND ARMY MAN." DAVID WARFIELD AS
WESLEY BIGELOW

Joaquin Miller frequently risked his life in the wilds of Idaho to get the miners' letters to them through the terrible snowdrifts and storms. On one such occasion he found John Herrin senseless and half-frozen in the deep snow, and carried him into Millersburg, where he was brought back to consciousness. The prospector never forgot this kindness, and all his life it was his ambition to "strike it rich" that he might have some means of showing his gratitude to his poet preserver. So he has made his will and written a letter to Mr. Miller in which he tells him that he

time romance to learn that after the flight of many years a man has been rewarded because he faced death to "bring letters across hundreds of miles of freezing snow."

* * *

WHILE the Balkan question is agitating Europe to the core, it does not appear to make much impression at the capital, though it is a frequent theme of conversation in diplomatic circles. It is somewhat difficult for Americans to understand European diplomacy, and the almost sacred regard for

form and precedent has more to do with international complications than at first sight seems possible. It is not only in Russia that the germ of truth in the absurd old college song is felt,

"Take your last look at the sea, sky and brook,
And the watercourse flowing so far,
For, infidel, know you have trod on the toe
Of Ivan Ptuski Scvar."

The slightest indignity is sufficient to cause trouble, and it is said that the grievance began when the Bulgarian minister was not invited to a dinner given by the cabinet or porte in Constantinople, as was customary, the omission being understood to proceed from the fact, that the generation of "young Turks" had decided to make Bulgaria a vassal, in fact, ignoring the rights implied by the treaty. An invitation to dinner, or the lack of it, begets political feuds, and the gauntlet that shakes Europe to the center with war rumors, is thrown down by means of the polite forms of society usage.

* * *

ONE of the most significant gubernatorial contests in the country was that resulting in the election of Bert M. Fernald as governor of the state of Maine. In the conduct of his hard-fought campaign, extending over a series of several years, he was aided by the splendid persistence of his friends, an unbroken circle that is rare in modern politics.

Mr. Fernald hails from Poland, Maine, the place made famous by Poland water, and he is very appreciative of the enthusiastic loyalty of his fellow citizens, which is one of the things that the new governor of Maine will never fail to cherish in the log of his political cruise.

The contest on the prohibition question in Maine was squarely met with that courage and conviction which are always admirable. Mr. Fernald entered the field with a straight declaration for strictly local interests and did not rely on national issues to pull through. The Pine Tree State has reason to be proud of the governor who is now elected, and his administration will doubtless be marked with that vigor and virility which are characteristic of the man.

* * *

ONE of the first stories of the session told in the cloak room was by Senator Knute Nelson, just after a "fresh chew."

"In the summer of 1871 I moved to Alexandria, Minnesota, and the following winter I was employed on a case in Ottertail County, by a Lutheran minister. The preceding year the minister employed a 'student' to teach a term of parochial school in his parish. This 'student,' though highly educated, proved to



HON. B. M. FERNALD
Governor-elect of Maine

be a worthless fellow, and, consequently, was discharged. It seemed that, afterward, the minister and his father-in-law published in a prominent newspaper a notice and warning to all good Christians, especially Lutherans, not to employ this 'student' as a teacher, as he was morally unfit for such work. The 'student,' in order to retaliate and justify himself, at once filed a complaint with a

justice in respect to the publication referred to, and upon this complaint the justice was induced to issue subpoenas to nearly all the prominent people of the neighborhood to appear before him at his office in a small country saw-mill on a day specified, to give testimony as to the standing and character of the 'student,' such subpoenas being also served on the minister and his father-in-law. They supposed that the writs were summonses calling them into court to defend themselves for the publication mentioned, and were much alarmed.



J. B. REYNOLDS
Prominent member of Presidential Commissions

"The minister, on a cold winter day with the thermometer thirty degrees below zero, drove with a horse and cutter down to Alexandria, my home, a distance of forty miles, to see me and get me to appear in the case. He forgot to bring a copy of the subpoena with him, but insisted that he and his father-in-law had been sued, and also insisted on my going with him to appear before the justice the next day. Although I pointed out to the minister that if there was anything in the case it was a matter of libel, over which a justice had no jurisdiction, he was so frightened that he insisted on my going with him. I had no idea that it was only a subpoena to testify as to character. Had I known this

I should not have gone, but being in the dark as to the nature of the case, and being so urgently importuned, I finally consented to go.

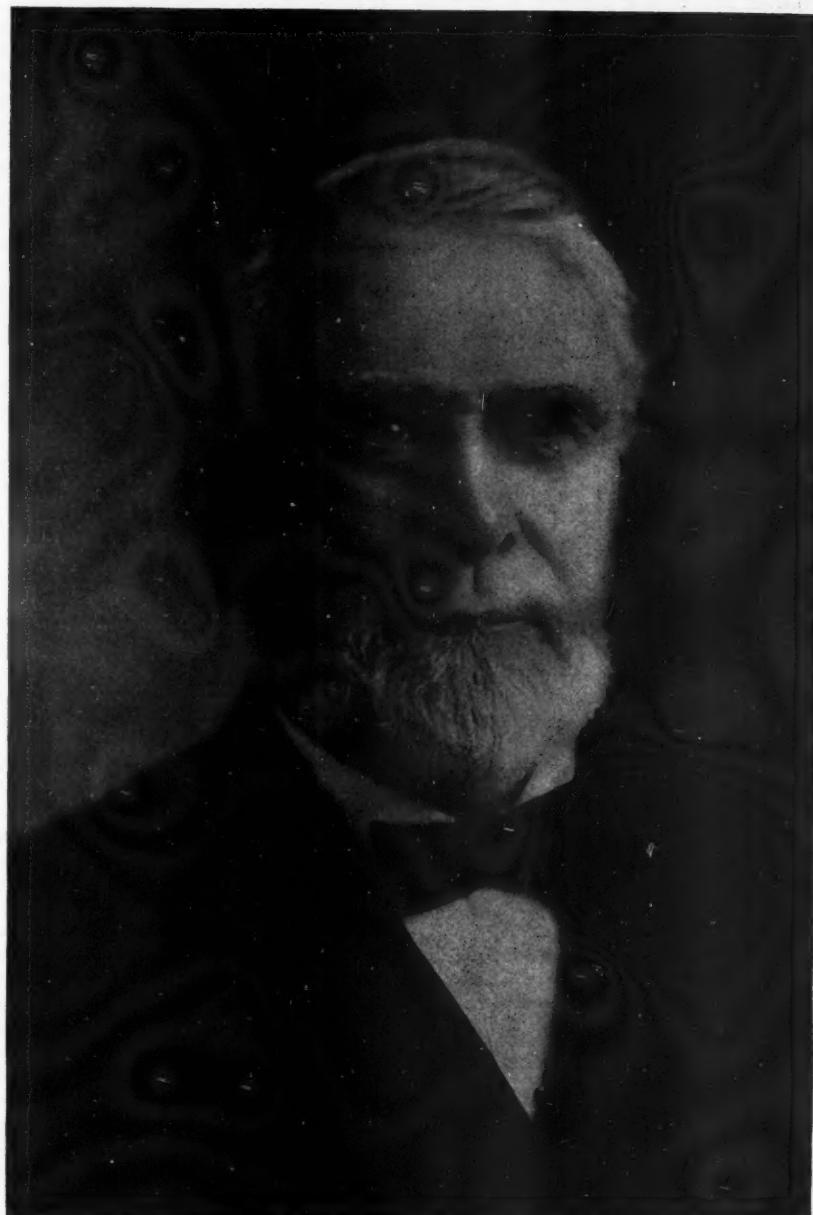
"We left Alexandria in a cutter about sundown. It was bitter cold, the thermometer still below zero. We reached the minister's father-in-law's house at two o'clock the next morning. I immediately went to bed.

"Upon arising the next morning, I asked to see the summons. To my great surprise, I found it was only a subpoena to testify as to the character of the 'student.' I saw that it was a great farce, and told the minister and his father-in-law that it would be foolish for us to put in an appearance under those circumstances. But they were still in great fear, and I compromised by sending a farmer over to the justice at the saw-mill, two miles distant, to take observation. The farmer found quite a crowd before the justice, and he was swearing them in one by one and taking down in writing what they had to say as to the character of the 'student.' The farmer, after watching the proceedings for an hour or so, came back and reported the situation to us, and this finally quieted my clients.

"The minister lived on his United States homestead claim on the other side of a small lake, and in the afternoon we all went over to his two-room log house. After supper, the minister, in a sort of prayer-meeting voice, solemnly stated that he regretted very much that he had no money to pay me for my services, but, going over to the south wall of the house, pointed out a rifle and a shotgun hanging on the wall, and told me he would be glad if I would accept one of them for my fee, dwelling considerably on the merits of both. I replied that I realized that money was scarce in a new country and that I did not expect to get any from him, and that as I was not much of a hunter, I did not care to rob him of his guns which he needed and had use for more than I, and that if he would take me home next day we would call it square."

* * *

THE report of the commission of which Mr. J. B. Reynolds was chairman, on existing conditions on the Isthmus of Panama, is gratifying. Under the instructions of President Roosevelt the three commissioners reported on the welfare and condition of the workers. While on the Isthmus, like many



SENATOR KNUTE NELSON, ALEXANDRIA, MINNESOTA

visitors, they became enamored of the great project, and made general observations, taking a complete survey of the work in progress. The President's decision to place the work under the management of the army engineers, making it a strictly governmental undertaking, has proved a wise move.

The personnel and spirit of the workers makes this decidedly an ideal industrial enterprise, in charge of federal authority. Such complaints as have been made deal chiefly with the pay-roll, but rather with relative

It is an example of the force and power of federal control, and also demonstrates how small a part actual money may be made to play in the carrying on of a great industrial undertaking, though behind it all there is never a time when relative values and opportunities are overlooked.

The positive belief is now expressed on all sides that boats will pass through the canal in 1915. The records made each month under the generalship of Major Goethals and his efficient corps have surpassed all expectations. The work accomplished reveals ever-increasing mastery of expeditious methods that are the outgrowth of the experience gained from day to day.

The monthly sanitary reports of Colonel Gorgas should be interesting reading matter for every board of health in the United States. The thorough manner in which he has combated every form of tropical disease and has stamped out infection is doing much for the ultimate triumph of modern hygiene both in the Zone and the rest of the world.

* * *

A VISIT to the Bureau of Commerce and Labor always finds a busy force. One of the perplexing problems that has been presented to Herbert Knox Smith, commissioner of corporations in this department, has been how to establish federal control and regulation of gambling in stocks and produce. The conclusion reached in his report made to the President is that this form of gambling must be restrained through the taxing power of the Constitution. This is looked upon as one of the most difficult problems before the administration. The moral difference between the gambling of cards, lottery, race track and stock market has not been defined, but the great volume of business transacted on exchanges is conceded not only to be legitimate, but necessary to the working of the modern system of doing business. The remedy afforded, it is believed, is included in the bill introduced by Congressman Hepburn of Illinois, providing a tax especially levied upon every transaction, such tax to be refunded when it shall be established to the satisfaction of the secretary of the treasury that an actual transfer occurred. This amounts to exacting a fee from everyone engaging in transactions whether or not there is a legitimate transfer, but difficulties are



HERBERT KNOX SMITH
United States Commissioner of Corporations

amounts than with any honest belief that any worker is insufficiently paid. The objection is that the other fellow is receiving too much in proportion to the salary of the complainant, for there is no instance where a worker's pay is not ample for him to live comfortably upon. This phase might be worthy of the close study of the socialist, who overlooks the inborn impulse toward rivalry that is so common in human nature.

In fact, the sociological aspect of the work on the Zone is worthy of careful observation. Over 50,000 people, on a narrow strip of land in the tropics, are living together in peace and harmony, under sanitary and governmental conditions that are not surpassed by any commonwealth in the United States.

presented when even the government makes a contract for supplies to be delivered in the future, and even a farmer in running his bill at the store is counting on a future delivery of his crop in order to pay his obligations. Germany and Switzerland have already stringent laws on stock gambling, but the conditions in each country are so different that it is believed a special remedy or penalty of taxation must be provided in this country. The co-operation of the states must be secured to make a federal law at all effective.

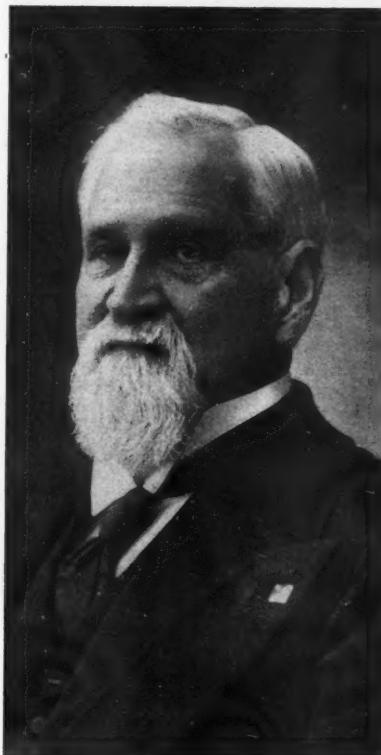
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GOING to the Grand Army encampment with father" has been the delight of many a soldier's son and daughter for years past, and the encampment at Toledo was an especially happy event for the visiting veterans and their younger relatives. The ride from New England through the Green Mountains of Vermont was a delightful one, with weather and scenery matching the hearty, cheery bearing of the old soldiers and their companions. Old stories were told with more vividness than ever, yet one could not but feel that there was lacking something of the activity of former days, but the traditions and training of a glorious past lifted most of them above the senility and melancholy with which old age generally tinges the carriage and bearing of men in the sunset of life.

What a delight it was just to be with them! There is no other organization so democratic and so comprehensive in its comradery, including every trade and profession, the learned and the unlearned, the very wealthy and the very poor. No introduction is required—once the little bronze button is seen, the greeting comes as from comrade to comrade. Neither religion nor politics, race nor caste, color nor previous condition are allowed to sever comrade from comrade in a Grand Army Post.

One of the most charming features of these encampments is the presence of sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters, and even great-grandsons and great-granddaughters there with the veterans, for some of the older men have lived "to see the goodness of the Lord" even unto the fourth generation. Who does not remember the old-time pictures of the daughters of the veterans—winsome girls in their teens? Many

of those timid, pretty maidens who marched by the Flag, or strewed flowers in the path of soldierly feet, are now matrons, and perhaps the proud mothers of striplings who followed the Flag in Cuba or garrisoned the island posts of the Philippines. The granddaughters have taken their places and now come with grandpa to the encampment, taking good care that he sees all that he wishes



THE LATE GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE
Prominent member of the Confederate Veterans

to see and attends all the campfires and reunions of regiment or brigade in which he is interested.

Many elderly ladies were in attendance, and one dear old lady, white-haired but comely, daintily attired in white and decorated only with medals and white ribbons, made a picture that lingered long in memory. One could imagine what a belle she must have been forty years ago.

The first question asked on every side on arrival was "Where are our headquarters?" Then some lady of the Relief Corps would step up and say:

"Now you know how to obey orders, so you will come with me."

The veterans and their companions were



H. M. NEVIUS

Commander-in-Chief Grand Army of the Republic

soon piloted to some comfortable stopping-place. The ladies of Toledo appeared to know just how to provide for the thousands of visiting comrades, and complaints of neglect or disappointment were few and far between.

Mayor Brant Whitlock, who has succeeded "Golden Rule" Jones, was especially happy in the welcome which he ac-

corded to visitors. Collector of the Port Bonner and William Bowles were two of the reception committee into whose hands we fell. Then can we ever forget the hospitality of Dr. Reinhart and family? The open houses and hospitality of Toledo made it altogether one of the most delightful reunions in the history of the organization.

The civic parade given by Toledo on the day previous to the Grand Army parade was especially interesting, headed by the "Cherry Pickers" attired in red and followed by other civic orders in green and yellow, giving a glow of color to the line as it passed along spacious Jefferson Avenue.

General Grenville M. Dodge, the only corps commander present, received an enthusiastic ovation from the veterans, who delighted to meet their old commander once more, to pay tribute to the sturdy veteran, the surviving corps commander of the famous Army of Tennessee.

The kindness and hearty hospitality of Toledo and her people will never be forgotten by the veterans, who came in squads and companies from all parts of the country, with the drums and fifes leading them as in days gone by, the true martial music of past wars; for there is a shrilling, penetrating, stirring motif in the rhythm of fife and drum; an inspiration to stern, unsparing, enduring warfare. As Schiller says in "The Battle":

"Hark! how they sound with their glorious tone!
Hark! how they thrill through the marrow and bone!"

One of the features of the encampment was the dedication of the monument at Fort Meigs, eight miles up the river from Toledo. Historic spots are few in the Middle West, and the State of Ohio is to be congratulated upon erecting this memorial within her borders, to mark it as she has other noted places. A great throng gathered on the grounds about the pedestal of the monument, which stands across the river from the town of Maumee, on land acquired by the United States when the tract of country known as Northwestern Ohio was obtained, and seven Indian tribes, comprising 7,000 men, met General Anthony Wayne to negotiate the transfer of the land.

During the War of 1812 Fort Meigs was right on the frontier line, and was twice besieged but never taken. Here the invasion of a powerful British force from Detroit was resisted and checked, and the disgrace and defeats of previous operations atoned for.

The American forces, under General William Hull, had been driven from Detroit, whence it was expected that he would successfully invade Canada. It was claimed that Hull had loitered when by decisive action he might have struck boldly and changed the whole trend of the war. On the contrary, he not only failed to invade Canada, but, with little show of resistance, surrendered Detroit and his army to the enemy, for which he was court-martialed and condemned to be shot, but was later pardoned. Chief Tecumseh

long-range rifle, left unused at General Harrison's headquarters was thought of. Bullets were moulded for it and greased patches and fine powder procured, and a renowned marksman given charge of the gun, which kicked so hard that few men cared to use it; its range was tremendous, and it brought down the Indian at the third shot. General Harrison afterwards gave it to one of his scouts. Near the fort is an old well, famous in another siege in which only thirty American scouts were holding the fort. Here, also, in



From the famous painting by Philipoteaux

GENERAL GRANT AT THE BATTLE OF SHILOH

and the mustering warriors of many tribes became active allies of the English, and the whole frontier lay open to their ravages. General Proctor, commanding the British forces, invaded Ohio in 1813, and with a superior force and his Indian allies invaded General William H. Harrison at Fort Meigs. The besiegers were strong in artillery and had an abundance of ammunition, while Harrison was outnumbered and poorly supplied. The Indians were very bold, and kept up a constant and deadly rifle fusillade upon the American works. It is related that, from a lofty elm on the opposite bank of the Maumee, an Indian marksman continually picked off the American officers and soldiers and no one seemed able to bring him down. Finally a

the great siege, fifty members of the Pittsburgh Blues and a scout of the Kentucky Sharp Shooters were buried.

At this dedication the states of Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Virginia and Ohio took part, and were represented by their governors and lieutenant-governors. The monument is a simple shaft of granite, and peculiarly appropriate for the purpose for which it is designed.

In 1840, on this same spot, William Henry Harrison made one of the most notable of his political addresses. It was during the memorable campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too," which was the slogan of the year in which Horace Greeley first entered the arena of American politics.

It was a great day for Fort Meigs County, and the farmers came in large numbers from all parts of the country, with wagons laden with musk-melons, peaches and other fruit. It was truly a gala occasion—one of those old-fashioned gatherings which recall the true pioneer spirit and hearty hospitality of frontier life.

Colonel Nevius of New Jersey was elected the new department commander, and the old comrades parted with a sturdy and stoic handshake; hoping to meet again, but as ready for the real battles of life in advanc-



NORMAN E. MACK

ing years as when, rosy-cheeked, strong-limbed lads, they parted at the mess tent to rush into the red glare and smoke of battle, when the bugle sounded the call to duty.

* * *

WALKING down Michigan Avenue, I chanced to meet Congressman Madden patrolling his district. While it is normally Democratic, including that part of Chicago reaching along the lake, here where the Auditorium Annex, now the Democratic headquarters, is located, the congressman always expects to obtain his customary majority. He has a way of knowing just how to get votes and to serve his constituents in the most effective way.

The congressional campaign here seems to be much more strenuous than in the country districts. The sovereign voters are not

quite so respectful or dignified, nor do they appear to understand the privileges commonly accorded to political candidates; ammunition, consisting of bad eggs and orange and banana peelings, is in common use. Congressman Madden claims that this is not the case in his district, but that he has one of the most respectful constituencies in the country, even if it does include the bailiwick of the famous "Hinky-Dink."

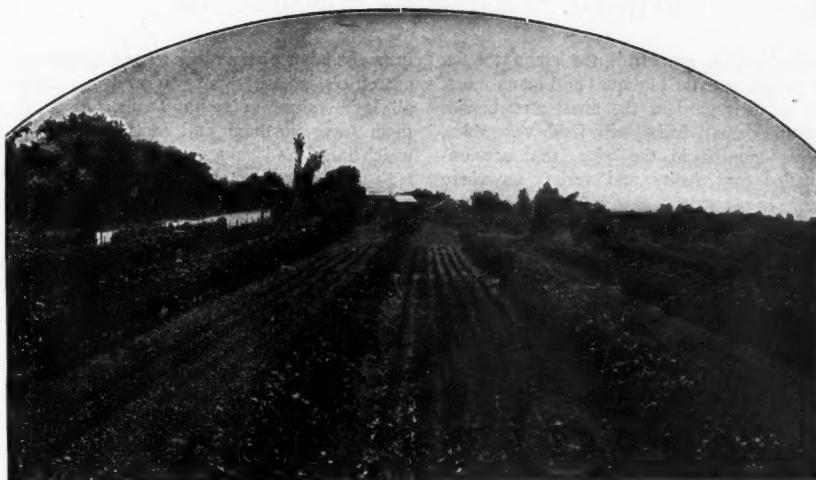
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AMID the crush of visitors at the Hoffman House headquarters, that begins to arrive early in the morning and continues until late at night, Chairman Norman E. Mack, of the Democratic National Committee, is one of the genial souls who radiate sunshine in political campaigns. Up in room 465 he has a conference with the "heavy artillery"—downstairs he mingles with the crowd, and the infantry and cavalry are ready for the final dash. Mr. Mack is the well-known publisher of Buffalo, New York, and always has a friendly feeling for a fellow-publisher. Iron-gray hair adorns his massive head, and his gray eyes always give a cheery greeting and welcome to all comers. His personality is peculiarly impressive.

Nathan Straus, the celebrated New York merchant, called to make preparations for entertaining Mr. Bryan at his home; downstairs Governor Francis, just arrived from the West, was getting a line on speakers, and everyone seemed confident that the tide for Bryan was rising fast; telephones were buzzing; from Mr. Herman Ridder's room arose a busy hum that sounded like a newspaper office. Every now and then prominent Democratic workers poured in, and it was evident that Chairman Mack is one of those politicians who know how to keep a finger on the pulse of the people—for not all his guests are noted men—he understands the value of the influence exerted by "the man on the street," and the "friend from the country."

Mr. Mack is one of the old, original Bryan men, and is an ardent admirer of his chief; it was delightful to hear him pay an almost boyishly enthusiastic tribute to his leader. His last words to me on meeting, and his last before saying good-bye, were,

"Bryan is going to win, I know."



AN IDEAL VEGETABLE GARDEN
An acre of ground like the above should pay from \$500 to \$1,000 per year

SOUTH TEXAS *THE LAND OF RISING VALUES*

By FRANK PUTNAM

TEXAS is today the focal point of the eyes of hundreds of thousands of home-seekers. Within that state is the last large area of high-class lands to be bought at low prices. Last year not less than 250,000 people entered Texas and became residents of the Lone Star state. Most of them settled on farms, and fully two-thirds of them bought land in south Texas.

The country never saw any such migration as this one. Scores of thousands of these people are moving onto lands which they have bought and paid for on the installment plan. They come bringing money with which to build homes and buy farm equipment, and they prosper from the taking of the first crop. They delight in the mild climate—the constant cool gulf breezes of the summer months and the freedom from snow and ice in

winter. They plant one crop at another's heels—their lands are at work for them twelve months in the year. They find they can live out of doors the whole year through, and can go in shirt sleeves ten months of the twelve. Freed from the northern winter cold and the northern winter confinement within closed houses, they gain health and strength such as they never knew before—live more in a year than they used to do in two years.

They find land as rich as the best they knew in the north, and they find it selling at one-third to one-half what similar land in the north sells for. They find that on this south Texas land they can grow two or three

crops every year, as against one annual crop on the northern land. They find that they can have in their dooryards and home orchards the finest sub-tropical fruits—the orange, the Bur-

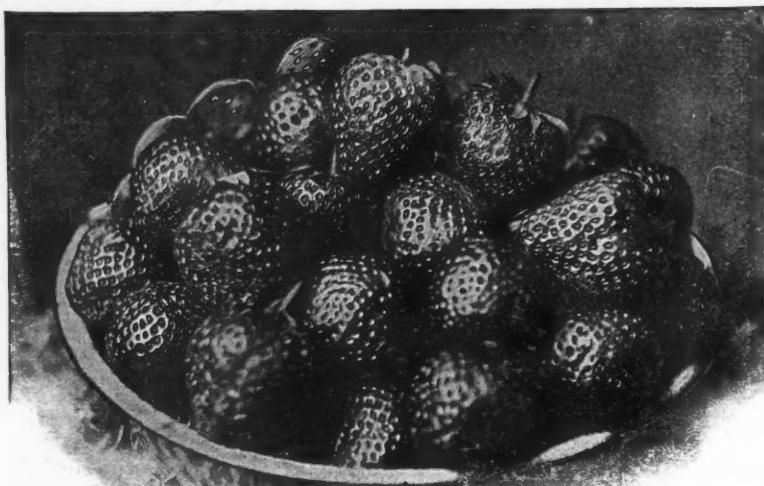


GULF COAST PORKERS
Grown on alfalfa and fattened on peanuts

bank plum, the grapefruit, the lemon, the fig, the persimmon, the kumquat and many more, and in their gardens the finest strawberries and other small fruits, with fresh vegetables, twelve months in the year, that are unequalled for quality and variety anywhere else.

They find rice-growers earning from \$50 to \$100 an acre; alfalfa, \$75 to \$150 an acre;

from the labor of the other tens of thousands of settlers, whose coming is swiftly raising all land values in south Texas. Most of them leave northern and eastern states in which farm land values have gone about as high as they can go. Those northern lands are pressed to the limit to earn five and six per cent. on their present valuations. The big profit in those lands was taken by the men



A DISH OF STRAWBERRIES
No trouble for growers to make \$300 and more per acre

corn fields producing 40 to 75 bushels an acre, worth 75 to 90 cents a bushel; cotton earning from \$35 to \$80 an acre; cattle, hogs and sheep fattening on rich pastures all through the year, without requiring shelter or other feed than that which they pick themselves.

They find a country well developed with railroads, market towns, schools, churches, good roads, and inhabited by a hospitable, neighborly people.

THE GROUND FLOOR OF A RISING MARKET

They find themselves, in a word, on the ground floor of a rising market, the favored, early buyers in a region that is rapidly becoming the richest, agriculturally, of any in the United States; and they take profit, not only from their labor upon the land, but

that went there early, and bought for from \$10 to \$40 an acre the farms that are now worth \$100 to \$150 an acre. The man that buys these advanced northern lands today has little or no hope of reaping a gain from higher land values in the future, and he has to work hard and sell his products shrewdly to get a low interest return on his investment.

That is the reason why so many hundreds of thousands of people in all the northern states are going into south Texas. They are going there to do what the early settlers did in the northern states—take the big land profit that comes with doubled and tripled values, as the region fills up and the great ranges give way to countless highly cultivated small farms.

South Texas was a long time getting known. Cattle kings ranged their vast herds upon

her fertile plains, rent free, for generations. They didn't want anybody to know how rich the land was. They drove out the first settlers that tried to make farms—first, told them the country was worthless except for grazing, and that a small farmer could not make a living there. Then, if the small farmer failed to go, they tried scaring him; if that failed, they drove him out forcibly, and often they hanged him to a tree as a warning to others.

THE COMING OF A NEW ORDER

But the old order has gone forever. And it went so rapidly, once the law took charge, that in south Texas, for the first time on this continent, agriculture made the change from range feeding over enormous areas to intensive farming on very small areas, without passing, except in a few localities, through the transition stage of middle-size, general purpose farms. Today there are thousands of families making a good living and accumulating property with their earnings on five, ten and twenty-acre south Texas farms.

Over in Brazoria County, in August, I found men from the north hewing five and ten-acre farms out of the woods, paying \$46 an acre for the land, and wise enough to know they had bought cheap. They figured that one acre of this land, producing two or three crops yearly, is equal in value to two or three acres of the richest land in the north. And they bought it for less than half as much per acre as they sold their northern land for. One man had five acres in oranges, two years old. Within two years he will begin taking a crop off that five acres worth \$300 an acre, and rising every year until at eight years, if his orchard averages with others in south Texas, it will bring him a minimum of \$500 an acre.

I thought it strange that those men had paid \$46 an acre for timber land, that must be cleared with ax and brush hook, when they could have bought equally rich land on the prairie for less money; but even at that, and counting the cost of clearing the land at \$12 an acre, they had made a better bargain than they could have made in any northern state, because their south Texas land, planted to the fruits and small crops of the region, is as certain to triple in market value within

five years as the sun is to rise tomorrow morning.

WHY VALUES ARE STEADILY ADVANCING

The only reason land worth \$150 to \$250 an acre can be bought for \$35 to \$50 an acre in south Texas, is because there is more land than people to work it. This condition won't last long. The North and the East have learned of the chance that is offered in south Texas, and they are pouring in to take advantage of it. Land values there are rising more rapidly than anywhere else in America. Lands that went begging at \$5 an acre ten years ago cannot be touched today for less than \$20 an acre, even in tracts of 20,000 or 30,000 acres. And the lands that are offered today in small lots, of five, ten or twenty acres, at \$35 and up to \$50, will reach \$100 and \$150, the northern maximum, in five years more. But they will not stop at those figures, as northern lands have done. They will go much higher. *Iowa and Illinois farm lands that produce an annual average crop worth \$35 to \$40 an acre—the best northern*



JUST PEARS

A Provident colonist, holding a limb containing fifty-three pears, cut from a tree on the Provident tract.

lands—are worth \$150 an acre, and in some cases are held as high as \$200 an acre. What, then, is the value of south Texas lands that produce at the rate of \$200 to \$500 an acre annually?

For the answer to that question, look at southern California, where the fruit crops that south Texas now excels in growing, have made lands worth \$1,000 to \$2,000 an acre—lands that a quarter of a century ago could have been bought for \$2 to \$5 an acre.

South Texas, in a word, is rapidly repeating the experience of southern California, and has, moreover, this great advantage over

districts, are coming into the Texas coast country, and buying up big tracts of land upon which to extend their orchard operations. In California they are obliged to fertilize and irrigate their orchards. Both processes are costly. In the south Texas rain belt—the eastern half of the coast country—they need do neither. Nature provides an ample supply of water from the clouds, and the almost exhaustless fertility of the virgin soil relieves them of the necessity, for many years, of buying fertilizers. In all Texas, last year, the total sale of fertilizers amounted to only \$129,000, yet the value of Texas farm and orchard products was more than that of any other state.

For a year I have been studying the Texas coast country, both in the eastern rain belt, with its average annual rainfall of forty inches, and in the semi-arid lower half of the coast region. And I have reached the conclusion that the rain belt portion of this coast country is destined to be, within twenty years, the most thickly settled and richest agricultural district on the American continent—as densely peopled as Holland—a region of five, ten and twenty-acre farms intensively cultivated, producing from \$200 to \$1,500 an acre yearly, and having a market value close to \$1,000 an acre throughout.

The soil, the climate, the natural products, the transportation facilities and the markets to work this result are all here. All that is lacking is the people, and they are coming in at the rate of 15,000 to 20,000 every month.

HOW THE COAST COUNTRY IS BEING SETTLED UP

From time to time I have visited various places in the coast country, where new developments were taking place on a considerable scale. Last week I went over into Wharton County, eighty-five miles from Houston, to look at the region recently opened to settlement by the Provident Land Company of Kansas City, one of scores of the projects that are developing south Texas. I found it to consist of 20,000 acres of the richest and best situated lands in south Texas. On neighboring farms I found fine flocks of fat



GULF COAST SCHOOL
The schools of the Gulf coast country are unexcelled

California, that it is 2,000 miles nearer the great central and eastern markets for fruits and garden truck. South Texas can reach Kansas City and Chicago three days earlier than California, and can reach New York and New England with her fruits in six days by water from Galveston, cutting freights to a fraction of California's rates by rail, and insuring to south Texas orange, lemon, grapefruit and fig growers, a heavy and permanent advantage over competitors in marketing their products.

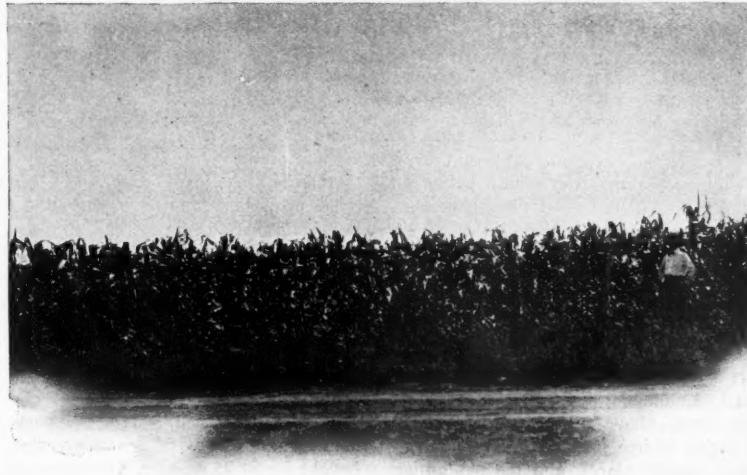
CALIFORNIA AND FLORIDA ORCHARDISTS BUYING SOUTH TEXAS ORANGE LANDS

California and Florida fruit-growers, knowing that in south Texas the third and last great sub-tropical fruit district in the United States has made good, and is coming forward swiftly as a competitor with the older dis-



READY FOR THE PLOW

The Provident land tract is, for the most part, covered with a luxuriant growth of wild hay, from which two cuttings per year can be obtained



CORN FIELD

From 40 to 75 bushels per acre, and another crop can be raised following the corn

sheep; droves of hogs that would do credit to the Cedar Valley of Iowa; rice fields earning, this year, as high as \$106 an acre. I found it to be ideally adapted to growing oranges, lemons, grapefruit, figs and the other subtropical fruits, and this interested me most, because I have made a special study of these fruits in south Texas. The landscape there reminded me of the Iowa country—with its broad, rich meadows deep with grass, belted around with woodlands that fringe the streams.

keep up with the markets, the baseball games and the news generally.

The 20,000 acres is being cut up into small farms. The price, I believe, is \$35 an acre. It is eighteen miles from Louise, on the Sunset lines, thirty miles from Glen Flora, on the Santa Fe, and twenty-five miles from Hallettsville, all three thriving trading towns. It is a natural town site. As the small farms come under cultivation—and I understand that more than a thousand



POMEGRANATE TREE

A Provident colonist, in the foreground, has a cluster of pomegranates in his hand
Photograph taken on farm in the Provident tract

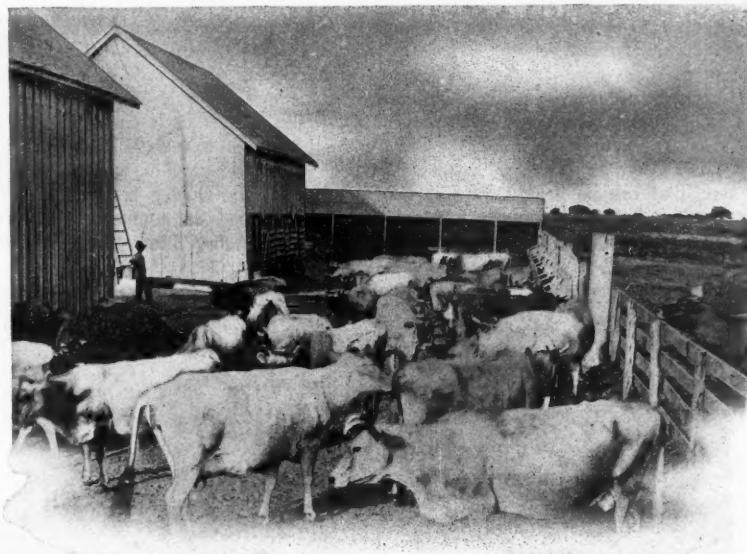
The drainage—and this is a most important point in south Texas' level plains—was excellent. The prairie in that region is cut through at intervals of two or three miles with creeks, and the land slopes both ways downward to these creek bottoms, affording quick outlet for the heavy rainfall of the late winter and early spring months. The soil is a rich, sandy loam, warm and easily worked, running from twelve to eighteen inches deep, above a heavy clay subsoil. The region is free from mosquitoes, having no low, marshy places, and the old settlers there tell me they don't mind living eighteen miles from town, because they never get sick.

They have free rural mail delivery, and

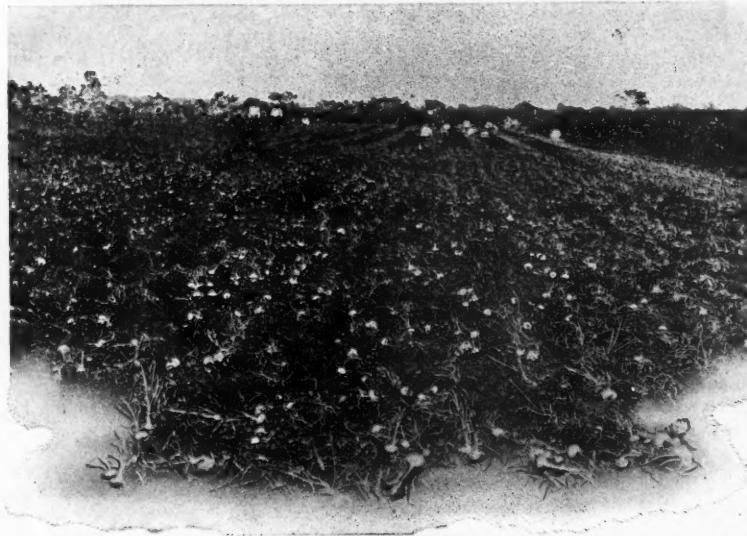
of them have already been sold—they will build up a busy market town. The Santa Fe's Houston-San Antonio line, surveyed and completed to within twenty-four miles of this land, will run through its center and is sure, I am told, to be finished within two years, possibly within eighteen months.

SOME FACTS ACCOMPLISHED, AND A FORECAST

Now, I have seen, within the past year, land in the Rio Grande valley, that was bought for \$1.25 an acre, five years ago, sell for \$100 an acre, and bear crops worth over \$100 an acre this fall. I have seen orchard lands thirty miles out of Houston, bought eight years ago for \$22.50 an acre, reach a



HERD OF JERSEY COWS
The conditions for stock growing could not be more favorable



FIELD OF BERMUDA ONIONS
Onions return from \$200 to \$1,500 per acre

market value of \$400 an acre this year, and produce orange and fig crops worth from \$200 to \$500 an acre. And I will go on record, here and now, with the prediction that, when five years have passed, there will not be an acre of this land, which the Provident Land Company is now selling for \$35 an acre, that can be bought for less than \$150 an acre, and that a large part of it will be held at more than \$250 an acre. It is

was into Iowa at any part of the seventy-five years of her growing period.

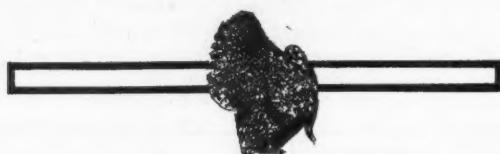
North and central Texas, one-crop regions like the northern states, have filled up like the northern states. Farm lands there are worth from \$75 to \$150 an acre. Tens of thousands of farmers are selling out in those parts of the big state, and buying better land for less money in the coast country. Four-fifths of the migration into Texas from the north and

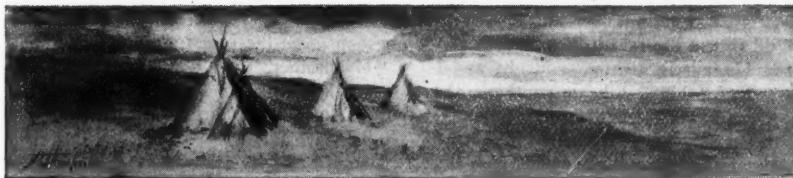


more likely, the best of it, to be worth \$500 an acre five years from today, with development in oranges, figs and other fruits, but the lower figures represent what in my judgment is virtually a certainty. You may think the time set for the advance is very short; but remember that, while it took seventy-five years for Iowa farm lands to advance from \$10 an acre to \$150, the rise in south Texas will be vastly more rapid, because the inflow of new settlers is many fold greater than it

east is to the coast country. I want to urge young men at the north, as I frequently urge the young city men of Texas in the editorial page of the *Houston Chronicle*, to get title to some of this rich land while it is still cheap. It is the last chance of the kind that will be offered in the United States. And the opportunity is passing quickly.

Photographs by courtesy of the Provident Land Company.





A KEEPER OF THE DOOR

(CONTINUED)

By GRACE KELLOGG

(Copyright, Grace Kellogg, 1908)

CHAPTER XXII.

THE same day that we reached camp, Waupeka came to my lodge with a great armful of furs of marvelous beauty, and strings of wampum fit for the arms and neck of my Princess herself, and a brass kettle cunningly wrought, and some bark of trees pictured upon with red clay most marvelously. All these Waupeka brought in and laid down with grave ceremony in the corner of my wigwam.

"What are these?" said I, "Waupeka?"

"My brother brought her back," he said simply.

Here was a coil indeed! I dreaded to wound him. I feared to wound her, through him. Yet the cleanest way out was to speak.

"My brother thanks where there is no need," I responded. "Sagehjowa thought to save the life of his own—and needs no gratitude from anyone, save the gratitude of his own soul to that Higher which enabled him to do this thing."

Waupeka stepped back suddenly. His face held its impassive dignity, but a strange light played over it.

"Did not Sagehjowa know that Waupeka was loving and wooing the maiden Pon-tilogah?" His voice was calm, but with an under-current of emotion which might break suddenly into passion.

"Sagehjowa knew this not, Waupeka. Yet had he known this, what is unwon of one man may fairly be played for by another."

"Played for?" asked Waupeka.

"Fought for, if you like."

"Aye, fought for," echoed the boy in a low tone.

"In fair fight," I added.

The words meant nothing to him. To us all is fair in war. Savage cunning, treachery, crafty deceit, patience, traps, surprises—these may be used upon the beasts, to your mind; to our mind, they may better be used upon men who can meet treachery with treachery.

"Fought for," repeated the young brave. "Then Waupeka too, will fight for her."

I paused. Then I laid my hand gently upon his arm.

"My brother," I said. "The fight is done."

He leaped back and crouched.

"Sagehjowa—has—won?" he asked.

"Sagehjowa has won," I answered.

He trembled in every fibre.

"She—loves you?" he said, low.

"I do not know. I think not. But she will afterward. It is the way with women, is it not?"

"Afterward?" he asked dully.

"After I have made her my wife."

His eyes searched mine restlessly.

"Have you made her that—already? While you and she—were away—together?"

"No!" I cried fiercely. "I take no woman so."

Deep distrust and suspicion came into his roving eyes.

"Then if she loves you not—will woo you not—and you have not taken her so—how—how—?"

My eyes forced his squarely, angry that they should so spy upon mine.

"Sagehjowa waits not to be wooed by a maiden. He loves a maiden who is too proud

to woo. He will wed with her, and win her so. The Old Ogista has said it."

I saw his muscles tighten suddenly, and I was ready for him. Like a panther's the lithe graceful body lengthened and hurled through the air. I had the better grip, but I was over-fatigued, and I could feel my muscles weakening and weakening, though I set my teeth and threw every nerve of my body into the grasp.

Suddenly all at once it gave way.

"Curse!" I said, and staggered back against the wall, the boy above me. He drew his knife deliberately.

"Sagehjowa," he said fiercely, "has fought with his wits and the promise of an old man. Waupeka will fight with his strength and a two-edged knife."

I smiled and tried to shrug my shoulders, but he was too heavy upon me.

He drew the knife slowly across his arm to test it, smiling as the hot blood spurted up in quick response.

"A sharp knife," he murmured softly.

"Good," replied I. "A sharp knife is merciful."

"But cold—cold," he sighed.

"Cold now, but it will soon be warm. Sagehjowa's veins run with a fire not known to Waupeka's knife."

I hated to quarrel with the boy in the face of death, for I loved him; yet I could but follow his lead.

Suddenly his ferocious dalliance gave way to a burst of nobler passion.

He raised his arm back and up with the knife poised gleaming above me.

I looked at it steadily.

He laughed, terribly.

"Now who will wed with the maiden Pontilogah, do you think, my brother?"

The knife descended—

"The maiden Pontilogah will wed with neither of you, Waupeka, if you do this thing," came a clear voice from the doorway.

Waupeka turned slowly and staggered back and back, his eyes fixed on the maiden's face.

As for me, I stood quite stupidly, cursing the blackness in my eyes that was keeping out the sunshine.

"Neither of you, if you do this thing," she repeated.

"And if Waupeka does not this thing?" he asked somewhat too quickly.

"Maybe, neither, then also." Hot on the question came the proud answer.

"My brother," said Waupeka, "Waupeka was wrong. His blood was hot, and he forgot that to slay the Sachem was to slay himself."

I smiled grimly. It was a naive apology. "Sagehjowa need fear his brother no longer. Waupeka will love him once again."

I drew a step nearer Pontilogah. In faith I could not help it. She drew me as the sun does the lake.

But Waupeka saw, and his words grew slow and wary—watching, I took yet one step nearer, making shiftly pretence of plucking my pouch from the floor, and his soundless lips drew back tight across his teeth.

"Waupeka," said Pontilogah, gently.

He was alert all over at the dear voice. Everything else was forgotten as he fastened his eyes humbly upon her, waiting her command. She seemed to review her thoughts, wondering which to set words to.

"Waupeka," she repeated softly, to gain time. He came nearer her, and would have knelt and kissed her hand I think, had he been bred in another land.

"Waupeka," she began a third time, "thou hast been my brother a long time. Since the moon of Seed-Corn after the Eries stole Pontilogah's mother, Waupeka has been Pontilogah's very dear brother. He used to bring the best nuts and wild berries to Pontilogah when he was yet a boy; when he turned man, and used the skill of a man, he brought the fattest gros-beak, the shiniest-scaled trout, the biggest elk's horns, to Pontilogah. Often he has wished to hoe her portion of the field lest she be wearied, or to add her portion of the fresh buffalo meat to his own pack.

"Now Waupeka must take from Pontilogah a greater fear. He must pledge her that there shall be no strife between him and the stranger."

The word cut me deep.

Waupeka's nostrils quivered. Slowly he spoke.

"There shall be no strife between Waupeka and the stranger—while the stranger makes not Pontilogah his wife."

The girl seemed about to speak, then stopped abruptly, and made a gesture of content.

Then she turned to me, and I looked her in the eyes. There was nothing in them but the fading content.

"In some sort, Sagehjowa has showed himself Pontilogah's friend. Now Pontilogah begs, if she is in any measure dear to him, that—"

"He shall not be hurt," I said briefly.

Her eyes lit up and turned upon Waupeka. With bowed head, in moody silence, he walked out of the wigwam and turned toward his own lodge, out of sight.

Pontilogah also was about to go, but I stopped her. She turned fearlessly and waited my pleasure.

"Pontilogah," I said, "I can wait no longer."

She looked coolly at me, questioningly.

"Do you not understand?" I cried, "I love you." Her coolness pricked me to madness. "Days—nights—moonlight—sunlight—darkness—it is all the same—I love you." I was holding myself in hardly. I might not touch her, and when passion must all be told through the tongue, mad words come tumbling forth that one cares not to repeat in cold blood. But forsooth she understood before I had done.

When I was quite at an end of talking, she turned her head meditatively upon one side and eyed the poles that upheld the roof of my lodge.

"And yet," she said mildly: "Pontilogah hates the Half-King so that there is no one else in the world that Pontilogah hates so much. He took Pontilogah's buffalo from her; he caught her in his arms as a naughty papoose; he—" she caught her breath sharply and went on more hurriedly, "then he followed to her camp that he might spy upon her;"—"Nay! never that," I cried—"he refused her life when it was forfeit to him, as one might refuse a worthless thing"—her bosom rose and fell rapidly and her words leaped forth—"he took her father's place—he set himself up over her people—he, a stranger—a squaw-man who has not a scalp to dangle from his roof-tree—a coward who makes peace—peace—peace—fights like a squaw—Oh, oh!—woos like a squaw—with his love-love-love-talk."

"Nay then!" I cried savagely, stung beyond endurance. "If I woo like a squaw, we will have no more love-talk." I caught her by the wrists—and remembered myself in time, and was ashamed. I did not release

her, yet I held her gently, as a woman should be held—with strong hands, but gently.

She stood motionless and rigid, waiting I know not what; only her eyes, unquelled, shot defiance.

"Tonight," I said steadily, "Pontilogah comes to dwell in the lodge of Sagehjowa. Our father has said it. The lodge of Sagehjowa is lonely and dark. It will not be lonely nor dark when the sunshine comes to dwell here."

She stood mute and passive. I fancied her more yielding, and raising her chin with one hand, kissed her upon the mouth.

She flashed one look of scorn up at me, then her eyes dropped again. Yet she made no slightest resistance. Neither did her sweet cold lips quiver at the touch. We both stood, waiting, so long that the silence unstrung my nerves.

"In God's name, speak!" I cried at last.

She raised her eyes and looked coldly through me.

"Sagehjowa has spoken," she said lifelessly. "He has saved Pontilogah's life. It is his. He might sell her, slay her with the tomahawk, cleave her limb from limb, pierce her flesh with lighted splinters, cut off her hands—but he may wed her if he prefer. It is all one."

There was silence between us, she wearily unconcerned, I ridding my fancy of all the dreams—little tender dreams that had nested in the dark corners of my heart. It hurt. God; it hurt.

Then I loosed her wrists, and went and sat down upon my mat and buried my face in my hands.

After a long time I knew by the stillness she had not gone yet.

By and by I looked up, to see her still standing there, motionless, and indifferent as ever.

"Go," I said.

She started slightly.

"Go?" she repeated, flashing a quick glance at me.

"Go." I answered slowly.

"Go—to—not to come back tonight?" she stammered breathlessly.

"Not to come back tonight," I repeated in a low tone, "I cannot put the thing I love to the torture."

She went like a wild thing. She flashed across the circle like a gleam of sunshine thrown from broken glass.

I put my forehead in my hands again and thought—or perhaps suffered without thinking. I do not know.

"So—gone!"

XXIII.

At dawn of the next day we learned by the watch outside the town that the Eries were approaching. There was a great number—men—women—children—paposes slung on their mother's back in the *gaonseh*—and all in gorgeous apparel, and peace-paint, green and white.

Scarcely had I been apprised of this, when the ambassadors of the Eries, twelve very grave warriors, were seen approaching through the corn-fields. With twelve of my own warriors I went to meet them, and escort them into the town with sweet-talk.

"Would not our dearly-cherished brethren lodge with the Senecas during the feasting and the game?"

"The Eries knew the loving hospitality which they should be offered from the Senecas, yet had they yielded to the urgent entreaty of a little band of friends a few miles up the Muskingum to dwell with them during the days of the feasting." A statement which I heard with great relief, the more so that I observed that my war-chief looked black at it. We went to the guest-house and ate abundantly of the bountiful fare set forth by the women. After this the Erie warriors returned to their people, bearing each a string of green and white wampum in token of the great good-will which went out from the hearts of the Senecas toward their brethren of the North.

Then we set about getting the peace paint upon ourselves. I had hitherto done this service for myself, for I had no squaw. But this morning two of the keegsquaws started on a race for me laughing.

It was Pontilohah who reached me a bare half-second before the other. With winning she lost her courage of a sudden, and stood before me, shame-faced, her eyes to the ground. I would not help her out. At last she said shyly:

"May Pontilohah put the new paint upon Sagehjowa?"

"Forever and a day," I answered. "If she will."

It was a novelty to have other than haughty looks and scant words from my princess.

But we had the reason for it soon.

The brush was drawing across my breast from shoulder to shoulder now and the maiden standing before me. Suddenly—we were a little apart from the others—she dropped to her knees before me.

"Pontilohah—for the sake of her tribe, that they may not be called 'Women' as the Delawares—Pontilohah doth beseech Sagehjowa to take off the peace-paint and cry war against our enemies, that singing-birds may not laugh at the Senecas, that singing-birds may not laugh"—she drooped suddenly and finished in a low tone—"at Sagehjowa. It is Pontilohah, the daughter of a Sachem who asks this, my father."

"Sagehjowa knows that it is Pontilohah the daughter of a Sachem, who asks; more, he knows that it is the woman whom Sagehjowa loves, who asks. Therefore Sagehjowa pleads with her that she ask not. Hawenneeyu is not pleased at the shedding of blood; the smoke of burning villages is not pleasant to Hawenneeyu. The blood of women and little children cries aloud from the cursed ground, and Hawenneeyu hears and is wroth. The Eries are his children, though they call him by another name. As a father is grieved and stretcheth his hand to part his sons from strife, so is Hawenneeyu grieved at the strife of his sons. There is room for us all on the earth. Let not the Eries and the Iroquois seek to take away the earth either from the other. Who shall say that power to kill gives right to kill? Man has a right to live. When we, being the stronger, snatch this precious right from our brethren we are thieves in the sight of the Great Spirit.

"And what is the use? We go to battle with the Eries. Many of us are slain; many of them are slain. One of us conquers, and exterminates the other. Our women are made slaves and our sons grow up in servitude, hoeing Erie fields with the Erie women. All that we may decide which is the stronger man, the Iroquois or the Erie. And after all, when we have decided it, what satisfaction do we get compared to the happiness we have lost, and the misery we have wrought?

"By the game which the war-wishers scorn, we shall decide the same point: which is the stronger man. And we shall have shed no blood in deciding it. Feasting and joy and tense excitement before; afterward feasting, joy for the conquerors, and, if gloom for the

defeated, at least a gloom borne by them themselves and not by their widows and orphans."

The girl stood listlessly before me, scarcely listening.

"All that may be true. Pontilogah knows not. Yet rather than see the Senecas made Women, Pontilogah will give herself—aye to be the wife of Sagehjowa—to plant his fields and till his corn, to grind his maize, and carry in his venison, to roast his meat and hang the bark buckets upon his sugar-trees. Aye, and to dwell within his lodge—in love."

She trembled visibly at the last word.

I stretched out my hands blindly.

On the one side, the love of Pontilogah, on the other, a belief. To choose—to choose. Should not one live and die for a belief? Aye, die and live—for living were the harder.

Yet could one turn away life's supreme gift after all these years of seeking?

Might not I be wrong? Was not war perhaps the only way for the peoples of the earth? Would not the smoke from the smouldering in their veins ever blind their reason. Was I not clinging fatuously to a bubble theory?

No! No! It was true. In the far horizon was the prophecy of light! The day was even now dawning when wars should cease, and nations live as brothers. Through the darkness of the ages lay a path of light, and my feet were set upon it.

She knew, without my speaking, and quietly took up the brush of peace-paint again. When she had done, she went away.

That night and the next we feasted late and lovingly, we and the Eries, but I had no heart for feasting, and went to my wigwam as early as might be. The wind soughed through the shreds of the skins, that second night, and now and again a chestnut burr dropped with a dull thud upon my tent, and slid softly to the ground. Once and again the bear skin of my door blew a little aside, letting a fallen leaf stray in.

I lay upon my bed wide enough awake. "Tohorrow—and tomorrow and tomorrow"—And never a morrow with her smile to bring the dawn into my lodge. Never a morrow when she should come and sit on my mat and smile up into my eyes. She was never far from me that night. Once the fancy took me that she was waiting outside my door, as she had waited that first night that I spent on

the plains,—asleep, her pretty head drooping uneasily against my door-pole, her long hair wound by the wind about her neck, and flung in a heavy rope against my wigwam, lashing the deer-skin. I knew the tapping was only the loosened end of a thong, tossed in the wind, yet I rose and went out—and smiled to find myself surprised that nothing was there but black night and wind and falling leaves.

I could not go back but made my way down to the river and stood motionless through the night on its brink.

At my feet the stream murmured incessantly. The little live things in the edge of black water kept a tiny surf plashing gently in the adder-tongue, ebbing and trickling through the grasses with a sound of sobbing. Above on the low bluff, the dark wigwams brooded silently from shadowy door-ways. Behind them the pelt-hung scaffold rose, gaunt and stiff, responding with a melancholy creaking to the faint stirring of the night air.

XXIV.

Morning came, as mornings do.

We made all arrangements for the game. It was to begin at sun-up; in the flat plain to the northwest; thirty chosen men on a side; twelve times through the goal to win the game; any form of combat allowable so long as the ball was propelled only by sticks. All this was in accordance with the regular understood rules of the game as played among us; yet I thought it better to have it all notched down on a stick, for reference in case a dispute should arise later, and possible violence threaten.

Prizes to the goal-makers to be awarded by the Senecas, as hosts: to the first who should make a goal, for either side, a blooded horse with bear-skin saddle and bit and stirrups, also a dog well-sired and trained in running down the deer or baiting the buffalo; to the second, five domestic dogs in good flesh for roasting, and ten pounds of tobacco; a monstrous brass kettle and ten pounds of tobacco to the third; two small kettles and ten pounds of tobacco to the fourth; a gorgeously painted quiver, filled, in token of peace, with tobacco instead of arrows, to the fifth; a handsome skin and ten pounds of tobacco to each of the others.

That would leave us without tobacco for the rest of the year, but no one spoke or thought of that.

The side winning the game was to retreat without violence and to receive of the defeated, wampum to the value of two fathome per scalp of every chief and councillor; one fathome for every brave; one-half fathome for every boy; one-tenth fathome for every squaw and keegsaw. The defeated side to prepare a feast and acknowledge therewith the victory of their opponents. The Eries then to return peaceably home, whether defeated or victorious, and both nations to live in peace, unmolested either by the other, henceforth.

All this was set down carefully, and agreed to at the feast that night.

They sat silently—my people and the visitors—in a great circle three deep about the empty plot where the Erie chief and I should meet together to take our vows.

As I looked about on the swarthy faces, the grim lips, the wary fathomless eyes set in the painted masks, my heart misgave me. In truth I have seen more subtle diabolical treachery practised among the palaces of the pale-eyed people than ever I have seen in the forests, but in the land of conventions, even treachery is held within certain conventional limits; may be grappled with, outwitted, fled from. But here treachery stalks, simple, direct, straightforward, too monstrous to grapple with, too sinister-wily to outwit, too keen-eyed and silent-footed to flee from. It is in its own country, and every avenue of flight is furnished forth with eyes and pointing fingers.

Together the Erie werowance and I smoked the pipe of peace in deep gravity and silence; together we buried the black tomahawk, and with our own hands built above it a fire of split wood, through which we clasped our hands as we took the vow.

"If the men of Waskonoket forget their peace-paint and one drop of Iroquois blood stain an Erie tomahawk, or an Erie arrow, or an Erie knife, the Great Spirit do so to Waskonoket and more also if he lay not down his life to Hawenneeyu, blood for blood."

"If the men of Sagehjowa forget the peace-paint, and one drop of Erie blood stain the tomahawk of a Seneca, or his arrow or his knife, the Great Spirit do so to Sagehjowa and more also if he lay not down his life to the God of the Eries, blood for blood."

A shudder ran through the assembly,

for at the last word there rang through the woods far and wide the scream of a screech-owl, the night-watcher on earth of the gods, the Carreyagaroona.

XXV.

The ball game—I should rather call it la crosse—the stick-game,—is played with a small wooden ball, and a stick held in each hand. The sticks, which are about five feet long, curve over at the upper end and are there strung across with thongs in a sort of coarse, stout net.

The field is laid off one-half mile long by one-quarter mile broad. In the middle thereof is a tall pole, and at the centre of each end of the field are erected two poles about fifteen feet apart.

The players are of any number on each side and have little individual placing on the field except for the two centres who are, after a manner, captains, and the two goals, who guard the upright poles, through which effort is made to strike the ball.

There are no rules but this one: the ball must be propelled by the sticks only, and touched neither by the hands nor the feet.

There is no social function of all the year to compare with the ball-game.

The young men train for it from boyhood up. The old men dream till their death over a spectacular goal made. Any maid or matron is to be had for the asking of the la crosse hero. Judge then the excitement of this game, where the fate of a nation was ruled by the caprice of a three-inch ball!

Long before dawn the women and maids and the children were up, and the town was filled with a bustle of excitement. There was little noise except for the stifled squall of a deserted papoose, the splash of some refractory youngster in the river, the intermittent rattle of the dried gourds as the pebbles dropped into them. Yet sleep was as impossible as if pandemonium had reigned. I and my brothers are much like the other wild creatures of our forests; we talk little, perchance from an original instinct of caution, lest we draw the attention of danger; but we feel each other's thoughts and moods as you white men feel the atmospheric changes—distinctly—consciously—and intelligently.

By dawn the squaws and keegsaws, the braves, and the children were gathering upon the plain, and by sun-up a dense hedge of

humanity marked the border-line of the field. A subdued whisper and rustle, a craning of necks, a shifting of limbs,—so much we could hear and see as we waited for the Erie players to form at the other end of the field.

I had Waupeka, Tokacon, Pokoota "the Scalpless One," Iron Bull and five and twenty others, all tall and straight, supple-limbed and gleaming golden-bronze with oil.

Suddenly a mighty cry burst forth, a whoop and a yelling, the rattling of gourds, the blowing of whistles—the Eries were on the field.

I gave the signal and we dashed forward. The hubbub dropped, was caught up, and swelled with a mightier howling and shrieking of reeds.

Then fell a sudden hush.

A neutral tossed up the ball at the central pole. A rush—a shock—a melee of twisting brown bodies—one gliding out and swinging away down the field carrying the ball in his stick—the whole pack behind in full cry—in front a single goal-keeper—a lightning dodge to the right—a sprint to the left, a violent push, a leap over the sprawling goal-keeper and the ball through our goal. Pandemonium of joy among the Senecas. Waupeka's father mad with delight, seeing already his son, the first goal-maker, mounted upon the stallion of the breed of Flying Eagle.

The ball at centre again.

Tossed up—a rush—a shock—a melee—a separating—the ball somewhere in the midst—tossed out to an Erie—caught—struck away by a Seneca—caught up by an Erie—scooped out of his stick—carried along—the Seneca down—the ball whirled back by an Erie—to and fro—hurtling through the air—lost in the midst of the mass.

I was at centre in the thick of the rush—I saw nothing but the ball, and a brown confusion of forms,—I had it in my stick. A rush down the field. Tripped—staggering—down. The crowd was fighting for the ball above me.

A man stumbled, and as he fell, rammed the butt-end of his stick at my neck under the jaw. I jerked to one side and the stick went into the ground. The man was up and into the crowd in a moment but I had recognized him. It was Iron Bull.

Three times he tried to play me foul that

day, and it would have been my pleasure to have taught him a lesson, but that there was greater work on hand—and the lesson would keep.

Up crept the scores, side by side—Waupeka had made two goals and I one—Iron Bull should have gotten one. I think his mind was more set on some other project.

The sun was far up the sky. The sweat began to roll from our bodies. One man had an ear torn off and dangling, smearing him with blood. I myself had a cut on my forehead, and we were all pretty well bruised by being tripped and trampled on.

Yet good humor was prevalent. There was no viciousness or bad temper displayed.

Eleventh goal for the Senecas! With the Eries only eight!

And then came the playing. Men fought like demons—clenching—struggling—tackling—striking—rolling together in the dust—trampled under foot—the crowd howling and roaring somewhere in the distance like surf upon a far shore.

Suddenly a wilder yell beating down and drowning all the rest.

From the Erie side.

What did that mean?

Goal for the Eries!

Nine to eleven for us.

Centre again—another goal for the Eries. Ten to eleven for us—God in heaven, what does this mean? It was through Iron Bull that the Eries got that goal.

Centre again. My ball—lost—mine again. Dribbled it down the field. Within two throws of the goal. Almost within a toss to goal. A big Erie bearing down upon me—Iron Bull was to my right—an easy toss to him. Hurrah! Give us a goal! What! *Dropped*. An Erie with the ball. What was the matter with Iron Bull? My head swirled. What was Iron Bull's game?

Goal for the Eries.

Eleven to eleven.

Silence fell. Only the soft thud of feet, the sharp crack of stick on stick, the heavy breathing of sixty throats as one.

There was no longer time of space. We were swung somewhere in an infinity of limbs and sticks through which a round disc leaped and hurtled.

Almost to the Erie goal. Ah-h-h! *I have it!* Now a run for it. Lost!—Ah! Tokacon! Tokacon! Tokacon!

There was a shout that shook the earth. Things were happening, but I stood quite blank and staring; still seeing the ball fly from Tokacon's stick into an Erie's. *Why did you lose us the game, Tokacon?*

The awards were being given out. The Eries were shouting themselves mad. Significant looks were passing between one and another of the Senecas, though outwardly they were coolly indifferent to circumstances.

I felt vaguely unsure—of what or of whom, I did not know.

The evening passed quietly enough however, with feasting and dancing. The wampum belt of surrender was given from the Senecas to the Eries, and the fathome for the scalps handed over in due form.

Shortly before dawn we turned in. My brain was hot and feverish. I could not get to sleep. By and by I rose and lifted my door-mat to go out into the cool air. As I did so I perceived shadowy figures outside. When I came out of my lodge they vanished. I made a circuit of the camp but could discover naught.

Mystery was abroad and, I doubted not, treachery. For the rest of the night I patrolled the camp and meditated upon the future joy of getting the Eries safely home again. I was unpleasantly aware that it would have been better for the success of my plan if the Senecas had won the game. What would be the outcome of it all I could not foresee.

On the morrow Tokacon called me aside for a private consultation. We went some distance away from the town. After a long and rambling preamble cut short by my impatience, he proceeded to inform me concerning a plot of the Eries to massacre us that night. It was obviously a tale of his own invention and so I told him at last in disgust.

Whereupon he proceeded to show me how that his veracity was as great as his love for his Sachem; that this was truth; and why it was truth; with much circumstantial evidence of the clearest falsity adduced to prove the point.

At last I entirely lost patience.

"Have done, Tokacon!" I cried, "Let us get back home. The Eries would have time to execute half a dozen plots while we loiter here."

An odd light gleamed for a moment in his eye and then went out.

When we reached the camp again it was empty.

I looked at Tokacon. His eyes were wide open, as frankly surprised as my own.

"Where are they?" I demanded fiercely.

"How should Tokacon know?" he answered suavely. "Has not he been with Sagehjowa, seen what Sagehjowa has seen, heard what Sagehjowa has heard? Does he know more about this thing than Sagehjowa? Let Sagehjowa tell Tokacon 'Where are the people?'"

At this moment a boy of twelve or so came out of a lodge in a great hurry. I called to him and asked him where everybody was.

"Gone to the wrestling," he called back, speeding away like the wind.

"Come," I said sternly to Tokacon.

The plot was thickening.

We set off on the run, Tokacon ahead.

All at once I saw something suspicious in the grove, a little way from the path. I slipped aside swiftly and reconnoitered.

In a half-covert was one of our nameless people, an obscure fellow of whom I knew no good, and he was painting himself in the manner of an Erie.

There was something on the cards then.

(To be continued)



KOLB'S FARM

By GEORGE SCOTT

Author of "Tamarack Farm"

WHEN a boy I worked on a farm and once in a while worked hard. I remember of raking and cocking hay in Tamarack Hollow long after the sun had gone down, driven to it by the forecast of the weather and in anticipation that on the morrow I might have a wet day off and a good time indoors with Mabel, the daughter of my boss. I loved Mabel.

In the autumn season, however, I had pleasant times breaking up food for the cows by rolling pumpkins down the side-hill of the upper pasture. I cheerfully threw the pumpkins over the cornfield fence with a pitchfork and started them on a roll down the pasture field where they increased their speed at every bound, until some exploded and flew into a hundred pieces, causing the cows to shake their heads and their tails and run after the fragments.

Even these few enjoyable hours were often marred by a notice that I was under surveillance, when I would hear an authoritative voice from over the potato field fence: "Say, young man, stop fooling with them air punkins!"

But of all the farms I ever worked on, Kolb's Farm was the hardest. While there employed I received \$13 a month and found—found with tools that I didn't hanker after, but I had to use them or take the consequences—so I used them, for I was ordered about that year more than usual.

On Tuesday night, June 21, 1864, Abraham Lincoln sat in the White House waiting for a telegram from General Sherman. The same night the One Hundred and Twenty-third New York was rounding Kenesaw Mountain, its men out of humor, so much so that even the refrain, stating where John Brown's body lay buried, remained unwarbled by any of them. For eighteen hours they had marched thirty miles and advanced less than four—and were still marching.

When a file halted at some obstacle in the darkness, the rear files were sure to butt into

the files in front, and the collision of bodies brought on a vocabulary of words that were disrespectful to Lincoln, Sherman and the Constitution of the United States. What was said awakened the whip-poor-wills in the mountains, and from their galleries in the tree-tops they filled the air with their tantalizing notes that poor Will (meaning Sherman) would be whipped on the morrow.

Tired as the men were, they soon began to march better, for the clouds seemed to leave the sky, the stars came out and the dark world seemed brighter as we saw Bill Brady pulling a wash-tub from under the piazza of a house we were passing, apparently determined to give his shirt a good washing if we ever reached camp. As he bravely shouldered the tub, our Captain observed him, too, and vehemently ordered, "Drop that tub, you scalawag, and fall into line!"

Bill shattered the tub against a turpentine tree and fell in, singing "When Johnny comes marching home," and the regiment joined in making the woods ring with the song; the whip-poor-wills, ashamed of themselves, held their tongues and listened, for the men were in the right spirit again.

The regiment continued its half smothered tramp, tramp over a sandy road, the click of hilts of bayonets against canteen stopples making the announcement possible to the scouts of Joe Johnson of our flank movement on Atlanta, when suddenly at 2 A.M. the men went into camp by falling down on each side of the road for a little rest. Scarcely were they stretched out when the orderly-sergeant of Company F came limping down from the right and called off the names of four of them for picket. When Patrick Malone's name was called off as one of the big four, he exclaimed: "Go to blazes with your picket! I was on yesterday; give some of your pets a chance, why don't ye?"

The captain was near by and happened to hear it all.

"Patrick Malone for picket," repeated the orderly.

"Go to blazes with your picket," repeated Malone. "Do you think I'll do double duty for the likes of ye?"

The captain stepped quickly forward and said: "Orderly, detail another man, and put Malone under arrest for a court-martial."

"Oh! Oh!" from suppressed voices was the ironical sympathy expressed for Malone by the men lying along the road.

"Too bad, Pat; yes, it is too bad! If the government should only take ten months' pay from you, it would be too much."

When the regiment was ready to resume its march that morning, the captain, observing Malone in the ranks, ordered him to the rear, as he was under arrest.

"To the blazes with the rear," said Pat, "I'm not acquainted with it, I'll stay where I am!"

At that moment a whistling minie sang a prelude among the trees, and the men instinctively looked up for falling leaves to indicate the direction of the shot, and at the same time an aide came galloping up to our colonel with the order:

"General Williams wants this regiment as skirmishers in front of his division."

"Forward!" shouted the colonel and the regiment started off, forming and deploying as it advanced on the double quick, meeting an insignificant fire from Confederate cavalrymen who remounted their horses and disappeared.

A little farther on we came to a ridge in the open, where a beautiful farm could be seen on the Marietta road.

This was Kolb's Farm.

Soon Bill Brady reached the front door of Kolb's house, where he commenced rapping with the butt of his musket, and ordering dinner for the regiment.

"Come away from that house, you shystering skeezicks, before they plug you. Don't you see that gun in the upper window?" cried the orderly.

In front of Kolb's house there was a well, and around its wooden curb scores of skirmishers thronged with their canteens in hand, crowding and jostling each other for better positions; and, as the water was poured from buckets, most of it went on the ground instead of down the narrow throats of canteens, and a common and usual thing in army life was experienced as the ground became wet, and mud puddles were formed, until army shoes

and socks were soaked and uniforms soiled in this battle of the canteens, in which the issue was the survival of the fittest.

In the midst of this battling throng was Patrick Malone, struggling like a hero with his hostile eye on the old oaken bucket when Dave Stewart, well in front, said to him: "Here, Pat, take my chance and if I am killed today you may have my three months' pay, for you will need some money after your court-martial, you know."

"To the blazes with your court-martial," said Pat, "I'll have the whole regiment court-martialed when I get home, see now!"

The colonel rode furiously into the struggling crowd around the well, shouting, "Forward, get out of here, forward!" and instantly there was a transformation of a confused mass into a well-formed skirmish line that moved rapidly forward and met the fire of the approaching Confederates in the woods beyond the house.

At first it was a scattering fire apparently from a thin line like our own, but it soon increased in volume, gathering strength at every volley, until the enemy made it so hot we were obliged to lie down behind the trees where, by firing rapidly, we made a pretence and show of power that enabled us for the present to hold our position, for we expected relief every moment from Williams's advancing division.

But relief for our suffering skirmish line came not, nor was any relief to come—for we learned afterwards that we were expected to fall back when we had enough of it and draw the Confederates into a trap.

Half a mile to our left the rattle of musketry indicated that that end of the skirmish line was bravely advancing, so we on the extreme right were ordered by our captain to charge into the woods.

As soon as we sprang to our feet and began to advance the hat of the captain was whipped off by a piece of shell and Stewart was killed by a shot through the head, and a fusillade of lead followed that tore the bark from the trees and slivered the breech of my gun.

After losing Conway, Howe, and Allen, and a score of wounded, the survivors sought the trees again until the captain ordered us back to the garden fence, which we reached very soon, followed by Patrick Malone dragging in the dead body of Stewart.

Our men tearing down the garden fence at

once formed a barricade and commenced firing, making as good a show of resistance as possible, when an orderly from our rear came galloping up to the captain and gave him a piece of paper. The horse of the orderly became a conspicuous target and was killed immediately and he, after being wounded, went zigzagging back quite lively afoot.

I observed the change of countenance of the captain as he read the piece of paper. He cast a glance of pity and compassion on his men as he said: "The orders are for this part of our skirmish line to advance. There is a line of battle concealed in the woods there. Are you ready to charge? Forward, boys!"

The captain sprang over the barricade swinging his sword, with Malone at his side, the rest of us following. Sergeant Rowan fell six feet from the barricade, and Corporal Martain fell with him. McNasser and Kearsing reached the trees where they expired together, and La Point bravely died a few feet further on. Our little line was being thinned so rapidly that I got behind a tree as soon as I could, and surveyed the front. The captain and Malone were a little in advance behind trees, and the wounded were lying around, many of them hit in their faces. Their cheeks were red and they looked ghastly. Then there came a lull, and I figured that the Confederates were preparing to charge.

As my tree was a small one, I piled up the dead bodies of Kearsing and McNasser and got behind them. It was all I could do to roll one body on the other, for I was faint and weak. I had been sick for days, but had made no mention of it, and I could not now complain in the face of the enemy.

The hot breath of war at this time seemed to scorch my very soul. The day was sultry and my illness was augmented by an invisible vapor that seemed to rise from a gully below, and a few feet to my left a scout's horse that had been shot two or three days before lay in the hot sun covered with flies, its body expanded into the dimensions of a balloon.

I felt that I was a weak insignificant mortal, while the men about me, dead and alive, were heroes all, and that in them the brutal school of discipline was superseded by the fervor of their patriotism. The whining yelp of complaint so often heard in camp was now stilled by grand opportunity; even the many

wounded with their bloody faces and shattered limbs complained not, and I could hear the voice of Patrick Malone in front: "Come on, you graybacks, and get yer rations!"

The Confederates did come on and came speedily, sweeping us back like helpless insects before a big blast of wind, and when I reached Kolb's house on my retreat I could go no farther, for I felt dilapidated and worn out, and expected I would not last more than two or three minutes longer.

When about ready to expire, I observed but a step or two away a big brick oven in Kolb's garden. I opened the oven door and crawled in until my head was out of sight, and I was able to draw both legs in until they were out of danger of captivity. I felt relieved and convinced that I was still alive.

I lay on my back in the oven, with my legs drawn up until my knees were in the air, and by raising my head a little I could look between my legs out of the oven door. It was a dark place where I was, and I thought no one would find me, but while I was looking out I saw a Confederate approaching; I saw him poke his head in at the oven door, as if I were a gopher and he a terrier. As my legs were drawn up and ready for action, I let fly one of them and hit him in the mouth with my right foot. Not knowing what hit him he disappeared, while I drew back my leg until my knee was up in the air again, ready to give the next fellow a slap in the face whenever he should come along.

I observed that Kolb's well was but a few feet from the oven door, and I saw Patrick Malone overtaken there by an agile Confederate skirmisher who began clubbing him with his empty musket.

Malone, exasperated beyond measure, dropped his own empty gun, and taking the Confederate up in his strong arms, as if he were a baby, carried him to the well curb and flung him head first down into the well, where after the fearful descent his loud and piercing yells were suffocated by the closing waters.

Malone was quickly surrounded and clubbed with empty muskets; but I saw no more, for skirmishing here ended and the battle was now on and raging with terrific violence.

Our twelve-pound brass battery on the ridge could not be restrained any longer, and when all of its guns opened with a mighty

roar and its whistling shells went by me, I crawled out of the oven as soon as I could and lay low on the ground; in a few minutes my oven was demolished and its bricks scattered all over Kolb's garden. For fifteen minutes the brave Confederate battle-line tried to reach our battery, but its ranks were continually broken by an active and heavy shell-fire, supplemented by the destructive fire of musketry of Williams's division, until the ravine at the base of the ridge was covered with Confederate dead.

Twice their battle-line passed over me, but took no notice, for I was supposed to be dead. I dared not move or cuff the flies on my face, for if I had shown evidences of life I would have been hustled to their rear. So I made up a face that showed that I was dead. I let fall my lower jaw and rolled up the upper lip like the flap of a hospital tent. I applied a patch of garden dirt to my chin on which I had fallen, and turned up my nose to a pitch high enough to cover it over with wrinkles of agony.

By George, I began to believe I was dead! Evidences of it were all around me. About my head were the brickbats that did the fatal work when thrown from the catapultic oven. It was not a glorious way of dying, but it answered my purpose, and the Confederates seemed to be satisfied.

As the enemy passed over my dead body for the last time, I was very thankful they had no cavalry or artillery along with them.

I opened my eyes and saw their thinned and shattered ranks on the retreat. It was a spectacle of heroism that filled my soul with admiration as they passed on amid the flying missiles of destruction, apparently unmindful of themselves while picking up their wounded comrades, and carrying them to places of safety.

If there had been at this time at my elbow a cannon loaded to its muzzle with all of the articles of death, I would not have pulled the lanyard to lessen the number of that heroic remnant of Stevenson's Division of Hood's Corps, that I saw staggering back with their heavy burdens into Kolb's woods.

(If that fellow I kicked in the mouth at Kolb's oven reads this article, I hope he will send me his address.)

After the enemy retired I was able to join the survivors of my company. Patrick Malone was among the missing, but we all knew, whether alive or dead, that our hero would never be court-martialed.

We remained at Kolb's house another day, then crossed the Chattahoochee and continued on and on through many other thrilling experiences until the war closed, but we never saw Malone again.

After the closing of hostilities I abandoned farming entirely, and am now a boss cutter in a shirt factory, and live with Mabel in a flat on the corner of Sherman Avenue and Lincoln Street.

I like the change very much.

INDIAN SUMMER IN IOWA

THE fire of autumn flames upon the hill
 A coat of many colors; in the hush
 The plaintive song of ring dove and of thrush
 Breaks the deep sabbathide of nature still.
 The golden aster by the wayside rill
 Swings like the censer of an evening star.
 And in the bending orchards near and far
 The hum of bees sets all the air athrill.

Where spreads the harvest plain beneath the sun,
 The fields of corn like lions lie asleep
 With manes of tawny splendor; by their calm,
 Forever with majestic billows dun,
 The waters of the broad Missouri sweep
 Soothing the earth with sound like a great psalm!

—Edward Wilbur Mason.

THE CANDIDATE, THE BEES AND THE OYSTERS

By CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

OCTOBER had almost passed in western Maryland, but Indian Summer still lingered; for jaunty Jack Frost had merely splashed the trees with color, though he had deluged the vines and bushes along the snake fences, and nipped open the tiny burrs of the chinquapins so that the nuts peeped forth like shy eyes of mice. The noisy threshing machine had visited the majority of the farms, leaving thousands of dollars' worth of fine wheat ready for market; the corn, but shortly before like a billowing green sea with bronze foam topping it, now formed brown tents with golden ears massed like tribute before the camp of a conquering army, while a faint green carpet spread between denoted that the winter wheat was already feeling its way to the world of light. In the farm houses, the shelves fairly sagged with pickles, preserves and jellies which the women had put up with pardonable pride. Outdoors, the children visited the late apple trees, and eagerly watched for the ripening of chestnuts. All the world seemed to sing with peace and plenty.

The only anxious persons seemed to be the candidates for election to various offices, from that for governor to delegate. Party rivalry was keen, so keen that many candidates were seen riding around the country, making a house to house canvass, patting children on the heads, praising the crops, complimenting the cookery at such homes where they stopped for a meal, and making themselves generally agreeable until they got into a sharp discussion with some old chimney-corner politician, who made them perspire in their efforts to score a point or two.

It is doubtful if any of these chimney-corner politicians could outdo Grandma Gales, either in recalling bygone campaigns or in digging up the political past of all the prominent men in the state; for she was not only up with the times from reading the county papers, but could go back, along the trails of hearsay, to the time when Maryland

and Virginia made Kent Island their bone of contention. She had been the one girl in a family of twelve brothers, who, with their father, were always taking active part in the politics of the county and the state; though they never neglected their large tobacco plantations to do so. To the old home, campaign after campaign, came men who sat before the great hearth piled high with the first logs of the fall, and talked over men and affairs with her father, grandfather, and brothers, while she, as became a female of that time, listened in silence, as she pretended to busy herself with some household task. But she hoarded up the anecdotes, scandals, and stories, and, when she left the old roof-tree to make her home with Joseph Gales, she brought with her enough stories to keep him from growing dull in the long evenings. With home practice, she soon gained the reputation of being the best story-teller in the county; though some women said she was "nothing but a gadding old gossip!"

She lived in a snug farmhouse which sat high on the crossroads, commanding a glorious view of the Blue Ridge mountains on the west, and an eagle's-eye view of all the farms which nestled in the valleys, or perched upon the rolling foothills. She knew the roads and lanes as a general knows his campaign map; she knew the color of every horse in the settlement; its gait, its height and its owner, so that, at a glance from her front porch or her side windows, she could tell who came up the road and who went down; and, if a stranger turned down any farm lane, Grandma promptly dropped whatever she had been doing, "redded' up" and took her way to the place where the stranger was seen to stop. There she made herself at home, and it was not long before she made the visitor feel that it was Grandma Gales he had come to see, and his real host or hostess to wonder why no one ever tried to entertain without Grandma Gales.

So it happened that, on this glorious October morning, when Grandma Gales saw Mr. Backus, the Democratic candidate for the House of Delegates, riding over the Frederick pike, in his dusty, though new, buggy, slapping the reins over a large roan, not known to Grandma, she put down the tray of white beans which she was shelling, and prepared to follow him wherever he went, provided he did not go out of her sight.

He turned in at Snow's, Gales' next neighbors about a quarter of a mile down the pike, and Grandma made haste to the back porch where she washed her face and hands in the tin basin; combed her reddish-brown hair before the distorting little mirror which hung over the wash bench; wrapped a flowing brown kerchief over her head until her large, round, red face looked out like a winter apple between brown boughs; fixed her brown cotton dress at the throat; smoothed down her clean brown-and-yellow gingham apron, and then stepping to her cooky jar extracted a dozen ginger cakes which she slipped into her generous apron pocket, for Grandma believed in bearing gifts wherever she went.

If General Washington had ever robed himself as Grandma did, he would have looked not unlike her; for she was tall, large-boned, and broad of shoulders. She had never been the "little sister among a lot of big brothers," but rather, like one of them—an independent, tom-boyish girl, ready for an adventure at any day or hour. This morning, as she stepped briskly down the dusty pike, her shoulders back, and her brown eyes twinkling with enthusiasm, she was in heart not one day older than when she was known as "that wild Meg Mildock."

Candidate Backus was indulging in the preliminary pleasantries to opening political discussion with Mr. Snow, when he saw Grandma bearing up the walk which led to the front veranda.

"Great General Jackson!" he exclaimed. "Where did you find that giant Brownie? Has the circus been 'round here lately?"

"That's Mrs. Gales, or Grandma Gales, as she's known all 'round here," said Mr. Snow. "She's a power to reckon with, so make out you know of her, if you value your vote. She don't vote, of course, but she can influence more votes than almost any man in this hyar deestrict."

Before the candidate could ask how, Grand-

ma Gales was on the porch shaking hands with the Snow family, big and little, as though she had not seen them in a month; then, after bestowing her brown offerings upon the little Snows, she gave her attention to Mr. Backus, who had been duly presented.

"Backus, you say? Looking for votes? Um! Lawd-e-e! Now ain't that singular? Man by your name, hunting votes, came to my father's house 'long 'bout forty years ago, when the country was laying off to get shut of Andy Johnson. I was a big young woman then, 'round twenty; old enough to know that most of the folks out my way hated Republicans like Ben Tillman hates Roosevelt, an's usual, the nigger in the woodpile was at the bottom of it! This man Backus come out our way looking for all the votes he could corner, working day and night to get ahead of the nigger vote, for he was running for the legislater. Did you happen to have such a man in your family—first cousin, or tenth cousin, or any kin?"

"I believe you refer to my father," replied the present candidate. "He ran for the legislature, but was defeated. His own party went back on him; whether justly, or unjustly, I never knew. He wouldn't talk about it. I'm a Democrat, as he was, and I'd like to explain why his own went down at the last moment, for it's embarrassing not to be able to do so when questioned by some of the knowing folks about the country, who seem to be up on the genealogy gig. If a man doesn't know anything about his ancestors, he need not consult the genealogical department of the *Baltimore Citizen*—he'd find out things quicker if he ran for an office."

Grandma's sides shook convulsively. She drew from her well-like pocket a large, unbleached cotton handkerchief, drew off her glasses, wiped them vigorously, and after she had installed them again on her Washington-like nose, she gave the large, splint rocker a vigorous hitch, as she drew nearer to young Mr. Backus, who was, on the whole, an attractive young man of about twenty-six, bearing smiling wrinkles around his keen gray eyes, and not a few thinking wrinkles across his broad white forehead.

"Now, look here, young man, I'm going to tell you why your father lost his party support, that is, provided you all won't hold

it agin me if I laugh too much in telling it, for Lawd-e-e! I could laugh at my best friend's funeral, if I let my mind go back to the night, 'most forty years ago, when your father came to my father's house."

"Go on, Grandma," said Mr. Backus, cheerfully. "I'll laugh with you, if I can. I'd like to get at least a laugh out of my father's defeat."

"A laugh's as good as a vote any day," said Grandma. "That's if you laugh with a voter! Did I ever tell you, Hiram," she said, turning to Mr. Snow, who had resigned himself to being a background for Grandma, "'bout the time when Lem Hicks started out huntin' votes? Lem was citified, you know, come from Baltimer way and settled in Frederick County. He was not much on talkin', and some old stager advised him when he called 'round farms to always pat the dogs and kiss the children, so as to get on the right side of the father and the mother. Well, he did this so often that he did it like in a dream, and one time he stopped at a farm where no less than ten molasses-smeared children sat out on the porch with one lean old hound near them. Lem, he got so excited that, 'stead of goin' through the usual greetin', he stooped down and *patted the children and kissed the dog!* Yes, siree! Lawd-e-e! The woman was that mad, she said Lem was drunk, and she made her old man turn him down. Lem, he said afterwards, that he did it a purpose, 'twas a lot easier to kiss one clean hound than ten dirty children! Yes, siree!"

Mr. Backus and Mr. Snow laughed heartily with Grandma, while Mrs. Snow gave furtive glances at the faces of her offspring to see what effect Grandma's gingerbread had had on them. Thus encored, Grandma settled herself for her other story.

"Well, I was going to tell you how your pa come to lose the votes of his party, wasn't I? If I live to be a hundred years and one day, I'll never forget that late September night when your pap druv up to our house and asked to see pap and the boys. You must take after your ma's folks, for you don't look none like him. He was tall and lank and dark and he was dressed out like a Southern gentleman, black clothes and tie, and a nice pearl-color slouch. He wasn't like some of these politicians of today, who pretend to be like farm folks, until they get to the

State House, when they don Prince Alberts, silk beavers, and *airs!* But he did try to make out he was like country folks, yes, sir-e-e! He came before supper, and being pressed 'lowed he'd stay until moon-up, for the boys had tolle him that a lot of fellers would be in after supper to go on a honey hunt. (By the way, I found that honey myself, as I was goin' through the woods with an eye to the chestnut crop. I saw the bees goin' in and out a big hole in a big chestnut, and I said, '*you're mine!*' Of course, not being brought up to climb, like the cats with the cheese, I had to 'list some monkeys into my secret, and so told my brothers about it. They agreed to let me go 'long to see fair play. I had been out on coon hunts many times, and could run the woods in pitch dark or moonlight as good as any male man. Yes, sir-e-e!)

"Well, where was I? Oh, yes. Your father thought that it would be a good chance for him to meet the boys, go on a honey hunt just to show them that he wasn't any city fool, and at the same time impress them that he's the man to vote for. He wasn't rigged up for runnin' through woods, and all the boys helped him out was to lend him some ropes to tie 'round his pants, so if the bees got sassy they wouldn't crawl up his legs. I saw he looked s'prised when I, the only thing in skirts, started out with 'bout twelve trousered creatures, but I was going, his 'proval or not. I didn't trust 'em male critters with that honey. I tell you, *my 'sperience's been* that a gal brought up with a passel of boys learns to protect herself 'gainst men, not to lean on 'em, as some folks make out she does. Yes, sir-e-e! So I went!

"And I was glad I went. It was a b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l night! The moon was just rising over the woods; the katydids was a-sassing each other—sure sign of a Fall; the apples smelled jus' like new-made cider as we passed the orchard; and 'long the branch smelled jus' like mint-juleps as we crushed the mint as we tromped 'long. On, Lawd-e-e! It jus' makes me young to think of it! Well, it was more'n a mile from our place to the woods where my bees were workin', an' your father tried more'n once to help me along, but 'twas so 'dicolous, jus' like an ordinary man helping an Amazon, so he stopt. Long 'fore we come to the tree, we had heard wild

yells and singin', jus' like crazy-drunk niggers had been let loose. The men 'lowed that some black Republicans had gotten a lot of niggers s'plied with enough gin and whiskey to keep 'em drunk until after election time, so they'd not listen to a Democrat, or be able to go to the polls to vote for one. For there were some ole-time niggers left who wouldn't no more vote for a Republican than they'd sleep with a rattle-snake; they were that scared of some of their old masters comin' back to ha'nt them; for several times, when a lot of niggers had been bought over to vote Republican, they were ha'nted every now and then by men dressed in white, who claimed to be their old dead masters come to reproach them! Yes, sir-e-e! So the only way the Republicans could get them, was to make them stone drunk so they couldn't vote Democrat.

"Well, we all believed that as we were unarmed, 'cept for lanterns, and a couple of old tin cans that Lot Andrews, who claimed he could charm bees with 'em, brought along, we'd lope to the tree quietly, get our honey, and lope outer the woods 'fore those crazy niggers could spy us. From their shoutin' and goings-on, we reckoned that they were havin' a razor party, an' we bet dollars to doughnuts that they'd come from that low-down settlement to the east called *Razor-blade*.

"When we come to the tree, your daddy suggests that we let him, for the sake of boyhood memories, or some sich foolishness, climb the tree for that honey. And, he being the guest, we let him—good pants, pearl hat, and all! So up he shinned, scratchin' his hands and face on the big chestnut burrs, which seemed to object to being jostled in their growin' sleep. Suddenly, he let out a yell that the bees were comin' out! Jim Carter, he yelled up to him to stop the hole with his hat, and so into it he rammed that nice pearl-color slouch, which must have cost at least six dollars over to Baltimer. (In them days, we didn't have any forty-eight and ninety-eight cent bargains—it was dollar for dollar.) And then, he almost fell down that tree. He knocked Jim Carter flatter than a pan-cake as he come down—*whack!*

"To add to the rumpus, as they say in novels, the moon came out bright as day, and as we all went slappety-jack through

the woods and out into an opening, we found that the bees had been silently followin' us—for though we hoped to lose 'em, we didn't! And just as we were thinking our lot was hard, lo, there came a wild Man o' Borneo yell from the clearin', and then we knew that those drunken, razor-riden niggers was on us, and we took up our feet in our hands and *went*—every man for himself, and the woman bringing up the rear. (Woman's bound to get the last place in a panic, jus' as she gets the last word in a quarrell! Yes, sir-e-e!) My brother Polk, he was in front of me, and being so near the end of the flying line must have had some sympathy for me, for he kept on yellin', without looking back, as he heard the niggers come on faster and faster, and the bees a-singing their battle hymn:

"Run Meg! Come on, Meg! Come on!
Take hold my coat-tail!"

"But I wasn't catchin' on to the last man's coat-tail, for I heard a nigger close behind me, and besides that got a maddening sting from a pesky bee. So I concluded not to follow leaders any more, and made a side cut into the woods, where I knew I could cross the branch by a log, whereas the men'd have to jump the branch, or wade lower down on the road they were a-traveling like cavalry on a charge. So I *sneaked*, but not too soon to hear a wild yell from Polk, who, after more calls for me to *come on*, and feeling a hand on his coat-tail, turned to look on—not me—but a *big buck nigger!* Yes, sir-e-e! Oh, Lawd-e-e! I like to die laughing every time I think on it! Polk like to die of fright, for the big nigger was swinging an open razor in his hand, and I am afraid Polk would have got it, only for at that crit'cal moment that black nigger realized that he'd run into an army of bees, and he yelled, turned tail, and fled, the rest of the blacks following. But the white boys didn't know this, and kept a-runnin' for dear life, and never stopped nor stayed till they splashed across the branch and rested at the other side. Then they looked back, and seeing then the chase was off, they sat down to get their breath.

"And when I sneaked up on the same side of the stream, 'bout ten minutes later, havin' crossed the log and gathered some small stones in the bed of the stream, I found them still sittin', evidently discussing as to who'd go back and look for *me*. I like to died

laughing, as I listened to their arguments! Finally your father rose, and stood up pale and swollen-faced in the moonlight, put his hand over his breast, bowed, as if to a lot of people, and said:

"Gentlemen—the age of chivalry is not dead, though *it looks pretty damned much like it!* I've left my brand new hat back on the field of battle, and now I'll risk my head—for a lady!" (I liked to die of laughing, for it was as good as a play.) But before he could make the plunge into the stream, I threw three or four stones into the crowd, from my ambush in the laurel, and they, thinking the niggers had come on them again from the sideway, gave one yell that would outdo an Amen corner, and put out for home like a hound bitten by a snake. Oh, Lawd-e-e! I forgot all fear and laid there in the thicket, and laughed and laughed until I almost cracked my seventh rib. Yes, sir-e-e!

"When I got to the house, I peeped in the window and saw them all sittin' 'round the table drinking some of Pa's hard cider to ease their nerves. I heard that sneaky Polk tell pap that I stopped behind for *something!* And then I went to the front door and banged on it as hard as I could with a knob of hickory which I picked up in the yard. I just wanted to scare them another time, and I did; for this time they upset the cider pitcher, and almost upset the lamp! That made me calm down; so I walked in on them, and told pap the whole story. He liked to die a-laughin' at them, and they sat there like dogs what's just eaten young chicks yet keep a-hoping folks will blame the hawks. Then your pap reckoned that he'd be going, and asked pap if he had a hat to lend him. With that, pap went up attic and came down with an old coon-skin hat which he wore 'long the time the Tippecanoe Club of Baltimer, Whigs they were, hurrahed things up for the first Ben Harrison. He gave this hat to your father, who was so anxious to get out of my sight, that he didn't notice that across the old coon-skin still hung the cotton band with printing in red letters, '*Tippecanoe and Tyler Too!*' but he just slammed it on his black hair and went for his horse mighty swift, considering the fact that he was considerably done up with bee stings,

"We learned, next night, that when he went into the town and put up at the inn, a lot of Democrats who were to be there to receive him, saw him with that hat, which was really a grandfather to a Republican hat, the Whigs changing into the Republican party later on, you know, and seeing *that hat* and his bunged-up face they come to the conclusion he'd been drinking hard, and had turned Republican just like black folks; and so they cut him out, shut up the hall and wouldn't let him speak at any price on anything, not even a hoss-block! They wouldn't listen to his tellin' them that he lost his hat huntin' bees, and that the grandfather Republican hat was *borrowed*. No, sir-e-e! So he rode away, and so far as I ever heard, he ain't never run for anything since he run *from* those niggers on the bee-line!"

Grandma wiped her merry eyes with her sheet-like handkerchief, as she concluded, joining in the general laugh, heartiest of all that of the young candidate, who said:

"Grandma, that's a first-rate story. With your permission, I'll use it in my campaign, and ask amends for the misjudgment of my father, by having them elect me, who surely am a living proof that we are dyed-in-the-wool Democrats. I'll teach them that the hat doesn't always proclaim the politician."

"Make 'em laugh, and you'll get their votes," said Grandma as she arose to go. "And say, young man, when you go down to Annapolis to the legislature, I hope it won't be for the sake of having oysters to eat all through the season, as I heard one member from the mountains say that was one of the chief blessings of going down to the Capital! Though, I must say, *I* don't much blame him—I dearly *love* oysters, myself."

"And you shall have them during all the oyster seasons that I sit in the State House, Grandma," said the candidate. "For if I am elected, it will be mainly because telling your story will bring the votes my way."

The candidate kept his promise, and Grandma is the envy of her neighbors during oyster season, though she never fails to tender an oyster supper in order that she may propound this conundrum:

"When did the bees bring oysters, and how long did it take them to do it?"

ON THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

(NIGHT)

THE gloom of the night with the wind and the rain
Howling in, beating in from the desolate main,
And anon with a cry o'er the tempest prevailing—
Some wreck of the deep the wild ruin bewailing!
From the Shoals to Nantucket the lights were half hid,
The rush and the roar of the breakers amid;
Ships turned from their moorings; the boats were adrift;
Not a merciful star looking down through a rift;
But blackness and fear with the wind and the rain
Howling in, beating in from the desolate main.

(MORNING)

Now the sun tips with fire every wave's tossing crest;
The gulls are blown seaward, the wind's in the West;
And the wide-rolling deep and the kelp-laden shore
See fog and cloud fleeing to gray Labrador.
The ships, all a-thrill with the joy of the breeze,
Sail portward as light as the foam on the seas;
Not a film in the sky—not a mote in the air—
The blue seems the bright wall of heaven laid bare—
And the gloom of the night and its weird terror scorning,
We are glad in the azure and splendor of morning.

THREE PRETTY MARINERS

By CELIA MYROVER ROBINSON

MARGARET walked slowly up the long flight of stairs, not wearily, but as one deeply preoccupied. On the second landing she met Miriam coming down—Miriam, lovely, fresh and smiling in the prettiest of her afternoon gowns, Miriam, gay and debonair, evidently on pleasure all intent.

Margaret held her off at arm's length and looked at her severely.

"Well?" Miriam said, with some asperity in her tone, for in Margaret's glance there was condemnation mingled with sorrow.

"Quo vadis?" queried Margaret, trying to speak gayly, but still with sorrow in her glance. "Not to the studio?"

"And why not?" asked Miriam, with defiance in her tone.

"Oh, Mirry—twice in one week? I thought you said—"

"My dear," said Miriam, with dignity, "you think too much for your own good!" And she swept down the stairs, turning at the foot to wave an amiable and forgiving good-bye.

Margaret trailed on, a somewhat disconsolate figure; there was a frown furrowing her brow and a stern set to her lips.

When she entered the sitting-room where Jean, looking very ugly and very comfortable in a loose morning-gown, was working assiduously at her desk, she threw herself down with a moan of despair and looked at the inky face of her "Fidus Achates" appealingly.

"What now?" asked the inky Jean, somewhat absently, with one eye on the last clause of the sentence she was writing.

"Jean," said Margaret, with tragedy in her tone, "it has come!"

"What?" asked Jean, imperturbably, "the granite-ware? I'm sure it's time. I shall never trade—"

"Granite!" Margaret's tone was scathing. "I am not talking now about kitchen utensils, you of the mundane soul—"

Jean interrupted her, reading:

"And through the lanes they went together,
And always it was summer time."

"What rot!" said Margaret coarsely.

"Maybe so," said the calm Jean, "but my poetic soul tells me that it will just about pay for the butcher bill—it is long since due."

Margaret rose and going over to the desk took the inky face between her hands and looked down into the clear eyes.

"Jean," she said, "you have lovely eyes, beautiful eyes."

"So I have been told," said Jean, tranquilly, with a slow, wicked smile.

"You have beautiful eyes and a beautiful soul and the nicest disposition in the world."

"Goodness!" Jean pushed her away a little and looked with keen glance into the still frowning face of her friend.

"And the ugliest mouth, and the horridest nose, and the stringiest hair also in the world, Margaret."

"Well, you have a nice, strong chin and nose, and your hair is very—very—"

"Straight," laughed Jean. "The only thing that is curly about me is my imagination."

"Well, that has nothing to do with paying the butcher's bill—and that is what I specially want to discuss. Jean, how much money have we in the treasury?"

"What has come over your erstwhile money-scoring soul? I did not know that you realized that butcher's bills even existed—much less that they must be paid!"

"Jean! How can you! But I do not wonder. Miriam and I have left all the worries to you for so long, believing so firmly in your ability to make both ends meet with a little ingenious stretching—"

"Margaret—" Jean had risen and stood over the prettier and younger girl, looking now gravely into the troubled face, "what is the matter with you? What has happened? When you went to the library this morning you had none of these haunting fears about butcher bills, and I am sure you were not worrying about the amount of cash in the family pocket-book. The family finances are in an even more satisfactory condition

than usual, if you insist on having a statement from the treasurer. At the present time there is in the treasury the sum of one dollar and thirty-six cents. But *The Clarion* will probably send a check for forty by the fifteenth, and if they don't, why there is ten from *The Laurel Wreath* for the—"

"Yes, and are we to batten on your earnings for all time to come?"

Jean's merry laugh rang out. "'Batten'! That is good, Margaret! Well, I don't think you will batten very extensively on the present income of this establishment."

"Well, I am sure *you* will not, if you continue to support Miriam and me."

"Margaret, how ridiculous! You know it is only temporary. When I was in a hole last month, who helped me out?"

"Yes, but that was only a very temporary embarrassment—and to the tune of five dollars. You know Miriam and I are hardly earning our salt. If it wasn't for you and your poems and stories, I don't know what we should do. My salary is so small that it hardly keeps us in clothes, and Miriam is so extravagant. When we came to New York I thought things would be so different and now—"

Suddenly Margaret's head went down on her arms and she burst into tears.

"I do not think you need worry, Margaret," Jean said. She had her arm about the girl and was smoothing the beautiful hair. "Miriam is happy and well, and so are we all. And from the way things look now there will soon be only you and me to batten on the poems and stories—and I am sure there will be enough for us. And by the time your book is out you are sure to roll in wealth, and my little two by four pot-boilers will—"

"What do you mean?" Margaret sat up and pushed the hair from her tear-wet eyes. "Miriam? What do you mean, Jean?"

Jean laughed. "Now Margaret! Do you pretend to say that you do not know what all Mirry's new extravagances mean? That you have not noticed her moods and tenses enough to know whether the wind bloweth? Have you not noticed that most of the time during the past month the sitting-room has been occupied by two pre-occupied artists, who spent more time looking into each other's eyes than in attending strictly to painting pictures? And that when he isn't here she is taking luncheon or tea at the studio, or

wandering through art galleries with him. If you haven't, I have. And if I am any judge in such matters, and being a poet, I should be, our ménage will soon be reduced to two."

"Yes, I have noticed it. I met her on the stairs going down, bound then for the studio. And I am heart-broken. When we came to New York, what did we all promise and vow? That we would stick together if we starved, and that no mere man should enter and break up our trio. Yet here we have been only a little more than six months and Mirry is practically or impractically engaged—while—"

"Well?" There was some quiet amusement in Jean's quiet voice.

"Well, I may as well say it. I believe you have encouraged her, Jean."

"Encouraged her? Certainly I have. Why not? Because we were a trio of fools when we came here is no reason why one of us shouldn't show herself a person of some common sense and choose the best that life has for her. It seemed to us in Fayette that Miriam had talent. Indeed, when we came to New York it seemed to our benighted egoisms that we all had perhaps even a little more than talent, genius maybe. And that New York was just waiting for us open-mouthed to acclaim and admire. Well, I think maybe she was waiting open-mouthed—but it was to gobble us up. Why, Mirry's little talent hasn't made a ripple on the surface. Oh, you needn't get mad. I love her too, but I am not blind. There are thousands of women in this city struggling to earn a living and failing, with lots more talent than Mirry has. As for me, all of my old ideas of setting the harbor on fire have gone up in smoke—a fireless smoke. Now, if I can get editors to pay me ten or fifteen dollars for a poem, I am thankful, while fifty makes me lose my head for a week. You are the only one who has really done anything worth while, and you have made but the most pitiful salary. But the work you have done on your book is fine. It is valuable work and has been more than worth while, even if you do not make a fortune. But I believe you will 'make good' with that, Margaret. You could not have succeeded with that if we had not had access to the libraries. So I am glad for your sake that we came. And I am glad for Mirry's, for if we hadn't she never would

have met Max Switherton. And I am glad I came, for if I hadn't I might have gone on to the end of time considering myself a wonder, when I am merely a poor little grubworm. And then I am glad for something else. If I had not come to New York I might never have made a discovery, a great and wonderful discovery that has changed the world for me and made me realize that New York isn't so very different from Fayette, or Rixton Corners, or any other big or little place where people live and move and have their being—except that it is wickeder and busier and less full of opportunity."

"Less full of opportunity?" Margaret stared. "Jean! New York less full of opportunity than Fayette?"

Jean laughed. "I said it, Margaret. New York is less full of opportunity than Fayette, with its eight thousand inhabitants all told."

"Jean, what possesses you today?"

"Just a nice, new spirit of sanity, that is all. Why, child, there is more room in Fayette than in all this great, big city. More room to grow and to love and to learn, more room to run in and fly in. I wouldn't give an old garden in Fayette that I know for the whole city. And I am going back some day and tell them so—all those old-timers who love us so, and bade us good-bye with such sad hearts when we set out to conquer the world."

"Going back to acknowledge yourself beaten?"

"No. I am going back to own myself a conqueror. To acknowledge that I have found myself and come into my kingdom."

"What do you mean? Your kingdom? Jean, when you talk like that I want to shake you."

"I mean, not to put too fine a point upon it, that I am going back to Fayette to marry John Stevens and mend his clothes and keep his house."

"Jean!" The cry rang out in a wail. "Oh, Jeanie? Don't! You to marry John Stevens! Poor, plodding John."

"He isn't poor—not so very—and I love plodders. I just *love* them. I haven't seen anybody to touch him since I've been here. And if he is poor I can help him boil the pot a little. And I love him."

"You are all deserting me—Oh! Oh!" and Margaret burst into bitter tears.

"Margaret!" Jean went over to her and pressed her face down on the curly head. "Margaret, silly child," she said. "Don't you know that I know what is really hurting you? We are all in the same boat. Mirry and I are going to sail away on the sea of matrimony, back to the haven of home, with a good man each at the tiller. Don't you want to embark, Margaret?"

Margaret raised a shining face to Jean. "I have a notion to marry my publisher—just to pay you and Mirry back," she said.

"Why don't you?"

"Maybe I will," and slowly she opened her hand and disclosed a ring—a pretty solitaire diamond.

"Margaret!" It was Jean's turn to look surprised.

"We are going to be married just as soon as I can get a trousseau."

"You little hypocrite!"

"I am not. I was only making the last struggle—taking a last gasp, as it were. I had promised him only conditionally. But when I met Mirry on the stair I felt fate closing in on me. And then your sermon and your news finished me."

"We will have a triple wedding."

"What will the people in Fayette say?"

"They will say: 'What did I tell you? I knew those idiotic girls would never succeed in New York.'"

"But we have," said Margaret.



THE DYING CALIFORNIAN

LAY up nearer, brother, nearer, for my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer when thy arms around me fold
I am dying, brother, dying, soon you'll miss me in your berth,
And my form will soon be lying 'neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken, I have something I would say,
Ere this vail my vision darken, and I go from hence away;
I am going, surely going, but my hopes in God are strong,
I am willing, brother, knowing that He doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him, that in death I pray'd for him,
Pray'd that I might one day meet him, in a world that's free from sin.
Tell my mother, God assist her, now that she is growing old,
Tell, her son would glad have kiss'd her, when his lips grew pale and cold.

Hearken to me—catch each whisper, 'tis my wife I speak of now,
Tell, oh, tell her, how I miss'd her, when the fever burnt my brow:
Hearken to me, closely listen, don't forget a single word,
That in death my eyes did glisten when the tears her memory stirr'd.

Tell her then to kiss my children, like the kiss I last impress'd,
Hold them fast as last I held them, fold'd closely to my breast;
Give them early to their Maker, putting all their trust in God,
And He will never forsake her—He has said so in His word.

O my children, Heaven bless them, they were all my life to me;
Would I could once more caress them, ere I sink beneath the sea;
'Twas for them I cross'd the ocean—what my hopes were I'll not tell,
But they have gain'd an orphan's portion, yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sisters I remember every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender by the thoughts their memory stirr'd;
Tell them I never reach'd the haven where I sought the precious dust,
But I've gain'd a port call'd heaven, where the gold doth never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance, for they will find their brother there,
Faith in Jesus and repentance will secure for them a share;
Hark! I hear my Saviour calling—'tis I know His voice so well,
When I'm gone, oh, don't be weeping, brother, hear my last farewell!

MY LORD HAMLET

Historical, Literary and Psychical Considerations Touching the Principal Character in Shakespeare's Tragedy

(CONTINUED)

Dedicated, with sincere good wishes and admiration, to Robert Bruce Mantell, Tragedian—*The Authors*

By JOHN McGOVERN and JESSE EDSON HALL

XVII.

The relations of *Hamlet* with *Ophelia*, more than those of any other two people in history or fiction, have interested the many generations following Shakespeare. Goethe takes first place among the disciples, with *Faust* and *Gretchen*. Millions have thought upon Abelard and Héloïse, and the poet Pope has made of Héloïse a variant of *Ophelia*. Shakespeare himself touched the life-drama of *Juliet* and *Cleopatra*. But nowhere else has either Destiny or Human Invention ensnared Man and Woman between cross-purposes so ingenious as those to which the devoted Prince of Denmark and the obedient daughter of *Polonius* move. To grasp the main threads of the situation as *Hamlet* concludes his great soliloquy and *Ophelia* approaches with the remembrances, is to inform ourselves, at least, concerning a main cause of the curiosity and varying opinion of the world.

1. A Prince, the "expectancy and rose of the fair state," has been betrayed by his own mother, whose share in the crimes of a Brother Enemy has enabled the usurper to cheat a minor out of the crown that would have fallen to him by election. But for this crime nothing would have intervened to defeat the love and reign of *Hamlet* and *Ophelia*, sovereigns and lovers. Fallen under the burdens of shame, injury, degradation; filled with psychological misgivings, he still preserved, and it seems will preserve, an undying affection for *Ophelia*. At that unhappy yet not wholly destructive posture in his affairs, there appears to him a *Ghost*, which he has reason to believe is his father's. He does not really credit the Devil with power sufficient to adjust the situation at Elsinore to the purposes of deception. He absolutely knows—as his deep outcry has shown—that he is devoted to Revenge. Here we must separate him

from Humanity, for here he becomes a Myth—yet our most human Myth. He loves *Ophelia* and *Horatio*, and however eccentric his actions should be toward them, he cannot, as a human being, willingly accept a reflex deportment from them. In this manner of mind he finishes the soliloquy, having argued with himself as to why enterprises of great pith and moment lose the *name* of action. Subconsciously Shakespeare has differentiated "name" and "action"—as though the turmoil of his mind were as much "action"—to-the-point as the pulling of a rapier and assassination of the usurper. That is, he considers the illusory character of *all* things. The line of thought has been deep enough to render him, as a human being, oblivious to his earthly surroundings. He is now to be aroused, and with an event certainly the most disastrous of his earthly affairs. Even *Ophelia* is to reject him.

2. On the other side, there is a maiden—the most sweet and beautiful in Denmark—the chosen one of *Hamlet*—the feminine co-ordination of all his psychological niceties and masculine sensibilities. The supreme law of society commands her to implicitly obey her father, and the sentiments of her brother assure her that there may be justice or wisdom in the parent's decree. She is not a superhuman character, nor does she know aught of the situation in the drama. Not *Ghost*, treason, murder, nor incest has reached her simple² understanding. It is a storm sufficient for the destruction of this lily of the valley if she be confronted with the seeming fact that, in obeying her father and repelling the advances of the *Prince*, she has driven him mad. Her father has told her *Hamlet* is mad, and she, *far more* than the audience, has beheld him when he

put an antic disposition on. We must adjust our thoughts to the true attitude of the sexes, when we see her now approaching *Hamlet*, thinking only of her own woes, and not at all of his misfortune and resulting infirmity. That approachment is human, and because Woman is the weaker vessel, it is feminine and proper.

Withal, the playwright has seized a most germinal cross-purpose.

Hamlet knows he has lost the *name* of action. Away back at the pyramids, Man was battling with the "name" and the "thing." The *shem*, the holy name, that which the Greeks afterward called *logos*, the *word*, might often take the place of that which simpler men might call reality.

Ophelia with her prayer-book impinges on his consciousness—at first dimly—for his area of thought is profound—at first dimly, as in the days when he courted her, and knew not the sorrow of his father's death, the robbery of his crown, or the disgrace of his mother's marriage; nor had he then fallen under the direct guidance of the gods. His greeting is one of subconscious pleasure: "The fair *Ophelia!* Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered." The audience has not seen them together previously, and the long drama is half-way through. *Hamlet* has not spoken of her, except by the sacrificial symbol of Jephthah's daughter, nor of the passion for her that moves him, but he has had all of a lover's melancholy. Her coming is a momentary balm, but now her address is both cold and disingenuous: "Good, my lord, how does your honor for this many a day!" The earthly lover is cautious, as he has reason to be. Whatever has been his action as a superhuman being gaining information by the antic disposition, has he not been previously repelled? His lady has now relented—yet he *may* catch sight of the ominous love-tokens she carries. Yes, caution is necessary to this unhappy lover: "I humbly thank you; well, well, well." Now comes the most cruel stroke a lover can receive: "My lord, I have remembrances of yours, that I have longed long to re-deliver. I pray you now receive them." "No, not I, I never gave you aught," cries *Hamlet*, deprived of memory by her final blow—in the aphasia of his love; in the horror of his situation. Her next speech clearly reveals

her lack of good faith. "Ha, ha! are you honest?" the alert mind thereat cries. How can one so beautiful be so deceitful, remorseless, unthoughtful, of her lover and her slave? With his own eyes and ears he sees and hears her dissemble. He finds her, through the fortuity of the gods, so false, or so selfish and resentful, that his ideal of womanhood, of Patient Grisel, shocked in his mother, is now destroyed in this young girl. He falls into very human, lover-like anger, which to her appears as certain madness. Yes, he did love her once; but now, were he free—even were he no longer devoted to the purposes of Heaven—could ever *Hamlet* idealize *Ophelia* again? Well, she is but human—man in the female—so *Hamlet* enters on a line of self-accusation. In fact, we are arrant knaves all. Still, let us ask her where her father is. Yes, she *lies*, and looks as sweet, and is as innocent in seeming, as the white flower of the field. Pah! Wise men know well enough what monsters women make of them! Stop the race—get to a nunnery—the Church must be right!

Hamlet might now go mad in fact, as *Polonius* believes he *has* done—were he not outside the pale of human affairs—were he not the Hero of a tragedy which in the end must return to classic lines. He, a Prince of the ordinary destiny, would have loved *Ophelia* believing her a being chaste as ice, as pure as snow. He would have found that God gave her one face, and she had painted another; he would have found her to jig, to amble, to lisp, to nick-name God's creatures, and make her wantonness her ignorance. Yes, (in his anger) she has driven him mad. He runs out, as *Hieronimo* runs out.

Here we have *Iphigenia*, the votive offering, decked for the sacrifice, by making a case against her. It is true that she is obediently doing as she is told, against her own dearest wish, but *Hamlet* does not know this, and the more lovely the sacrifice the greater the propitiation with the angered gods. There is added the highly-interesting reflex on *Hamlet*. As a lover, he would not have detected woman's infirmities, or debated her fashions; it required his fate to give him knowledge—his post-human eyesight.

Here, because of the cross-purposes which create this drama, it is necessary to give especial heed to the political loss, the danger,

grief and isolation of *Hamlet*; to his love for *Ophelia*, shown at a moment when his heart cries for sympathy; to his necessary misapprehension of her conduct at this crucial moment. It is not possible that either character should understand the other, and the consequences must be tragical. However fatal the burden to *Ophelia*, the world shudders at the cruelty of the blow to *Hamlet*.

As the Shakespearian structure of the drama rises before our minds, we are to drop the extreme youth of *Hamlet*, for all this has psychologically added to his years. *Ophelia* offers to us the precise personal description at this juncture:

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers
That noble and most sovereign reason
That unmatched form and features of blown youth
O woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see.

Here seems to be the proper place to debate the theory of *Hamlet's* age. We know that, in the First Quarto, Yorick was twelve years buried; in the Second Quarto, twenty-three years buried. The sexton says as much as that *Hamlet* is thirty years old. *Hamlet* was about seven years old when Yorick died. The impression one receives is that Shakespeare, in lengthening the duration of Yorick's sepulture, also lengthened the age of *Hamlet*.

Let us give a good reason why *Hamlet* is young in the First Act and mature in the Fifth Act. That reason is that the usurper could easier pop between *Hamlet's* hope and *Hamlet's* election, if the *Prince* were a minor. *Hamlet* needed to be young enough to be legally cheated in the First Act. In later parts of the drama, that need no longer existed, and the *Prince* must give expression to the wisdom of Socrates.

Metamorphosis, growing out of totemism, is as ancient as the *Ghost* in human legend. Such is the magic of Shakespeare's text, that time is measured with a wand rather than a calendar—rather by *Prospero* than by *Cæsar* or *Gregory*.

We have seen *Polonius*, before *Reynaldo*, making himself out worse than he could be. We have seen *Hamlet*, before *Ophelia*, making himself out worse than he could be. In "Macbeth" we may see *Malcom* pouring the same line of false accusations on himself. Now, as that passage of *Malcom* is copied

by Shakespeare from Boethius, it seems to have taken such a hold on the poet as to color his other work. Was "Macbeth" written before "Hamlet"?—no, we cannot believe that—but Boethius (that is Holinshed's copy of Boethius) must have been read before these false self-accusations began to strike Shakespeare as natural acts in a human being.

The *King*, issuing from behind the arras, having witnessed the parley between *Hamlet* and *Ophelia*, gives the audience a reminder of the forthcoming Tragedy—let them be patient and wait. "I do doubt," says the *King*, "the hatch and the disclose will be some danger."

In order to divert this danger—for the audience knows the *King* is the murderer—for he himself has confirmed to the audience what the *Ghost* charged—*Hamlet* shall be sent to England. What does *Polonius* think of that? Now *Polonius* becomes the Counsellor in the "Hystorie," and plans the meeting of *Hamlet* and his mother, precisely as it was outlined in *Saxo's* story.

In this region *Saxo's* "Hystorie" has been dramatized in the simplest manner—the arras-scene has been doubled up. Shakespeare may also be using much that was done by the author of the lost "Hamlet." The madness of the ancient Hamlet—that is, the success of his stratagem—is impressed heavily on the text. It does not precisely fit the Shakespearian situation, which is complicated with material of "The Spanish Tragedy."

XVIII.

Hamlet has been off-stage rewriting the mimic play called "The Murder of Gonzago." *Hieronimo's* mimic play was called "Soliman and Perseda." Shakespeare composed for himself a play-within-the-play—or, at least, in "Hamlet," it is of a piece with the text.

This play in "Hamlet" has undergone changes, of which the rudiments are present. The text names *Player King* and *Player Queen*, the *Player King* being *Gonzago*. In the First Quarto, however, the names given are *Albertus* and *Baptista*, and *Albertus* is *Duke* instead of *Player King*, and *Baptista* is *Duchess* instead of *Player Queen*. So, when *Hamlet* explains, later, that "Gonzago is the Duke's name, his wife *Baptista*,"—Shakespeare has failed to change *Duke* to *King*.

Beside adding speeches to the text of "Gonzago" that the *Players* brought to the castle, *Hamlet* has rehearsed the piece off-stage. "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I—as I—pronounced it to you." He has, we know, already spoken some of the rugged Pyrrhus in hearing of the audience, as an example of the proper delivery. *Hamlet* does not like the periwig-pated fellows; the current witticism that nobody save actors and portraits wore periwigs seems to have stung him. As for the groundlings—that is, those in the court-yard before and almost beneath the stage—they can understand nothing but dumb-shows that cannot be explained. He does not want the actors to follow the conventional delivery of *Herod*, *Termagant*, *Vice*, *Hate-Virtue* and other stock-characters in the *Moralities* and *Miracle-plays* of the street. The next adjuration to the *Players* is counted by humanity to be the fittest thing said of the stage, and in the most eloquent terms. We have seen good actors put a world of significance into the correction, "O reform it altogether!" *Hamlet*, next, is precise in the inhibition that the clown should not be allowed to do what *Polonius* did, a few hours before—that is, spoil some necessary question of the play by "hogging" for a laugh.

The instructions to the *Players* are justly famous, beside seeming personal to Shakespeare, and doubly dear to the reader; but they form another diversion, and are alien to the Tragedy. Now that the incident is ended, *Hamlet* for a moment resumes his part as Hero, and evinces his impatience of delay. Yet another postponement is at hand. While the *Players* make ready—they are ready, and in costume—*Hamlet* delivers his eulogy of friendship, as marked in *Horatio's* life.

For we must also place *Horatio* in an objective position, where dramatic lights play strongly on him. He, too, has been isolated. An envious and conspiring court, foreseeing the ruin of *Hamlet*, has apprehended the danger befalling any friend of *Hamlet*, and *Horatio* among all the lords has been true to the friend "with whom he was nourished." In response to a deportment so honorable, *Hamlet* has evinced a gratitude as noble and has entered into his only human compact.

The doomed Hero, therefore, speaks to one whom it is hard to leave—the only ideal that is not to be ruined in the Tragedy. *Ho-*

ratio has not crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee; he has taken fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks. Thinking prophetically of the recorder that he is *presently* to seize from the musician, *Hamlet* felicitates *Horatio* that he is not a pipe for fortune's finger to sound what stop she please. He wears *Horatio* in his heart of hearts—and it is truly a beautiful thing that he will continue to do so while Doubt and the classic gods trifle with him in all other regards. *Horatio* here is beloved as *Hieronimo* loved his *Horatio*—in fact, as Shakespeare loved Hamlet. It delights the world, as well it should delight it. It brings us down, far out of the ancestral tree of life—it is a most stately, un-monkeylike, uncapricious quality. Perhaps it is the corner-stone of our inner fealty to the Melancholy Dane.

The "unscholastic" writer, like Shakespeare—despised by the collegiate, like Nash—chose to vary, to alternate, the present with the past. "Hamlet" is a drama laid in pagan days; its story was told by a Christian, *Saxo*. Shakespeare, at pleasure, places the movement at times in either pagan or Christian era; in either Danish or English scenes. "Get thee to a nunnery," he says to *Ophelia*. He places a stock troupe of traveling players in mythical Denmark. For this method he would be heartily despised at "the University." And, no doubt, as there is always war between the self-taught and the collegiates, Shakespeare resented the contempt in which he was held.

We believe Shakespeare's dislike of the colleges may be actually seen when he turns on *Polonius* and reminds him that he has boasted of playing in dramatic representations at the University. *Polonius* answers him civilly, yet stupidly. "I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me." "It was a brute part," says the punning and mad *Hamlet*, "to kill so capital a calf there." It was an age of veiled speech. Here we may (we believe) detect (1) dislike of the University and college graduates; (2) punning assumed to be a mark of madness; (3) the noble *Brutus* taken as a symbol of the early *Brutus*—that is, the symbol of Feigned Insanity.

In "Hamlet," generally, the iteration of "Wittenberg," and the references to "the University" may have multiple meanings. In whatever meaning assumed, the author

was the severe critic. We have spoken of "Wittenberg" in connection with Marlowe's "Faustus," and Martin Luther.

Shakespeare, both in "Hamlet" and in "Julius Cæsar," persisted in the dramatic fiction that Cæsar was killed in the Capitol. In history Cæsar was killed in the senate-house called the Curia Pompeii, on the Campus Martius. One should not hope to gain historical knowledge by reading plays.

Whatever the nature of *Hamlet's* observations—whether they be clearly sane, or equivocal, or meaningless speech—the text shows that the *Queen*, *Polonius*, *Ophelia*, and nearly all who hear him, believe *Hamlet* is mad. The *King*, however, is *not* deceived, and *Horatio* has been told of *Hamlet's* purpose in advance. Within a few moments the little play, which will plainly reveal the *King's* guilt, will also reveal *Hamlet's* craft to the *King*, and that monarch will hasten what he would have surely undertaken, even though more leisurely—that is, means looking to *Hamlet's* death by foul play.

The great cross-purpose does not prevent another meeting of *Hamlet* and *Ophelia*. She believes him daft; he merely reckons her among his world of enemies.

XIX.

"They are coming to the play. Get you a place. I must be idle." This is *Hamlet's* unequivocal direction to *Horatio*, and an important notice to the audience. "Idle" meant *simple*, *daft*. The *Queen* anon will chide *Hamlet* for answering with an *idle* tongue.

Now, for the fourth time, the recorders sound their weird tune and the automaton *King* and *Queen* file to their chairs of state. Perhaps "Macbeth" is the best of dramas because, with equally-glorious text, the author has ridded himself of much of the time-devouring process of the classic tragedies.

To the *King's* gracious question, *Hamlet* gives a daft man's answer, and then baits *Polonius* as a collegiate. Next, he makes the groundlings laugh with bawdy remarks to the boy-player, *Ophelia*—remember there is not a woman on the stage. Understand that there was even a law compelling women who might go to see the play to mask themselves. Next *Hamlet* jibes at his mother, the "hobby-horse" being a well-understood reference to morris-dances.

Now for the dumb-show: *Hieronimo* has no dumb-show at the crisis in the "Spanish Tragedy," for it certainly warns the guilty ones regarding the true object of the forthcoming performance. The *Player King* and *Player Queen* enter, and converse lovingly. The *Player King* sleeps and is left alone. "Anon comes in a fellow" who pours poison in the sleeper's ear. The company of mimic actors enters, the *Player King's* dead body is taken in hand, the poisoner woos the *Player Queen*, and she, after being something loath, in the end accepts his love. (No word spoken.)

Here the situation is the very same one to which words are given in "Richard III."

This dumb-show was entirely cut out in the productions of Mr. Edwin Booth and others. The text, "Anon comes in a fellow," proclaims a writer other than Shakespeare, and a period in English literature considerably earlier than 1600. It seems to be the dumb-show of the lost "Hamlet."

With the dumb-show *in*, however, there is good reason, later, for the shortening of the mimic play. After the poisoning of the *Player King*, in the mimic play, it is easy, through the previous dumb-show, to opine what would have followed.

The tragedy of "Hamlet" hypnotizes itself, and becomes as equivocal as its Hero. Thus the dumb-show is needed, and it is *not* needed.

Again, the partial use of the *Hieronimo* scheme necessitates a considerable change in its details. In *Hieronimo*, the mimic play ends the drama—which is good form. In "Hamlet," all of the tragedy is to come after the mimic play—which, structurally, is less perfect.

Hamlet bids for another laugh at the expense of the boy-player, *Ophelia*. The *Prologue* comes in with his stagey part, quickly stands aside, and the *spoken* text of the mimic play now proceeds. The *Player Queen* is sworn and sworn again to be loyal to the memory of her first husband. "None wed the second, but who killed the first."

The *Player King* again sleeps, as he did in the dumb-show. The doubts of *Claudius* and *Gertrude*, the guilty creatures sitting at the play, are now fully aroused. *Hamlet* renews his bawdy remarks to the boy-player, *Ophelia*, and *Lucianus*, the poisoner, begins the conventional dumb-show of villain-in-the-play. "Pox! leave thy damnable faces,

and begin," directs stage-manager *Hamlet*. "Come: The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge."

In the dumb-show beginning the mimic play, we saw the skeleton of the most striking situation to be found in Shakespeare's "Richard III." Now, again, we hear *Hamlet* misquoting "The True Tragedie of Richard III," 1594, as if it were the cue of *Lucianus*. The lines in the "True Tragedie" run as follow:

The screeking raven sits croaking for revenge,
Whole herds of beasts comes bellowing for revenge.

Here the "Hamlet revenge" joke or slang of the day is probably hinted.

Regarding the damnable faces of *Lucianus*, they also had a history. The *Furies* and dramatic monsters of ancient days were masked. The masks, like those of the North American Indians and all other aborigines, were grotesquely terrible, and were expected to evoke expressions of horror from other actors. It is possible that, as time went on, when the stage-villain laid down his mask, it was because he could assume a countenance of his own fully as menacing as had been the image of the mask. Today our stage-villain still whips his boot-tops, lights his cigar, and puts on his gloves, and "the profession" still calls these conventional actions "the villain's dumb-show."

Lucianus, quitting his terrible faces, speaks a jargon similar to that of Reginald Scot's witches, and pours the poison in the ear of the sleeping *Player King*. Thereupon the situation is brought to a great and admirable climax by the abrupt flight of the murderers and their *entourage*. They do not stay to see the murderer woo the woman he has widowed, as the dumb-show has foretold.

The excitement of *Hamlet* at this point, with its attendant text, exhibits one of the best examples of English play-writing.

Perhaps Shakespeare was justified in halving *Hieronimo's* drama and sacrificing a whole structure for the sake of the successful scene he secures here.

As played by leading English actors, *Hamlet*, in his business accompanying this particular action, rises in excitement, and tears a paper in fragments. If this be traditional business, it comes down from *Hieronimo* scattering the fragments of his client's documents.

All are gone from the stage save *Hamlet* and

Horatio. Shakespeare desires to gossip some more with the play-goers of Elizabeth's time concerning the inner workings of the London theatres. Evidently half a share in the ownership of a theatre was just then a novelty. *Hamlet* praises himself on the success of his dramatic experiment. Verily, he is a playwright-actor. Put a forest of feathers on him, and two of London botanist Gerard's roses from Provence on his slashed shoes, could he not get a fellowship in a cry of players? "Half a share," guarantees *Horatio*. Years afterward, in 1635, a document of the time showed how the "actors" and "housekeepers" of His Highness' Company divided their earnings and property: "The house of the Globe was formerly divided into sixteen parts, whereof Mr. Cuthbert Burbidge and his sisters had eight, Mrs. Condell four, and Mr. Heminge four. Mr. Tailor and Mr. Lowen were long since admitted to purchase four parts between them from the rest, viz., one part from Mr. Heminge, two parts from Mrs. Condell, and half a part apiece from Mr. Burbidge and his sister."

Twelve years before this, Heminge and Condell had published the Shakespeare First Folio, 1623. It seems that Condell did not long survive his great work.

What part Shakespeare sold when he with the Burbage family, Heminge and Condell owned it all may be left to the reader to guess; also, why the Burbages did not join Heminge and Condell in printing the First Folio—for they owned a half-interest.

"Hamlet," more than any other drama of Shakespeare, teems with stage-gossip. With time, the antiquarians may exhume much more that bears directly on the life of Shakespeare.

XX.

The three colloquies of *Hamlet* with *Ophelia* during the progress of the mimic play, are on his part so coarse and uncalled-for that they are cut from all our acting editions. With women in the rôle of *Ophelia*, they are without any sort of wit, and the kind of humor they possessed in Shakespeare's day, which is lost now, was nothing to boast of. Nor does the text sound as if it were Shakespeare's own writing. More likely Burbage put it all in. Dramatically, the laugh these speeches raised was badly out of place, distracting attention from *Claudius* and the mimic play.

Having "Macbeth" and "Othello" before us, we think we know enough of Shakespeare to say of him that he was the best of playwrights, and would not go out of his way to ruin a situation. In "Hamlet," from the time the *Players* come to the castle until the guilty *King Claudius* flees from their accusing presence, the fact that boys play the women's parts has obtruded itself on the great tragedy in a manner that only an actor, and never an author, would excuse. It must be the "gagged" text that has been printed in all the quartos and the folio.

Shakespeare, in the Second Act, has told us plainly: "There was, for a while, no money bid for argument [no offers of money on scenarios submitted] unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question [on the matter in hand]."

We note here that the Elizabethans used the word "poet" where managers now-a-days *demand* the word "playwright."

XXI.

Again *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* intrude upon *Hamlet*. It is the necessary iteration coming from delay in the course of the tragedy where the playwright has refused to hire more actors and make a larger cast. We may be weary of the repeated situation, yet some of the best things of the English literature are here to be said, after *Hamlet* shall have toyed awhile with the *motif* of feigned insanity. The spies tell him he is next to the throne—heir presumptive. "While the grass grows"—the steed starves—hints *Hamlet*.

He has seized the recorder. He is the tragic *Hamlet* now. "Look you, 'tis easy as lying (in which they have proved themselves expert). How unworthy a thing you make of me! You would pluck out the heart of my mystery. Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me."

This is one of the most beautifully technical plays on words to be found in Shakespeare, the master wordsmith. We have still upon our guitars the things we call frets. It seems the holes of the pipe were also called frets in those days.

The little passage with the compliant *Polonius* regarding the shape of a cloud has delighted mankind since it was written. In real life, men are hypnotized by self-interest

or epidemic credulity. They can see in any affair a camel, a weasel, or a whale—in fact, very like a whale—as it may please the caprice of him who fixes the focus of their eyes.

XXII.

We have been twice taught, on the platform of Elsinore, in the moonlight, that the hours may fly by, with psychological rapidity.

Now, in the closet of the guilty *Queen*, we are to learn that the years are reckoned on the same ghostly calendar—the years shall fly by—and *Hamlet* shall be as old as Shakespeare was. He shall be old or young, Christian or pagan, Dane or "common player" in London, *Orestes* or Montaigne. He shall be Whatever and Whenever the magical intellect of Shakespeare (playing within and with the mass of material around him) shall dictate. Whatever may happen, out of it is to come the ideal Human Sacrificial One—so mutely or consciously accepted by many million minds.

The bell strikes twelve, heard only by *Hamlet*. The *Players* in the mimic play, the spies and smutty clowns in the drama, are swept aside in the last stroke from the bell-tower, and *Hamlet* stands before us the unchallenged Hero of the black Tragedy that must follow. We have excused all his delay—we envied him to the gods—his equivocation, his satire, his melancholy, his heaven-born poetry. "'Tis now the very witching time of night, when churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood and do such bitter business as the day would quake to look on." Truly, there is carnage ahead—the death of *Polonius*, the murder of *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*, the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter, and the quadruple corses and dead march of the last curtain. "Let not the soul of Nero [or *Orestes*] enter this firm bosom." He will speak daggers to his mother, but use none.

This short scene—this soliloquy—is welcome to the auditor. It recalls the moonlight on the platform. The *Furies* ride by—their flight has been more than splendidly set to music by Wagner for his good Valkyries in a later age. We catch a sense of the technical witchcraft of Reginald Scot, so valuable to Middleton and Shakespeare. We see our Hero ready for the bloody busi-

ness. He has cast off this world with the twelfth stroke of the holy bell.

Now we shall see a speedy wreaking of the pagan vengeance—save that perhaps the *Christian religion* may interpose, to disconcert the simpler process of the gods.

"Nero" must have run subconsciously in Shakespeare's mind, here in the region of the mimetic play. In the "Spanish Tragedy": *Balthasar*. What, would you have us play a tragedy? *Hieronimo*. Why Nero thought it no disparagement.

Now that *Hamlet's* mimetic play is over, he will go to his mother:

Ham. Let not ever the soul of Nero enter this firm bosom.

Possibly Shakespeare had *Orestes* rather than *Nero* on his mind, and *Clytemnestra* rather than *Agrippina*. Yet *Nero* persisted, because of *Hieronimo*.

XXIII.

In another room of the castle the *King* is commissioning *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* to carry *Hamlet* to England. Those loyal servitors are paying extended tributes to the throne which republics and even constitutional monarchies now allow us to cut out; for the drama of "Hamlet," like the rugged Pyrrhus, is too long for modern ears. In fact, when the news comes that *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* have been sacrificed to the needs of the Tragedy, it angers the audience never so much as it has incensed the gods.

Polonius enters to the *King* and prepares for the dramatization of *Saxo's* "Hystorie." The *King*, in a tedious soliloquy, satisfies the conventional Elizabethan need of the Tragedy in a full confession, making himself a "tyrant" (usurper) unfit to live. While this speech might be profitably cut, some of Shakespeare's finest work lies at its close. Yes, the wicked prize itself buys out the law!

Where shall we find Shakespeare exceeding in beauty this picture of the bird ensnared in the sticky bird-lime of the hunter?

Try what repentance can, what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged!

Here we make two syllables of the word "liméd," as Shakespeare did, and may receive the occult shock and ecstasy of Poetry.

So the *King* kneels and prays, while the avenging *Hero*, sword in hand, comes on behind. Now the *Christian religion* rises sheer in the way of the avenging gods. It

would be mere "hire and salary" to kill this suppliant at his oratory. Did we not hear the *Ghost* himself lament that he, on his part, was sent below into his tomb unhouseled, disappointed, unanelled—most horrible!—even in the blossoms of his sin? "He took my father grossly," says the Avenger, "with all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May." No, *Orestes*, fix a more horrid hem upon that tragic blade. Let the victim's heels the rather kick at heaven as his black soul goes on the way to hell. This physic but prolongs his sickly days.

The *King* therefore is not slain. The Avenger is gone to his mother. The prayer of the murderer, to the satisfaction of all the true believers on the Bankside, has done no good. The *King* admits it. The *Christian religion* will not more than momentarily interfere with the practice of the canons of pagan justice.

The postponement is not only like *Hamlet*, but it is dramatic as well, and increases our surprise at the death of *Polonius* and our keen interest in the interview between mother and son, as outlined in *Saxo*, and now made real in action.

XXIV.

It may be well, here, in view of the ancient custom of symbolism and innuendo, to call the reader's attention to actual British historical associations that might also be looked for by the audience. We must suppose that, when Shakespeare gave his attention to rewriting the old "Hamlet" drama, Queen Elizabeth was dead. The monarch who had succeeded to the throne had once been in a position strikingly similar to that of *Hamlet*. That monarch was *James I*. His mother, Mary Queen of Scots, had joined with an usurper to murder her consort. Whether or not Shakespeare intended to hint at the crimes of Mary Stuart, whether or not he would dare to do so, the reader must judge for himself, upon being reminded that almost every drama of the period teemed with partly-hidden meanings.

That *Hamlet* should tarry in a Revenge drama, where he is *Orestes*, to labor with his guilty mother, showing her the terrible nature of her crimes, comes directly from old *Saxo*, the religious teacher, who wished to show the superior character of the *Christian* doctrine. In the ancient "Hystorie," both

Kyd and Shakespeare could read of the long interview between mother and son, after the "accidental" killing of the counsellor, wherein the Queen entered on a contrite admission of her sins.

It would accord with the religious environment of Shakespeare, it would satisfy his hearers, it would meet his own sense of the fitness of things, to color the progress of a "pagan" story, or world-myth, with the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins through timely repentance.

XXV.

This frantic *Prince*, in the corridor, crying "Mother! mother! mother!" is the real *Orestes*, or the real Hamlet of Saxo, leaving the burning banqueters, seeking havoc. We feel that even his mother's life is in danger—she is *Clytemnestra*. But she is dull, and does not detect his rage. No time now to chide him, the Sacrificial One: "Thou hast thy father much offended." "You have my father much offended." "You answer with an idle [crazy] tongue." "You question with a wicked tongue." At last she is alarmed, as well she should be. She calls for help. *Polonius* cries out his own doom. The Avenger's sword is thrust through the curtain with all the fury of Hercules, Perseus, Theseus, Achilles. "Is it the King?"—for here, save that the Fates interfere, we should have a completion of the Revenge. But, believing he has avenged his father's foul and most unnatural murder, the son, with bloody sword accuses his mother of killing the *King Hamlet* and marrying with his brother. "As kill a King?" she asks in affected innocence. "Ay, lady, 't was my word." He lifts the curtain, and finds the dead body of the "wretched, rash, intruding fool." This action sets the clay—makes the drama a full Tragedy—assures the sacrificial death of the Hero. The Passion ended in Gethsemane; the march is now toward Calvary. The fury of *Orestes* leaves *Hamlet*, as the blood of the aged Priam ebbs away, and the *Queen* anon sees her son shedding bitter tears over "the good old man."

Now to the mother, in the Christian form of the devout Saxo (but Saxo, while breathing Christianity into his recital, retained the pagan phrases of the mythical time—"the majesty of the gods"—"if it please the gods," etc.): "Sit thee down," commands the *Prince*.

She is to know from her own son, whose life she has wrecked, that she has made marriage-vows as false as dicers' oaths; she has made of sweet religion a rhapsody of words; she has made the universe thought-sick at the act.

Here were two brothers. Here, a picture of the murdered one—Hyperion, Jove, Mars, Mercury—every god, did seem to set his seal to give the world assurance of a man—as *Hamlet* told *Horatio*. Here was the other—as ugly as Bothwell, who had murdered the handsome Darnley and married Queen Mary. How could *Hamlet's* mother do it, at her age? It is not moonlight now—it is dark as Erebus—yet we are again psychologically to hear the years ride by, and we are to miss them no more than we missed the hours on the platform at Elsinore. When one is as old as *Queen Gertrude* is here, the hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble, and waits upon the judgment. What devil did it? Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight, ears without hands or eyes—(here the master, Shakespeare, even uses the language itself psychologically). O shame, where is thy blush? Rebellious hell, if thou canst mutine in a matron's bones, to flaming youth let virtue be as wax, and melt in her own fire . . . since frost itself as actively doth burn.

The galled jade winces; she pleads pitifully to be spared the sharp pain of this indictment—and now we have the marvelous dramatic intrusion of the *Ghost*. The Christian episode of repentance has eclipsed the pagan idea of Revenge. There stands the spectral majesty of murdered Denmark. *Hamlet*, the "tardy son," sees the apparition and knows he is to be chided. Yes, the *Ghost* has come to whet an almost blunted purpose. Yet, with the besetting equivocation of all "Hamlet," even this pagan *Ghost* is to turn Christian, to again put on the "countenance more in sorrow than in anger," and after upholding the Revenge *motif* as to *Claudius*, is to counsel *Hamlet* to speak to the frightened *Queen*, and to "step between her and her fighting soul."

The dramatic situation is more cunning than in the similar passages of "Macbeth," for the *Queen Gertrude* may most forcefully cry out: "Alas! he's mad!" *Lady Macbeth* could not see the *Ghost of Banquo*; *Gertrude* cannot see the *Ghost of Hamlet's Father*. (It was visible to all on the platform; now only

Hamlet can see it. Saul could not see Samuel.) The reader should examine the texts of both *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* here, where the woman questions the *ghost-perceiving* man, and should note how it is the same author, in the same mood, and almost in the same language, who is writing. Something of "Macbeth's" overpowering Conscience can be seen, as Doubt speaks to the *Spirit*:

Ham. Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do
Will want true colors; tears perchance for blood.

That is, our *Ghost* is for the nonce a Christian *Ghost*, probably because he may here throw some needed aspect of the Human Sacrificial One on *My Lord Hamlet*.

The *Ghost* departs. *Hamlet* assures the guilty mother that he is sane. It is her trespass, not his madness speaks. He pushes her to repentance, as did devout Saxo. "Confess yourself to heaven; repent what's past; avoid what is to come." He speaks, as if to the gods:

Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of Vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Custom, that commanding devil of habits, will give her a frock easy to put on. "Good night: and when you are desirous to be blessed [from Heaven] I'll blessing beg of you [but not till then].

Ay, indeed, the Tragedy looks dark enough now. The bleeding corse of the sacrifice is at hand. "For this same lord, I do repent: but heaven hath pleased it so to punish me with this and this with me, that I must be their scourge and minister [minister of the gods] . . . I must be cruel to be kind [to be an avenging kindred]: thus bad begins and worse remains behind."

Hamlet has taken the mother into his confidence. We shall not find that it has any bearing on the play—as to *her*—for she continues *Queen*, sits on the throne, and *Hamlet* in public continues his satirical deportment toward her. He now tells her that he goes to England, although he has not known he was to go, and his murder of *Polonius* would not be the small episode he makes of it. The drama is all to pieces here. Either it never was adjusted by Shakespeare, or if it were, he used an actor's, not an author's hand, sacrificing sense and logic here for situation

elsewhere. *Hamlet* is needed here, and not in England, to answer to earthly tribunals in Denmark for the death of the counsellor, and to the gods by assuring the death of the *King*. There is no need, now that *Polonius* and *Ophelia* are marked as sacrifices through Hero-fault, to kill *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*, and that killing is a bald rudiment of Chapter 4 of the *Saxo "Hystorie,"* where "Hamblet," when his companions slept, read the letters, and instead of them, counterfeited others, willing the King of England to put the two Messengers to death." *Hamlet*, the Hero, has enough on his head to justify the anger of the gods, notwithstanding all they have put on him.

The *Queen* has been witness to the sacrifice of *Polonius*. She shall be conspirator in the death of the two schoolfellows. "It is the sport to have the engineer hoist with his own petar . . . O, 't is most sweet."

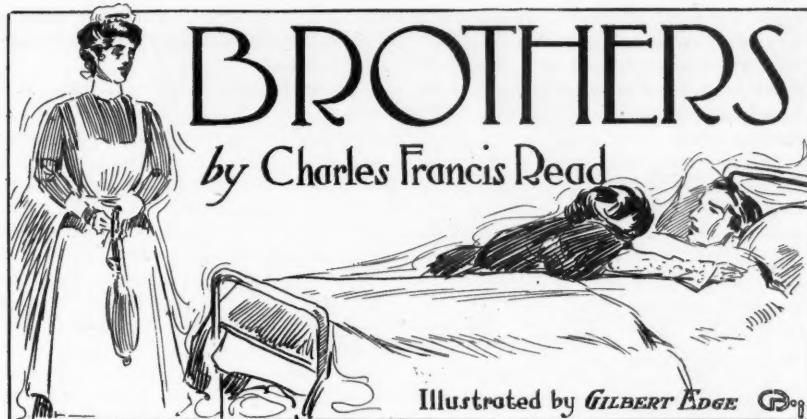
The mother has promised to breathe no word of all she knows from *Hamlet*, and she keeps her word. This form coincides with her attitude in the First Quarto, and shows how carefully Shakespeare sought to differentiate her from *Clytemnestra*, the Greek Queen. Yet *Gertrude* was the real cause of the *Hamlet* Tragedy.

There has been, all through the latter portion of the interview, an occult repetition of the valediction, "Good-night." Herein the reader may detect one of the striking differences between an "acting text" and a "literary text." *Hamlet* has already said "Good night" four times. Now, taking the corse of the counsellor in hand, he draws grimly on his load, looking at the *Queen*. "Good night, mother," he says, the fifth time, to that unhappy but also tragically devoted woman. It is a truly great third curtain, as it is written.

Out in the audience on the Bankside, not an Elizabethan but knows the *Queen* must die—and "grins horrible" as he witnesses this unnerving effect on her of *Hamlet's* bloody exit.

The *Queen* does not reveal to the *King Hamlet's* purpose to cause the murder of *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*. What she herself thinks about *Hamlet* is left in clever uncertainty. Anon she will request this "mad *Hamlet*" to make an apology to *Laertes*. Actorland is a queer country.

(To be continued)



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"**W**AS it cancer—did they take it away?" Hainley asked feebly, as he opened his eyes and looked up at his nurse. His head was strangely light, and he felt sick. He closed his eyes again for a moment, and with a mighty effort of the will, crept back out of the ether-reeking void that threatened to engulf him. "Was it cancer—did they take it away?" he repeated with painstaking distinctness. The nurse smiled down at him and shook her head in gentle reproof as if he were a willful child. "Was it cancer—did they take it away?" he insisted monotonously, with half-closed eyes.

Then all at once he felt his wife's arms about him on the pillow, and her wet cheek pressed against his own in silence—and then he knew. "I'm sorry, Bessie," he whispered, "but they promised me a year yet, anyway," and he sank back into sleep again.

Two months later, as he sat at his desk in his silent study, he smiled down in bitterness at the half-completed manuscript of what he had fondly hoped was to his master-work. In three weeks he had done almost nothing upon it, and the time was so pitifully short. He had stripped himself so carefully for this grim race; had thrown down his gauntlet so proudly at the feet of death—and only to prove himself a poor weakling!

The old self he had been wont to count upon so surely had died within him, as he went under the anæsthetic; and another man had left the hospital a few weeks later, a man

tossed rudely into the midst of life, to exist for a year without momentum from the past, or hope of the future, unreasonably hoarding the fruitless hours that tortured him, begrudging sleep and dreading the morning.

If there were indeed some rare, exalted moments when he found comfort, and even a certain fierce joy, in the thought that this might be, after all, a direct gift from God—this fearsome privilege of looking hourly into the hard visage of death for weary months, until it softens, at last, into the face of a dear friend—the vision was only attained with an effort, and quickly faded. Now and again he caught veiled, pitying references among his friends to the Christian fortitude that faces death unafraid—and then, when alone once more, he sometimes laughed aloud, until his very laughter frightened him into silence again. "Christian fortitude facing death unafraid"—indeed! How good it was, then, that they could not stand behind him late at night, and listen to him laugh, while his finger-nails cut into the varnish of his desk. What did *they* know, what could *they* know of the shadow of death they prated of so calmly—or the things that dwell in its darkness?

Spectres arose beside his desk, as he whipped himself to his work. The fear that gibbered at him unceasingly from behind his desk—he could still fight it; and fight stoutly, thank God! He had beaten it back a thousand times, and still felt strong to do as much

again, but could he keep on winning to the bitter end, and if not, what then? Must he die with it fastened upon him between his shoulder-blades—a branded *coward!* He sank back in his chair with bowed head and limply hanging arms.

And that queer sensation of a presence in the room, that had swept over him with increasing frequency of late? What if there were to come a time when he would fail to recognize it, for the thing it was—the sick fancy of an over-wrought imagination? Did this spell insanity? He straightened resolutely in his chair, and bent to his work again.

In the strength of his body, and the keenness of his intellect, Hainley had always been so gloriously alive, that now to constitute himself the tomb of a living death deeply wounded his pride and sensibilities; and in the first shock of this knowledge he had withdrawn from all active association with his fellows, giving up at once his university duties, and severing all connection with the Civic League, of which he had been an influential member from the time of its inception.

It was not, however, entirely for the sake of what he had hoped was to be his great work upon *Certain Problems of Sociology*, that he immured himself in his library; nor was it on account of failing health, for as yet the actual encroachment upon his carefully hoarded strength was comparatively slight. It was in great part for the sake of those he loved best that he steadfastly secluded himself in his study, hoping that in this way he might in time somehow wean them away from the intimacy of the old relationship, and thus perhaps soften the blow for them in the end. And already in his tired brain he fancied he was succeeding in this; for his children no longer came to him with the hundred and one plans of their busy young lives, and even the sharp edge of his wife's grief was apparently becoming blunted by the constant friction of the added responsibilities thrown upon her.

He had told himself that he longed for this result, and yet tonight it weighed upon him. It had been obtained so readily—and yet at what a cost! The pen dragged slowly over the paper, and finally halted altogether. Suddenly he grasped the ends of the desk with widely outflung hands. Re-

nunciation, self-immolation—were there no other words for him than these? No other way but this?

He sank back in his chair and softly pulled out a bottom drawer. Yes, it lay there still, safely buried in its snug nest of papers—that *other* way. For a moment he rested his hot fingers on the cool steel, and then pushing back the drawer hastily, sprang up to pace the threadbare path that measured the length of the room just behind the desk. Six paces and turn, six paces and turn again. Doggedly he counted them off, resolutely bending every energy of mind and body to the attainment of a perfectly even stride, for he had found that this child's play sometimes helped a trifle when nothing else availed.

He had taken a half-dozen turns when there was a low rap at the door. For a moment he hesitated, and then, mingled with the deep boom of the university clock, as it slowly struck the hour, came a more insistent knocking. He stepped into the hall and threw the door abruptly open. A short, thick-set man with a broad, clean-shaven face beneath a motor cap, stood at the threshold. Out in the darkness by the curb, four cylinders purred softly, and two pencils of bright light streaked off into the night.

"Is this Professor Hainley?" the man asked, with some hesitation.

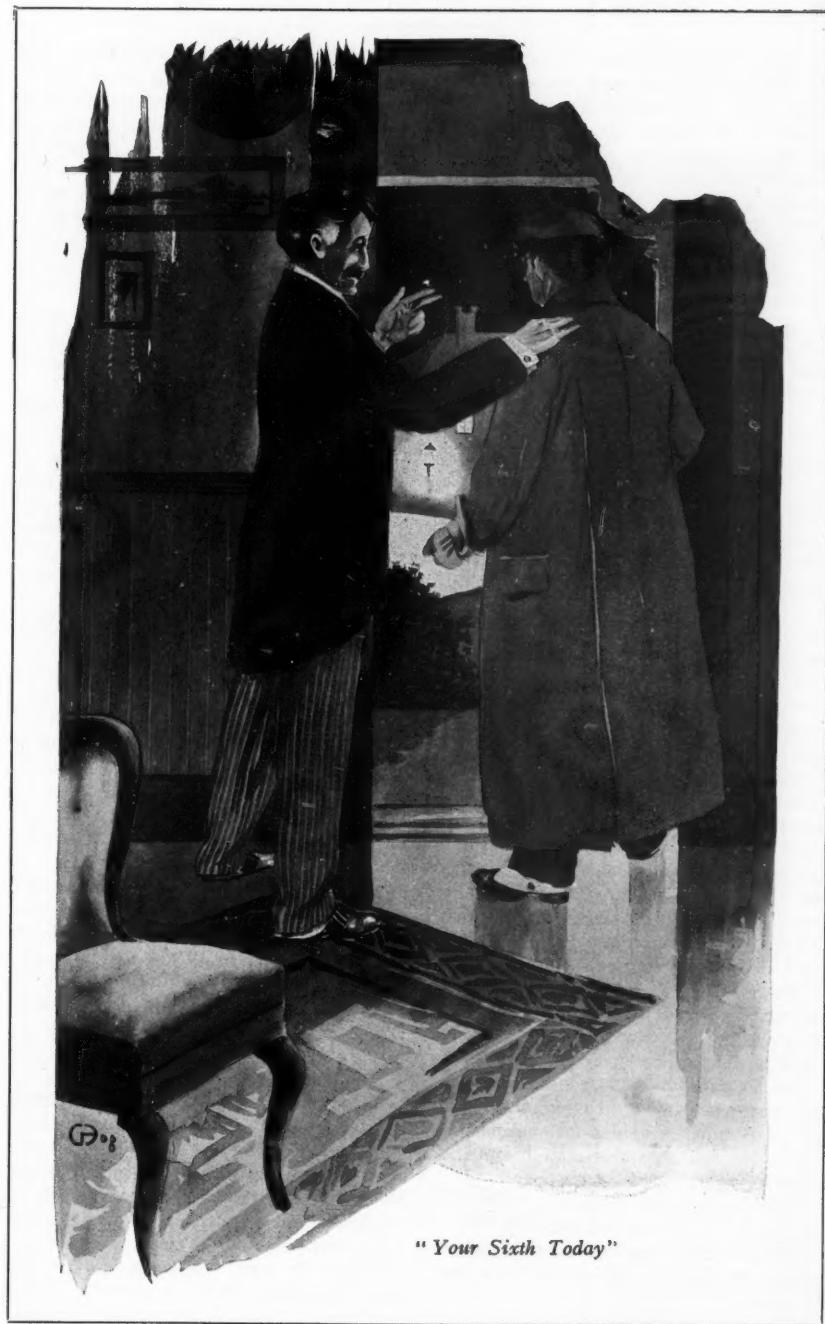
"Yes!"

"Could I speak with you a bit, then—that is, if you've got the time to spare?"

"My time is limited," Hainley returned, gnawing his lips as the ominous phrase escaped them. "But step in, please," he added reluctantly, indicating at the same time the open study door.

"Just a minute then, while I shut off my engine."

Hainley waited for him at the door, and then, as the stranger entered and seated himself, he followed slowly, eying him curiously. The man's face was strangely familiar, but he could not place it. It had evidently been at one time the face of a good eater, and possibly a good drinker, as well; and it might have been ruddy once, though it was a yellowish-white now, and the heavy cheeks showed a tendency to sag, as much from a lack of tone as of volume. About the corners of the blue eyes, and the angles of the close-shut mouth were numberless fine wrinkles,



"Your Sixth Today"

that spoke of possible good nature; but the eyes themselves were very grave, as the caller in his turn studied Hainley intently.

Suddenly he relaxed his gaze and fell to fumbling in his vest pocket. "Have a smoke?" he blurted out, as he tentatively extended a cigar-case to Hainley.

"Thought I smelled smoke when I come in," he sighed comfortably, as the offer was accepted. "I can't seem to talk right unless I got a cigar in my mouth. Used to have one there pretty much all the time, till the doctors cut me down to five a day—I wouldn't stand for any less. This's my *fifth* today, and I've been savin' it up three good hours for this special occasion."

The scowl that wrinkled his smooth, bald forehead, as he referred to his medical advice, cleared as he lighted his cigar. Hainley recognized in the brand offered him a pet luxury he could rarely afford himself, and settling back in his chair with some relief, lit his own in silence. A man that could appreciate tobacco such as that, could not very well be insane, and might have some good reason for a midnight call upon a stranger.

"I read all about you havin' cancer, some time ago," the man went on, with a frank emphasis upon the malady that drove Hainley's teeth half-way through his cigar. "You weren't exactly a particular friend of mine, though, and I didn't care, then, what happened to you." He smiled grimly. "But I had to go to the doctors, myself, a few days ago, and I'm feelin' different about it now." He hesitated a moment. "So you see I'm here," he added. "I figured it out that, perhaps, you'd turned into a sort of night-hawk like myself." He paused again, as if waiting for a word from the other man, who smoked on in silence. "Guess you don't recognize me?" he went on with a perceptible shade of disappointment in his voice.

Hainley pulled himself up in his chair with an embarrassed frown. He had always had an exasperating weakness for remembering faces. He had seen this man before—but where?

Suddenly the caller reddened. "My name is Scanlon," he jerked out defiantly.

"What—*Mike* Scanlon!" Hainley ejaculated, leaning far forward, with his hands upon his knees.

"The same, at your service," was the grimly smiling assent. "Funny you don't know me."

Hainley's only reply was a silent stare. He had been fighting the man for years, in the interests of good city government, and yet knew him only by the pictures and cartoons he had seen from time to time in the papers. Scanlon had never been one to fight in the open; it was by his works that men knew him. And now this boss politician, the head of a ring of contractors that had despoiled the city for years, and for millions, was seated here before him—a midnight guest. The ex-president of the Civic League tilted back comfortably in his chair, with both hands about a knee. Possibly there might be something in this to help a man forget.

"I am glad to know you personally, Mr. Scanlon," he said gravely.

"I'm not so sure of that," the contractor replied, with a shrewd narrowing of the eyes and compression of the lips. "But you're probably wonderin' why I'm here," he went on more easily as he settled back and pulled hard at his cigar. "The fact is, I've been havin' trouble for some time swallowin' my food. But I was busy and didn't think much about it, except at meal times, till the other day my wife got at me, and made me see the doctor. He looked me over pretty careful, and then he took me down to see Laird."

He stopped abruptly, took the cigar out of his mouth and flicked the ash off deliberately, though his fingers trembled, Hainley noted, as he held the ash-tray for him. "Laird says it's cancer of the gullet," he continued steadily, "where they can't get at it to take it away. When I get so's I can't swallow milk real easy, he's goin' to run a little rubber tube into my stomach from somewhere in front, and then, if I'm lucky I'll last a while longer. They think I'll last about a year altogether."

It was a simple, purely explanatory statement, but the other man knew what lay behind it. He could see all too clearly, the chasm that had suddenly split asunder the smiling plains of another's life. He knew only too well the still horrors of the depths of that pit; knew, too, how at times it could seem to lie so far away, as barely to interrupt the sunny stretches with its narrow line of blackness—only to yawn the following moment at his very feet.

"God pity you!" sprang to his lips, but there convention held it unuttered. "I am very sorry to hear this, Mr. Scanlon," he said very quietly.



"What! Mike Scanlon?"

For a moment Scanlon looked at him in silence. He had expected something a little different, perhaps. Then he suddenly shifted his gaze to the ceiling, with an embarrassed cough, for the other man's eyes were glistening. "Do you happen to believe in hell, Professor?" he asked slowly.

"Why—that depends somewhat," and Hainley smiled whimsically, "as to whether you consider it a place—or a condition." The reply lacked assurance, and Scanlon frowned as he leaned forward.

"Well, I do!" he exclaimed, "and what's more, I ain't ashamed to say I'm afraid of it, too. I'm a Catholic, you see."

Hainley swung about in his chair and began tapping the desk nervously with his fingers. "Yes," he assented, a trifle impatiently, "but your priest? Can't he help you out on that point?" After all, the man was only worrying about his chances for heaven.

"Maybe he can, and maybe he can't," was the equivocal reply. "Anyway, that's between him and God, and I didn't come around here to bother you with it. The question just come to me, that's all. What's worryin' me a lot more just at present, is what to do with the time I've got left here on earth—and—and," he pulled vigorously at his forgotten cigar, "someday I've got to thinkin' a lot about you in this connection. You've been up against this thing so much longer than I have, and someway it seems more in your line than mine, anyway.

"Don't think for a minute, though," he added, as if in afterthought, "that I'm goin' to confess my sins to you. What's done's done, and there ain't no use in talkin' about it now. I don't figure to beat the devil out of all that's comin' to him, anyway. I guess I can take care of myself in the hereafter, the same as I've done here."

He hesitated a moment and lowered his voice. "But it's come to me these last few days—and I've spent 'em in hell, too—that I might perhaps leave a little better name to my family when I go, than you fellows have give me so far." He stopped abruptly and swallowed hard. "Seems as if I hadn't known what it meant before, to have a wife and family."

"Yes," Hainley commented softly, with a sudden lump in his own throat and a mist before his eyes.

"Now, I've got an idea," Scanlon proceeded slowly, his forehead wrinkled in a deep frown, "and I'd like to know what you think about it, that is—" and he glanced hurriedly at his watch, "if it ain't gettin' too late for you. I hate to go to bed myself, these days, though it ain't so much the goin' to bed I dread, as—"

"No, it's the waking up in the morning," Hainley interjected simply, and the other's face darkened in quick sympathy.

"Well, there's one extenuatin' circumstance, anyway," the contractor growled, as he fumbled in his pocket for a match. "We ain't goin' to be hung, at any rate." Then, when he had carefully relighted his cigar, he went on briskly, "It's every man to his own work, I say, in a matter like this. You're workin' hard these days, I take it, with the reform fellows. You've got the stuff in you that don't give up, I can see that all right. Some men 'ud be down on their knees most of the time—or be trying' to forget their troubles in booze. And there's some again, that 'ud figger that the quickest way out of it all was the best. But these here solutions of the difficulty don't fit in with my present ideas, any more than they do with your'n. Accordin' to my mind, what you and me have got to do, Professor, is to fight this thing out right along in every day life—ain't that so? Where we're most at home—ain't that right?" Scanlon drew his chair closer in his eagerness.

Hainley was facing him now, sitting stiffly erect and drumming hard upon the desk. Several times while the other man was speaking, he had cleared his throat, as if about to interrupt him. "You're right, Scanlon," he broke in now, unconsciously dropping into the other's vernacular, "dead right! And as far as you're concerned, there's just one thing to do, and you can't get after it too fast." He leaned far over, searching the contractor's face, as if he saw it now for the first time.

Scanlon returned the gaze for a moment, and then settled back in his chair with a gleam in his eye. "Let's have it then," he muttered, "I've been doin' most of the talkin' so far."

Hainley did not hesitate. "You can give us an honest city hall, Scanlon," he jerked out eagerly, "built on the square from top to bottom—a public building such as this city has never had yet. You can do it if you

want to. Everybody knows you are at the head of the gang that's begun to build it, and they're only wondering how much you'll do us for this time. Surprise them! You're a Catholic, you say—be a good one then, and take God in with you on the job! Build it for the men that are going to run things here before long—and not for a pack of wolves and rats!"

The last words came out with the sting of a whip-lash, and Scanlon straightened in his chair with flushed face. Something in the other man's expression, however, disarmed him, and he smiled ruefully. "And so you think that kind of a buildin' 'ud make me a pretty fair tombstone?" he queried artlessly.

"Better than a ton of marble in Calvary."

"Well," he went on with a sigh, for habit holds a man of fifty hard fast, and Hainley caught a glimpse of what the struggle had been. "I guess for once, Professor, you and me have both got hold of the same idea. Just last night, before I went to sleep, I said to myself that if the Lord's willin', there'll be at least one honest job done in this town before Mike Scanlon's under ground. At least, it'll get a good start—for I 'spose I'll never see it finished. But O'Hagan, my partner, 'll see that it's put through the way I want it.

"It'll cost John a pretty penny, though, this fancy of mine," he added ruminatively, "but I've made him what he is, and he's not the boy to go back on me when I'm gone. The experience'll do him good anyway—it's time John begun to think of something else besides money." His voice trailed away into silence. Hainley was looking down at the floor, with half-averted face, and his cigar had gone out.

"Mr. Scanlon," he said at length, and without looking up, "I am ashamed of that speech of mine a moment ago. You have thought this entire matter out for yourself, to a logical conclusion—I wish I might say as much for myself. I am honored by your confidence, and you have my heartiest congratulations—as well as my deepest sympathy. Was there anything else that—"

"Yes, Professor, there was something else," Scanlon broke in with oddly softened voice. "Can't you see it does me good, just to see you settin' there, cool and collected, when I know what you've been through these last

two months. And you've fought it all out by yourself, the same as I'm tryin' hard to do—only I ain't made very good work of it so far, sort of fallin' all over myself till last night. You've settled down to business without any fuss, takin' your medicine like a man. When I look at you, I know you didn't get crazy drunk the first day you knew what ailed you, like I did—or try to blow your brains out the way I'd a done the second day, if my wife hadn't come into the room just in time.

"No, it's just the fact that you're settin' right here before me, Professor, in your right and proper mind—it's *that* that's givin' me courage and makin' me feel good all over. I remember the papers sayin' you were bearin' up with 'Christian fortitude'—and I guess I know now what that means."

With the last words, Hainley suddenly whirled about, with his fingers working convulsively at the arms of his chair. There were patches of dull red in his cheeks, and his eyes were brimming. "Stop it, Scanlon," he cried out brokenly, as if in pain. "I can't stand any more of that. You don't—"

But Scanlon only raised an admonitory hand, and went on without heeding. "Then there's one more thing besides. The boys' hands are awful sticky by this time, and they're goin' to raise a big howl before they let go of what they're figgerin' to make on that job. I'm afraid I'm goin' to need a lot of bracin' up at times, and—" He eyed Hainley a trifle wistfully. "I'd like to come around now and then, if—"

Before he could finish, Hainley was out of his chair and across the space between them. Scanlon rose to meet him as their hands clasped. The contractor was short and Hainley's left hand settled comfortably upon his shoulder, as they stood for a moment looking into one another's eyes in silence.

"Scanlon, you can't come too often!" Hainley exclaimed huskily. "I'm proud to call you a friend. When you knocked at the door, I was—" He stopped short, then recovering himself, added, with a faint smile, "But I forgot we are not confessing our sins tonight."

Scanlon felt the grip upon his hand and shoulder tighten, as the other paused, but he only looked down at the floor and muttered, "I'm mighty glad I come." For a few moments both were awkwardly silent, and then with a smile the contractor said,

"You want to get in some good licks on your own tombstone, Professor."

"You don't mean the book I am writing?" Hainley answered doubtfully.

"I don't know anything about that," Scanlon rejoined brusquely, as he mechanically took out a cigar and lighted it. "I mean the Civic League. That looks different to me now than it used to—along with a lot of other things. You're a big part of the works there, and you want to fix it up so's it'll run all right when you're gone. It'll have a hard time, I'm thinkin', gettin' along without you for a sort of gunner." He paused and looked up at Hainley with a

shrewd chuckle. "And me for a sort of target," he added dryly.

And then Hainley laughed outright—a hearty laugh without reservations. "I'm going to work at that harder than ever—today!" he exclaimed firmly, glancing up at the clock, "that is, if you will promise to drop in now and then to keep an eye on me." He opened the door for Scanlon, and as he did so, he suddenly frowned. "Isn't that your sixth today?" he asked, peremptorily.

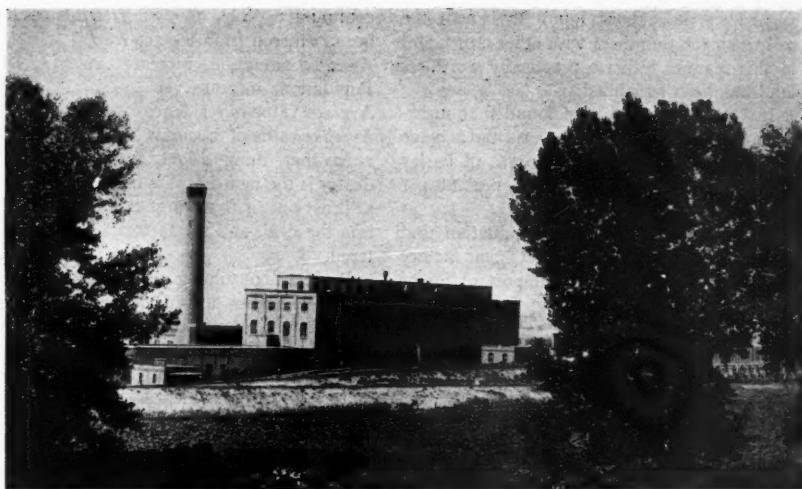
With a grimace of remembrance the contractor threw away his cigar, gripped his host's hand once more, and stepped out into the night.



ELECTRA

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

O LOVELY Spark! whose chief lightbearers are
Our human eyes and noontide's sun afar,
Thou art love's fire of passion and of pain;
The lightning angel fallen in the rain!
Thou art the wind that blows our stolid flesh
Into the April bloom of children fresh.
Who knows but what our soul at death set free,
Snatches from God the living wings of thee!



SUGAR FACTORY AT LONGMONT, COLO.

One of the sixty-three American factories, costing on an average of \$1,000,000 each

PHILIPPINE FREE SUGAR

*WHY IT WOULD INJURE BOTH AMERICANS
AND FILIPINOS*

By FRANK P. FOGG

AS the subject of further removing the tariff from Philippine sugar and tobacco is likely to make its perennial appearance at the next session of Congress, a presentation of the plain facts in relation to the further removal of our protective tariff on sugar from the Philippines seems desirable.

Nearly all the countries of Europe have been successfully raising sugar-beets for many years, and it was due to this fact that a sugar-beet factory was erected at Alvarado, Cal., in 1879. There were two American factories in operation in 1888, and they produced that season one thousand tons of beet-sugar. By 1897 when the Dingley Tariff Bill was passed, six factories had been built and since then, and up to 1906, we have seen sixty-three beet-sugar factories erected which now pay to the farmers over \$22,000,000 a year for their beets; and the industry distributes nearly as much more to factory em-

ployees, coal mines, railroads, lime kilns and other lines of industry.

And while the beet-sugar factories are found from New York to the Pacific coast, and beet-sugar making is rightly a national industry, it is especially well suited for our arid lands west of the Missouri River; in fact, upon it now depends very largely the increase and prosperity of irrigated farms.

Sugar beets solve the problem for successfully developing the wealth of irrigated sections. By the short hauls for beets from the fields to factories and there concentrating the substance into compact and valuable form, freight charges are made bearable. Besides, the beets do not exhaust the soil as do wheat, oats, barley, etc. The elements of sugar are carbon, hydrogen and oxygen ($C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$), the last two being the constituents of water.

Sugar-beets thrive in sunshine and subsist chiefly on air and water. In fact,

sugar-beets have been found to benefit the soil when rotating them with other crops, and in this manner hitherto practically worthless land has been reclaimed.

In Germany it has been found that sugar-beets as a rotating crop increased the acreage production of wheat 24 per cent., of barley 25 per cent., of rye 15 per cent., peas 86 per cent. and potatoes 102 per cent.

The increase in real estate valuation that has taken place wherever a beet-sugar factory has been located is a very important factor to be considered in estimating the direct and indirect benefits.

Inquiries directed to local bankers, county assessors and postmasters throughout the United States, where sugar factories have been located, brought very commendatory reports regarding the benefits derived from the beet-sugar industry.

One question asked was, "What gross proceeds per acre are your farmers able to secure in beet culture?" The lowest report was \$25 and the highest \$180; the average of all was \$69.40 per acre.

Another question asked; "As the farmers become familiar with beet raising, are they more or are they less anxious to raise beets?" All answered that they were more anxious; that the interest was increasing, and in all but one case that the acreage was extending.

To the question, "Have farm mortgages increased or decreased since the erection of the factory and to what extent?" all but two stated that they had decreased, some materially, some 25 per cent., some 30 per cent.; one, that very few farms were now mortgaged. Two stated that farm mortgages had increased owing to the fact that renters were becoming able to buy on partial payments.

Another question asked was, "The average price for agricultural lands prior to the location of the factory and at the present time?" Two gave no price before the factory was erected, the land being a desert and of little value; land in one of these sections now being worth \$100 per acre, in the other \$150 per acre; of the others the smallest increase was 20 per cent., the greatest 250 per cent. The average price of all was \$34.28 per acre prior to the location of the factory, and \$75.55 at the time of the report. The average increase in value was 124 per cent. But this was not the whole of it—merchants and real estate men were benefited; in fact, the whole

community. The following statistics have been gathered from the reports:

Assessed valuation, increase.....	139%
Population, increase.....	89½%
Average value of residence lots, increase, 59%	
Average value of business lots, increase.....	185%

Another thing about the beet-sugar industry is the fact that it is impossible to make a Trust out of it without taking the farmers into the deal, and the factories must be scattered.

Besides consuming all our own cane and beet-sugars at an expense of \$100,000,000 we are annually importing 1,500,000 tons of sugar from foreign countries. Why should we send abroad our wheat from 8,500,000 acres, which is one-fifth of our entire crop, to pay for the sugar we are importing, inasmuch as we can raise it ourselves on 1,500,000 acres of our own land planted to sugar-beets?

Advocates of admitting sugar free from the Philippines claim that we have robbed the Filipinos of their Spanish market and have refused to give them our own. The fact is that from 1862 to American occupation of the Philippines, Spain averaged to take but 2.2 per cent. of the sugar exports of the Philippine Islands; while in the four years 1903 to 1906 inclusive, the United States purchased from the Filipinos more sugar than the people of Spain had purchased from the same islands in the half century from 1849 to 1898, when Spanish rule ceased and the American occupation occurred. We purchased 134,100 tons of sugar from the Philippines the above four years, while but 119,088 tons were purchased by the whole of Continental Europe, including Spain, during the fifty years preceding American occupation of the Archipelago.

Spain never furnished a market for the sugar of the Philippines, and by the law of March 8, 1902, we are levying less tax on Philippine sugar than was the Spanish tax.

The Spanish Tariff Law of June 30, 1882, provided for a duty of twelve pesetas per one hundred kilograms (\$1.05 per one hundred pounds) on sugar above number 14 Dutch standard when entering Spain from Cuba and Porto Rico, and one-fifth of this amount on Philippine sugar, provided in all cases the sugar was shipped in Spanish bottoms.

This law provided for an annual reduction of 10 per cent. in this levy until the entire duty

should be extinguished, July 1, 1892. But before these duties could be thus extinguished under the expiration of the tariff law of 1882, the tariff law of December 31, 1891, was passed, which provided that sugar from Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines should be admitted free of duty, but that all such sugar should be subjected to the so-called provisional tax of 8.8 pesetas, and a municipal tax of 8.8 pesetas per one hundred kilograms, which made a combined internal revenue tax of 17.6 pesetas per one hundred kilograms, or \$1.54 per hundred pounds. This law continued in effect one year when it was superseded by the law of 1892 which, while admitting free of duty all sugar from Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, subjected such sugar to an internal revenue tax of 33½ pesetas per hundred kilograms. The same law of 1892 subjected domestic sugar (*i. e.* beet-sugar) to an internal revenue tax of 20 pesetas per hundred kilograms; thus placing the sugar of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, even though received in Spanish bottoms, under a handicap as compared with domestic beet-sugar of 13½ pesetas per hundred kilograms, or \$1.18 per one hundred pounds.

The full tax, as provided by the Dingley Law on ninety-six degree sugar is \$1.68½ per hundred pounds. For each degree sugar tests below ninety-six, 3½ cents per one hundred pounds is to be deducted from the full rate. Muscovado sugars (the kind the Filipinos produce) test eighty-two degrees, or fourteen degrees below ninety-six. The full tariff on such sugar imported into this country would, therefore, be \$1.20 per hundred pounds. From this tariff the Filipinos enjoy a deduction of 25 per cent., leaving the net tariff on Philippine sugar entering the United States, 90 cents per hundred pounds. And be it remembered that every dollar collected by the United States on Philippine imports of whatever nature, is returned to the Philippine treasury.

Spain, under the tariff law of 1891, taxed sugar imported from the Philippines \$2.94 per hundred pounds and discriminated in favor of her domestic sugar to the extent of \$1.18 per hundred pounds and kept the money; while the United States, under the present laws, taxes sugar coming from the Philippines into this country 90 cents per hundred pounds and returns the entire revenue to be expended as seems for the best interests of the Filipinos. And as for tobacco, during the twenty years prior to American occupation Spain took 73 per cent. of the Philippine



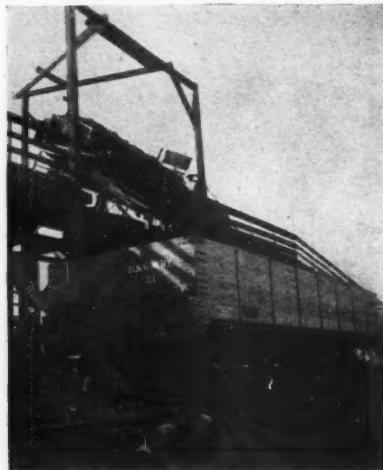
A PYRAMID OF COLORADO SUGAR—117,000 LBS.
It stands 22 feet high and covers a floor area 19 feet square

export tobacco, and since then 74 per cent. of it has gone to Spain.

It should be understood that Spain, since being dispossessed of her colonial possessions in the East and West Indies, has fostered and built up her home beet-sugar industry until today instead of sending large sums of money out of the country for the purchase of sugar she produces at home all the sugar she consumes, as do also fourteen other European countries, viz: Germany, Austria, Hungary, France, Russia, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Roumania, Bulgaria and Servia. These European countries besides consuming 3,076,000 tons at home are annually exporting 2,850,980 tons.

When it is considered that the lands of Continental Europe are not irrigated and are usually high-priced because of the density of population, it is apparent that the fertile lands of New York, Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota, Nebraska, Oregon, and Washington, all of which have beet-sugar factories in active operation, and where irrigation is not required, have far greater resources for development than all the countries of Europe combined.

Sugar beets are not only valuable for increasing the productiveness of the soil in rotation with other crops, but there are by-



A RAILROAD LOADING STATION FOR
SHIPPING SUGAR BEETS

From elevated wagon platform the beets are dumped upon the cars

products,—beet tops, pulp and waste molasses, that are excellent stock foods, and offer a great inducement for the dairying and stock-raising farmers of Michigan, Wisconsin and other states of the Middle West.

Perhaps no factor has contributed more to the building up and improvement of the stock interests of these sections, where beet-sugar factories are located, than the cheap and highly nutritious stock-foods above mentioned.

The state of Michigan can be cited as an example. At one time twenty large beet-sugar factories were in operation, but the farmers were giving more thought at that time to lumbering and other industries than

to dairying. The result was a big expense to the sugar factories for hauling away and dumping thousands of tons of beet pulp and hundreds of barrels of molasses in ravines and waste places. And yet today probably every ton of pulp is being used for immediate feeding or dried for storage. Michigan ranks first in the number of factories and second in the output of sugar, which now amounts to 200,000,000 pounds per year, being exceeded only by Colorado.

The total amount of sugar consumed in the United States in 1897 was 2,076,987 tons. The production from domestic cane, domestic beet and maple sugar that year was 310,537 tons, 39,684 tons, and 5,000 tons respectively, making a total domestic crop of 355,221 tons, none of which paid duty.

In addition to this Hawaii, under special treaty rights with the United States, shipped us, duty free, 232,213 tons. The full duty-paying sugar entering the United States during this, the first calendar year of the Dingley Law, was 1,483,544 tons.

In the calendar year of 1907 the whole consumption of sugar in the United States was 2,993,979 tons. Of this we produced in cane, beet, and maple sugars 656,627 tons. In addition to the above domestic sugars we used free of duty 417,102 tons from Hawaii and 212,853 from Porto Rico. The Philippine product, that was admitted at 75 per cent. of the regular duty, amounted to 10,700 tons, and from Cuba at 80 per cent. regular duty we got 1,340,400 tons, making a total on which a tariff concession was allowed of 1,982,055 tons. So the balance of 355,498 tons is all that paid full duty.

The average duty collected on dutiable sugar entering the United States is now only \$1.14 $\frac{1}{2}$ as against \$1.68 $\frac{1}{2}$ as provided by the Dingley Tariff. It thus appears that the general schedule has been cut practically one-third by the various specific modifications that have been made since 1897. The sugar tariff has been reduced four-fifths since the Morrill Law of 1861, and one-third since the Dingley Tariff of 1897. It would seem that with any further reduction of the sugar schedule, we would not only imperil an important national industry, but needlessly reduce our revenue receipts.

It seems to shrewd European political economists a good trade to sell to Americans beet-sugar which does not exhaust European

soil of its elements, and to buy back from us our wheat and other food supplies which are rich in proteids.

There is already an average population of sixty-seven people to every square mile in the Philippines, whereas in the United States there are only twenty-six on an average; and in only twelve States of the Union is the population so dense as in the Philippines.

When it is considered that there are only 7,000,000 acres in Philippine farms, and that of their total population 7,000,000 people are reported as "enjoying a considerable degree of civilization" and hence live in cities and on "farms," it is apparent that the populated area of the Islands contains from 600 to 700 persons per square mile and hence is more densely settled than any civilized nation. The advocates of free sugar are not content with the present law allowing 2,500 acres as the limit for any sugar plantation or corporate holding; they want the limit raised to 25,000 acres for American exploiting companies, and claim that sugar cane cannot be profitably raised on small farms. Besides, they ask for the removal of restrictions on Chinese coolie immigrants to the Islands in order that the present rate of about seventeen cents per day for Filipino labor may be still further reduced. It does not need much perspicacity to foresee how the Filipinos would be robbed of their land-holding privilege, and by pauperizing wage-rates would themselves become serfs and almost slaves to the feudal barons of the big sugar plantations, just as in the case of Java, Hawaii and other tropical cane-sugar countries.

Nor is the raising of sugar cane in any way essential to the commercial prosperity of the Islands. There are many other industries common to the Islands that may be developed to best advantage in small holdings of a few acres, and the chief capital required is labor.

There are 40,000,000 acres of virgin forests in the Islands, and the chief of the Philippine forestry bureau reports the discovery already of between 600 and 700 species of timber, including twelve species of cabinet woods, several of them unknown to other portions of the globe; also dye woods, gum trees, gutta-percha, rubber; and pine forests, the sight of which the American governor of Abra says, "would make the

lumbermen of Maine stand in open-mouthed wonderment."

The forestry bureau estimates that as the government owns thirty-nine-fortieths of the 40,000,000 acres of forests, the present government tax of six cents per cubic foot would bring to the treasury \$100 per acre and still remove only trees twenty inches in diameter or over, on 20,000,000 acres. This would mean the stupendous sum of \$2,000,000,000, and the forests would be bettered by the thinning out process. The chief of the forestry bureau further reports that after the mature and over-mature timber has been removed, the revenue from the sale of the annual increase in growth of public timber will, under careful supervision, bring the government a reasonable interest on a valuation of \$200 per acre, which would amount to \$240,000,000 annually on a basis of 3 per cent.

Last year we imported cabinet woods to the value of nearly \$3,000,000, and the Philippines exported such to the value of only a few thousand dollars.

Our annual imports of gutta-percha and india rubber are valued at over \$35,000,000, while the Philippines, having vast primeval forests of these trees, export it to the value of only a few thousand dollars, and that also comes in free of duty. While many millions of American money have gone for investment to the rubber plantations of Mexico, Central and South America, the great island of Mindanao, the largest of the Philippines, is the most celebrated of all for its forests of gum, gutta-percha and rubber trees.

As to the planting of rubber plantations the Philippine Commission states that "it is a project which can in no sense be considered in the light of an experiment" and the planters estimate an annual return of from \$150 to \$200 per acre after the trees reach maturity, the first good harvest being six years after planting.

Manila hemp forms 65 per cent. of the total value of exports from the Islands and amounts to \$16,000,000 a year. We take over one-half of all the hemp they export, and that also enters our ports free of duty. Manila hemp is the finest. The world annually uses \$100,000,000 worth of cheaper substitutes because it cannot get Manila hemp and hence there is almost limitless opportunity for developing this industry.

The Philippines grow as fine a coffee as the highest grade Mocha, the highest-priced coffee in the world. The superiority of Philippine coffee is shown by the fact that their exports of this crop sell on an average for double the price we pay for our coffee imports.

Philippine coffee enters our ports free of duty, but we are forced to expend over \$70,000,000 a year in South America for coffee which we would gladly buy in the Philippines and thereby make them the richest people in the world.

We annually import \$15,000,000 worth of

The advocates of Filipino promotion should devote their time and energy to the furtherance of our trade in those lines rather than cry for the removal of the Sugar Tariff, which would mean the ruin of \$130,000,000 already invested in the American beet-sugar industry and the arrest of the great irrigation developments now being planned for millions of acres in our arid West.

Beet-sugar making is as yet but an infant industry. It is not old enough in this country to be developed without protection. But there are many indications that tend to show how we may some day compete with



ONE OF THE BEET FIELDS OF THE 434,200 ACRES GROWN IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1908
And for which the American farmers will receive from \$23,000,000 to \$25,000,000 before January, 1909

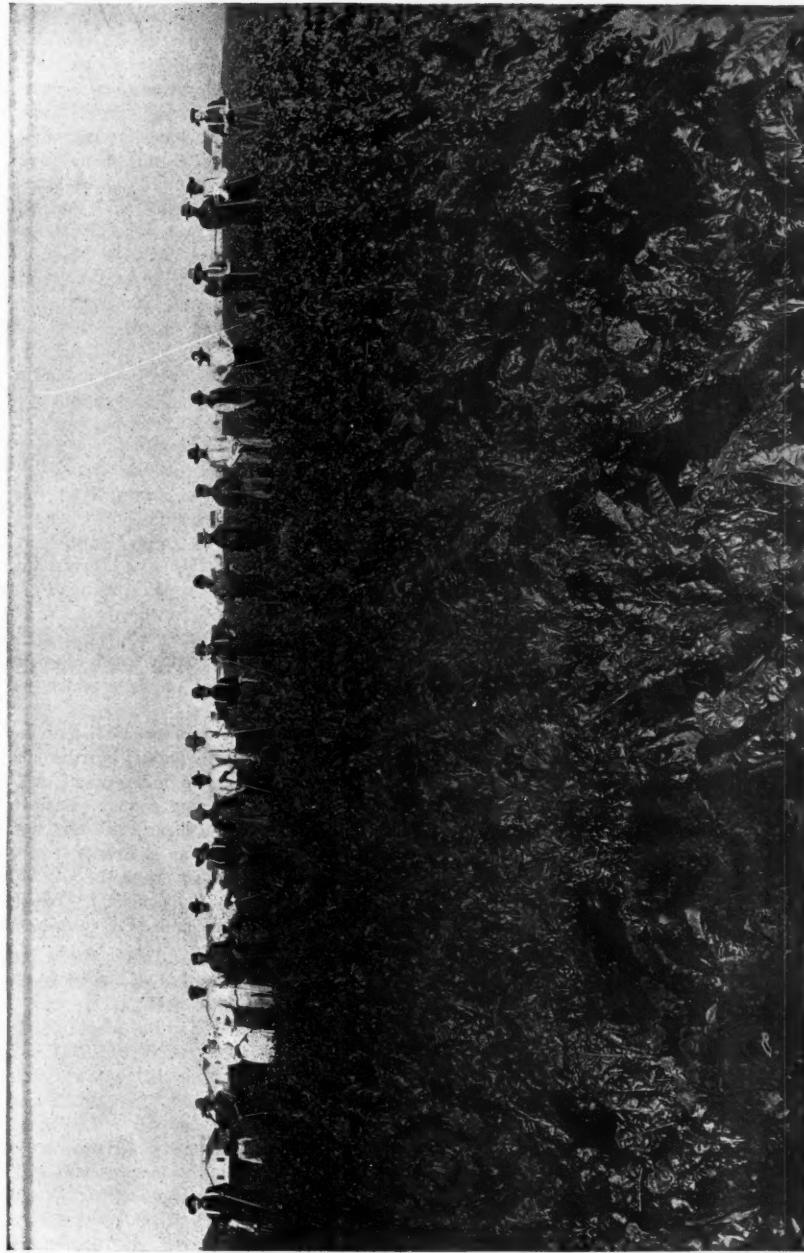
cocoa, cocoanuts and copra—all of which attain the highest state of perfection in the Philippines, and which could furnish enough for the world's markets. They export these articles only to the extent of \$3,000,000 a year, and again we are compelled to send our millions to other countries rather than to the Philippines.

Altogether, we annually expend \$200,000,000 with foreign nations in the purchase of purely tropical products which we are unable to grow, and all of which are indigenous to the Philippine Islands. If the Philippine Islands were stimulated to produce these noncompetitive articles, no American industry would be injured and we would make them the richest archipelago in the world.

the world in the production of beet-sugar.

Europe has cheap manual labor and high-priced horses, and hence there is not the incentive to decrease the labor of the former and transfer it to the latter. With us the reverse is true and we are constantly doing more and more of our field work with horses. In all parts of the beet belt experiments are being made, the success of which will further reduce the hand labor. Some are trying to eliminate the hand labor of thinning out the beets,—others are studying improved methods of weeding, and various experiments are being made whereby beets are lifted, topped and loaded into wagons entirely by machinery.

It may never become possible to produce beet-sugar in this country as cheaply, on account of well-paid labor, as cane-sugar from



'THE MAN WITH THE HOE' ON THE PRAIRIE FARM OF THE OWOSO SUGAR COMPANY, SAGINAW COUNTY, MICHIGAN

the tropics under peon labor; but there are seed and culture developments now being conducted at Washington which will greatly reduce the present cost, and statesmen of this country will be convinced that, even should the price of sugar remain at its present cost, there are far-reaching social and economic principles involved in the beet-sugar industry that demand favorable legislation. It is not often that the farmers of our arid West come forward with a demand for tariff protection, but it is very plain that a further removal of the tariff on Philippine sugar would ruin an industry in which there is eighteen times more capital already invested than in all our cordage and twine plants, sixteen times as much as in all our distilleries, eight times as much as invested in our glass factories, nearly seven times as much as is represented by our ship-building plants, six times what is in our silk mills, four and a half times what is in our 8,000 furniture factories, three times the amount invested in our agricultural implement factories, and nearly three times what is invested in our 1,100 great slaughtering and meat-packing plants.

Philippine sugar already enjoys a 25 per cent. deferential in our customs ports, and every dollar we collect from Philippine imports goes back to the Philippine treasury, and thereby lessens by so much their burden of taxation; while on every dollar's worth of American goods entering the Philippine Islands there is collected the same duty as is collected on like articles coming from any other country in the world.

It would appear that the Philippines already have all the trade advantages while we have none, and if the smoking chimneys

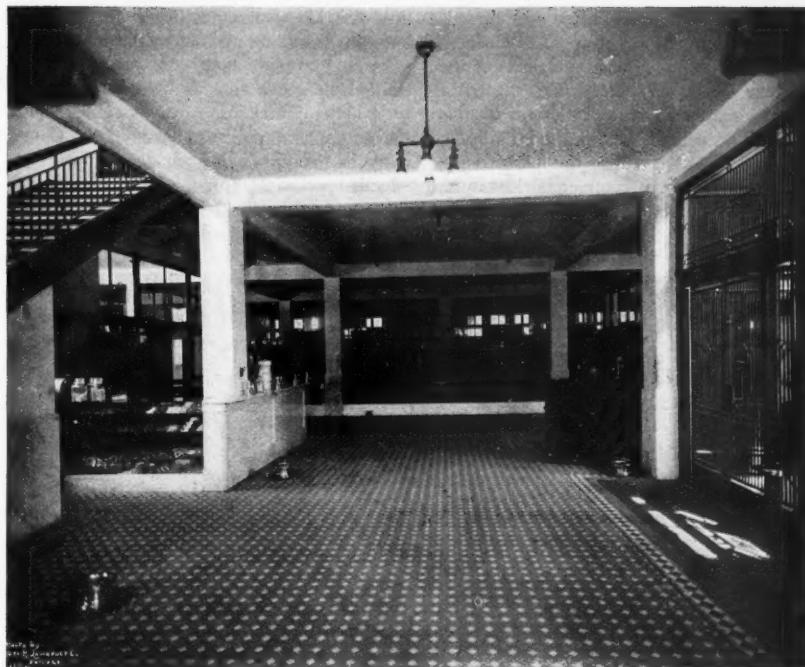
of the East are to be kept warm doing the manufacturing of all the utilities and luxuries of a prosperous agricultural people in the West, it certainly devolves upon Eastern congressmen to strike hands with representatives from the granger states in demanding that the American capital now invested in the beet-sugar industry to upwards of \$130,000,000 be kept at its parity, and that the \$43,000,000 which is annually distributed among farmers and other kinds of labor, be sustained until all of the \$130,000,000 which we annually spend abroad for sugar shall remain at home to line the pockets of our own people.

Inasmuch as 90 per cent. of all the sugar produced in the Philippines is grown on two of the 3,141 islands of the archipelago, and inasmuch as less than 6 per cent. of the cultivated lands of the islands are devoted to this crop, and inasmuch as less than one-half of one per cent. of the population of the islands is engaged in this industry, there is a suspicion of an underlying motive for laying such stress on securing the free entry of this crop to our markets, instead of aiding them to produce all or a portion of the \$200,000,000 worth of non-competitive agricultural products which we annually import.

Leave out the sugar proposition, and the natives can build up individual hearthstones and become a nation of independent, self-respecting, self-supporting people. Enslave them to the would-be sugar exploiters, and instead of making them an independent people, capable of self-government, we attach them to us as a body of serfs. Which outcome is best for both Filipinos and Americans?

Note — The facts and figures given in this article are largely based on Senate Reports of Fifty-ninth Congress, First Session, Document No. 277, and Sixtieth Congress, First Session, Document No. 530—F. P. F.





CORRIDOR OF THE ARMOUR OFFICES

IN THE ARMOUR OFFICES

By MITCHELL MANNERING

THE romance of these days does not deal with cavaliers, buskined and sword in hand, seeking adventures and broils as an appetizer before breakfast. "The gentleman of France," and his prototypes, with their frenzied duels, are now but the shadowy heroes of historic fiction. Those who achieve victory on the battlefield of commerce and manufacture, not those who have fought with sword and musket, amid fire and blood, are the towering figures of modern days.

The development of great industrial interests has a romance all its own. As time recedes a few great figures loom large on the horizon—men who have created markets and new sources of wealth from the products of the soil. To them belong all the glamor that once attached to the stories of wayfaring

travelers, visitors at ancient inns, when thrilling events were related to the clinking of glasses and brandishing of swords.

* * * * *

Not many years ago, a bright-eyed, pink-cheeked lad left his farm home in York State; even as a boy "Phil" was known as a "getter" in the play hours at the old school-house. Devoted to his mother and a prime favorite with his brothers, all believed him when he looked into the tear-dimmed eyes of mother and said,

"I'll do something."

Strong of limb, well-knit, with the sturdy sinews of youth, he went first to the gold fields of California, but once there, he decided that the hazard and chance of mining

were not for him. He wanted to "trade," to realize those visions of a large business which he had dreamed of in the shade of the old straw stack at home. He started a butcher shop, and worked there with his coat off. Then Fred V. Miles and Philip D. Armour formed articles of partnership, which are a classic in commercial literature, and were the foundation of the great Armour fortune of today. A reproduction of this

uce with his own hands; every article going out with his name upon it was an obligation as sacred to him as a note of hand. He wanted his goods and his work to be just a little better than those of any one else, and the triumphant policy of Armour & Company is today based upon the simple but effective principles of the lad from York State to do things better and still better, and then better again.



TELEGRAPH DEPARTMENT

agreement hangs in the office of Mr. J. Ogden Armour, the son and successor to a great name. This document is indeed a priceless possession—a chart that shows how a vast enterprise was steered from a very small beginning, a tiny river, across a wide sea of commercial experience.

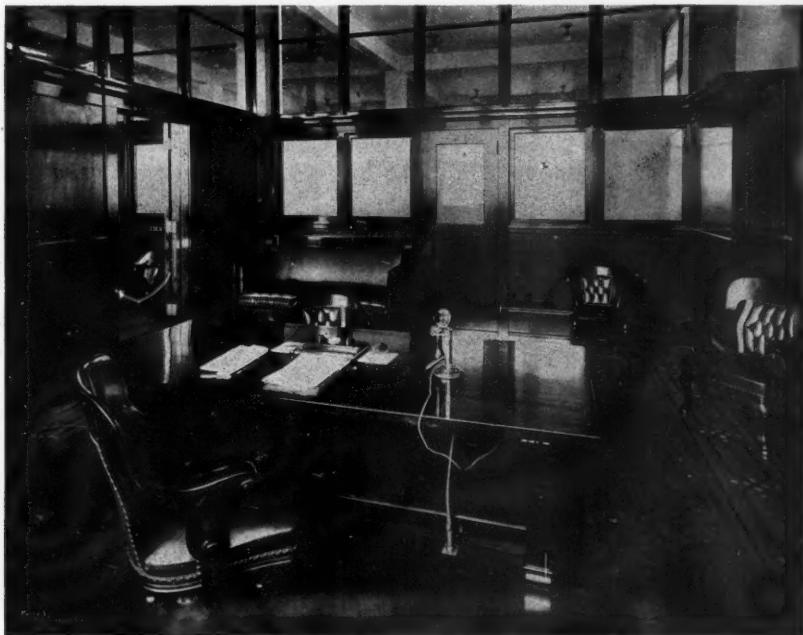
Step by step the young man climbed with patient persistence and tenacity, remembering that two and two make four, and due profits were awarded him by patrons appreciating the Armour spirit, which was in later years to mean so much in the marts of the world. Mr. Armour handled the prod-

Although absorbed in business from early dawn to late at night, Philip D. Armour always had time to look after the welfare of those about him, and in later life those who came in touch with his great purposes and ideals, exemplified in the founding of the Armour Institute and similar efforts, considered themselves as privileged indeed. Many a young man recalls the soft, yet keen, sparkle in the brown eyes of Philip Armour, as he tried to bargain with the great financier, and ended by listening eagerly to sound advice conveyed in the fewest possible words.

When Armour & Company, in 1883, removed from the Washington Street office, they, as usual, led the way in the matter of business development, being the first to secure offices in the new Home Insurance Building, a structure which was then not only considered a veritable "skyscraper," but the architectural wonder of the city of Chicago, being the first large office-building of the then novel skeleton steel and

tarian value of farm produce to the last ounce, and from this policy the present conduct of the company has been derived.

Many of the older employees are proud to recall how the office at first occupied only half a floor of the building, and how this space was added to room by room until eight entire floors were utilized. Here Philip D. Armour achieved the triumph of his life-work. Many times he had considered the



J. OGDEN ARMOUR'S PRIVATE OFFICE

fireproof construction built in the United States. For the last fifteen years of his life Philip D. Armour did business in that office; there were then forty employes, every one of whom felt that the sturdy man with side-whiskers, who found his way to his desk in the early morning of each day, was more than an employer—a real, true, loyal friend.

The marvelous growth of the business of Armour & Company is a marked example of modern business magic; all the by-products, the waste formerly sacrificed in buying and selling, were made to meet expenses. That keen-eyed farmer lad knew the utili-

advisability of uniting the office and the yard forces, and had even several times set out to carry to completion his pet project, but it remained for his son, Mr. J. Ogden Armour—who became head of the concern on the death of his father and brother—to carry out these plans and bring under one roof all the varied interests of the Armour Company.

The motto of the older Armour was "When you do a thing, do it right," and that principle has been paramount in the policy of the Armour Company; it is exemplified in the masterly business system maintained, and in the handsome new offices, located on what

would be Forty-third Street, on Centre Avenue, on the branch of the South Side Elevated, which was opened on the same day that the new office-building was completed. The headquarters of this great company are within a few moments of the heart of the business districts. In old times it was necessary to walk from Halsted Street to the yards; later it was possible to ride on the 'buses; but now, in point of time, the execu-

Railroad, is at once struck with the generous space and airy vestibule, where over thirty thousand feet of the best Italian marble have been used. The floors are of concrete and steel, with hard wood flooring, allowing telephone connections at desks located five feet apart through conduits imbedded in the floor. The fire-escape arrangements are so perfect that a test proved that the building could be emptied in less than two minutes' time.



SELLING DEPARTMENT

tive offices of Armour & Company are within a stone's throw of both the manufacturing plants and the business centers and markets of Chicago.

The fine, new building is of vitrified brick, with terra-cotta trimmings, and occupies nearly an acre of space, being 200 feet by 150 feet, and including five stories and basement. Here are housed 1,200 employes, the largest office force of any one industrial firm in the world. The construction of the building represents the highest type of fireproof structure, being steel reinforced with concrete, with partitions of tile and fireproof mackalite.

The visitor, entering from the Elevated

The erection of these handsome offices cost \$650,000. The work was commenced in October and completed in June of this year, within a few months, a fact that tells its own story of the splendid system under which the project was carried on. Mr. Armour is especially proud of his new headquarters for the reason that the building, from cellar to roof, was constructed and finished entirely by Armour talent, and is today a magnificent index to the system and genius characteristic of the company.

Every floor indicates an efficient organization and is occupied by its own specific department. First comes the ordering, ship-

The Memorandum of agreement made this
29th day of March A.D. 1873, between James
D. Murray of Fort 1/2 Miles South of the City
of Cheyenne, the state of Wyoming —
Whence Said parties mutually & severally
Agree to associate themselves together as Capital
Partners for the transaction of the business & concerns
business in the City & County of Cheyenne, affording

Each to be equally entitled to their full share
in authority of the Capital Stock of the firm
the sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars in
Cash, & each during their time of partnership
to be possessed of the business affairs —

That Said parties agree to contribute
to Said firm, any and such business and
wills as he is at present conducting —

That D. Murray further agrees that when ever
any money for the mutual benefit of the firm be
paid into the Bankers of Cheyenne, Mrs. to
the property of the above firm — The money and
title of the firm shall be held in suspense —

The Partnership shall be for one year
Renewal of said parties may wish to
withdraw from said firm, which may be done
of any time by giving the other parties
thirty days notice of his intention

To be for the purpose for his information of
the signature of this paper they may call at the
time of the withdrawal — In the event of
the above stipulations the remaining parties may
call from the firm by Capital Stock
and one Half of the profits if any have accrued

The dissolution may take effect by either
of the same or any Major printed and
published in the City & County of Cheyenne
either party shall give the other notice of
the firm to any other parties, nor for the individual
benefit of either party drawing for himself or
any by the written consent of the parties
first here & lawful note shall
at all time be held subject to the signature
& control of either party, either party
shall draw from the fund of the concern for
his individual benefit to the sum of One Hundred
Dollars per Month — In witness whereof we
have respectively set our hands & seal the First
day of March A.D. 1873

James
Murray
Witness
Signature

John H. Gandy —
John Gandy —

ping, receiving, telegraph and mail departments and the telephone room, coat room, lockers and barber shop. Over 350 office telephones, with twenty-five outgoing and thirty incoming trunk lines, furnish facilities for conversation required for this small city. Twenty-five operators are busy with side-motion clickers on the telegraph keys, which connect with Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Washington, New York, Kansas City, Omaha,

ticking off the swift-moving progress of trade across the continent.

Over 1,200 feet of pneumatic tubing connect the various parts of the building; the celebrated Nernst system of overhead lighting is used and the even distribution of 1,500 ninety-candle-power lamps insures an illumination almost approaching the clearness of daylight. During the day the supply of sunlight is ample, the building being



TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT

Fort Worth, Sioux City and St. Louis, in addition to fifteen wires to the Western Union, ten to the Postal and eight to the American Telephone & Telegraph Company offices throughout the world. This wire connection furnishes some idea of the magnitude of this great business nerve centre, which keeps in close touch with every pulsation of trade.

Visitors are fascinated by the electric billing machines, twenty of them, writing out the different orders; more than double the speed of the typewriter is attained, and they hammer out triplicate or even sextuple orders. Each operator is able to attend to two machines, which rattle off bills at incredible speed—

open on all four sides to "let the blessed sunlight in" through its 800 windows.

Every floor is finished in handsome Mexican mahogany, and, the doors being inlaid with ebony and white holly, each room has a very artistic appearance.

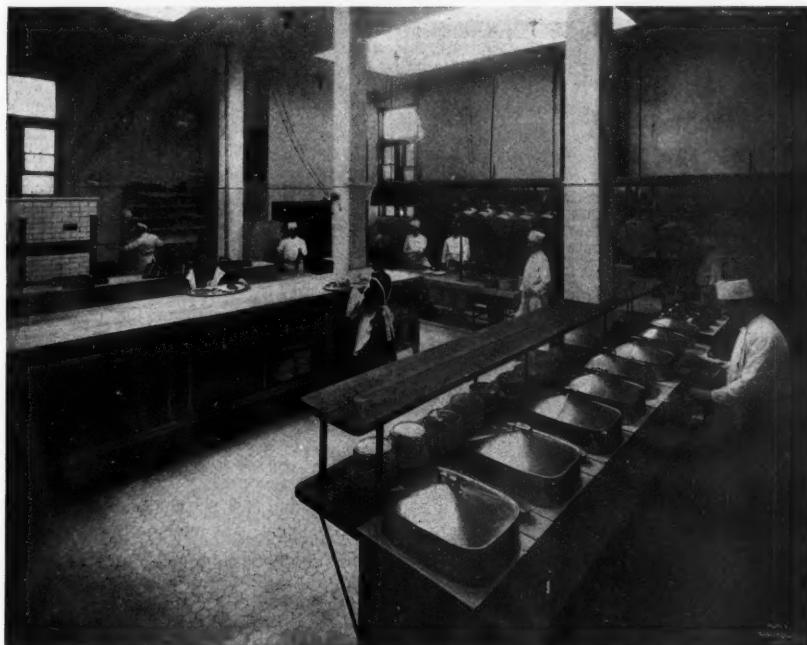
The second floor is occupied by the Traffic Department. Here 170 employes are required, in the executive and clerical force needed to handle the immense transportation system, which with little delay or friction delivers the products of Armour & Company to the markets of the globe. Every one is constantly busy, nowhere appears a slack movement or lost time, and the smoothly-

even tension kept up during business hours gives a perfect idea of modern commerce as an art. Skilled employees keep the record of every car and every individual shipment, and each detail of the work is carried on with that scientific accuracy which makes it quite clear why the Armour service has been always pre-eminently effective.

On the same floor, the advertising and purchasing departments, worthy of a chap-

and credit departments may be found, and here any employe can draw personal checks against his salary account just as he would against a deposit in a savings bank. In this general credit and accounting department, one catches another glimpse of why the Armour system has been so successful.

The capsheaf of the building is the upper floor, where a large airy restaurant is conducted, in which over 450 employes can be



OFFICE RESTAURANT KITCHEN

ter to themselves, present the same picture of busy, even, enterprising business management.

The sales and executive department are on the third floor. The furniture and desks throughout the establishment match the rich Mexican mahogany and the daintily tinted walls form a delightful color scheme, restful to the eye. On this floor Mr. Armour's office is located; it is almost severe in its simplicity; on the desk are a few ornaments, emblematic of the great institution which has surpassed the aggregate achievements of all the men "in armor clad in years gone by."

On the fourth floor, the general accounting

accommodated at one sitting. No hotel is more absolutely perfect in its appointments, and yet all is so simple and homelike. The kitchen is fitted with immense ranges, with everything up-to-date in sanitary cooking appliances, and the menu is equal in quality to those of the finest hostelry or mansion in the country. The chef has just been secured from the Auditorium; his kitchen is finished with white enamel, floored with tiles, and has every contrivance to prevent the accumulation of dirt and dust. A cooler in the basement is connected with the kitchen by a special electric elevator, which is used for all meats and provisions. After a tour through

the cooking department I thoroughly enjoyed my roast beef and never partook of a better meal than the one I ate at the Armour & Company's office restaurant right at the yards. A private dining-room finished in rich weathered oak, commodious recreation rooms for men and charming rest-rooms for the women and girls, are also situated on this floor. The whole arrangement suggested club life at its best, and is thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by the workers at the Armour offices.

A portion of this fifth floor is devoted to private offices and the consultation rooms of the legal department; here are also to be found the architects and draftsmen of the construction department, equipped with mercury vapor lights, blue printing machinery and everything needed for the conduct of that part of the vast business of Armour & Company. The building contains in all thirty private offices, liberally finished in dark mahogany, with all furniture to match. In fact, the entire arrangement, and every detail of the building, is such as to make it an exhibit of perfect construction, an object lesson to all builders and architects—a magnificent example of how a modern office can be made at once beautiful and convenient.

The temperature of the offices can be regulated to almost any degree of heat or coolness; a supply of fresh air is taken in at a considerable distance above the ground, is washed, filtered and distributed through tile ducts to numerous ventilators through-

out the building and then discharged through openings in the roof. A tunnel connects with the main power-house and provides for the even distribution of heat in winter.

It is almost needless to say that the "Armour Spirit" of ever trying to do everything a little better than it has been done to date, has reacted upon all the surroundings and methods of the Stock Yard district. The faithful, ambitious and self-respecting agent and employee naturally seeks work where his service is best appreciated and rewarded; and cleanliness, convenience, and effective business methods necessitate competition in all these lines. All over the Stock Yards, new and freshly-painted buildings, improved transportation, a vastly increased influx of interested visitors and like matters, bear witness to the benefits that have accrued to the whole packing business and interests. Much has been done to make life pleasanter and more healthful for those who spend the majority of their waking hours in the Stock Yards.

The future growth of the company has also been considered and there is space for employees in addition to the 1,200 now at work. This office-building is indeed worthy of the house of Armour & Company, and, as the largest exclusive office structure owned and operated by any business concern in the world, it is certainly one of the sights of Chicago and will whet public interest in the Stock Yards as representing a splendid American industry, one of the largest on the face of the globe today.



THE HAPPY HABIT.

THE DEAR OLD DAYS

"AND perchance it will delight us to have remembered these things," said Aeneas to his comrade, as he gazed anxiously out over a tempestuous sea which had scattered his fleet and driven him to an alien coast, where hunger, cold, wet and unknown perils seemed to threaten destruction to the exiles from hapless Troy.

Truer words were never spoken; a wiser recognition of the greatest satisfaction that memory affords us has never been more concisely uttered for the comfort of a loyal but perturbed spirit. It is not pleasure past that dwells most persistently in recollection, but the doubtful enterprises undertaken; the hardships faced and endured; the losses bravely met and recouped; the perils that threatened destruction, yet led to honor and success.

So to me, as for a brief hour or two I sit looking out over orchards resplendent with fruitage, lawns gloriously tinted or graced by beds of vari-colored asters, and gardens offering the mature fruits of the harvest, come memories of early struggles; and I review, with thankfulness and satisfaction, the cares, worries, ambitions, hopes and enterprises of "the days that are no more."

Before me appears a dilapidated newspaper office in a little hamlet on the banks of the "Jim," in Dakota, wherein a youth of sixteen presided over an army press (for which an old white horse had been traded), a lot of worn type, a dwindling subscription list and the journalistic interests of a town which was ere long to become a frontier anti-type of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." The little building—an abandoned "real estate boomer's" headquarters with two apartments—was office, workroom, kitchen and dining-room, and the high hopes and universal enthusiasm of the "boom era" had departed. The young editor gathered news items and the material for political and local leaders, skirmished for subscriptions, and cut the sparse grain of the advertising field to the very grass roots; set the type, fed the paper to the clumsy press, folded the little more than half-legible sheets, and did the mailing, writing week by week those names of loyal subscribers over and over again until not even an initial of a name on the list could ever be forgotten.

It was a veritable struggle for existence—for town, subscribers, paper and editor—yet the loyalty and endurance that faced almost inevitable failure evoked such genial appreciation and kindliness that the sunlight of the clear Dakota autumn days seemed to enter into the heart as the editorial pen traversed the paper. If poverty reigned over larder and wardrobe, still the manly independence that was almost universal among the tillers of those broad prairies, with splendid health and the charm of genuine friendship, gave content and happiness, while hope gave promise of better things to come.

* * * * *

The scene shifts and I see the interior of a larger well-equipped daily newspaper office—the evolution of that little Dakota journal. Through this daily many movements have been directed toward the growth and prosperity of a city and haven of the Great Lakes. Many plans for making greater headway were tried, among them the construction of an enormous "Thanksgiving Mince Pie" twelve feet across from rim to rim, a very fortress of flaky crust—a treasury of meats, fruits and spices—deftly mixed and baked in an oven specially

THE HAPPY HABIT

constructed for the Thanksgiving event. The whole city weighed the chances of underbaking, burning and breaking, and the baker grew weary of answering the queries showered upon him by unbelieving adults and wide-eyed girls and boys. It was a great success in its line, and the editor has enjoyed many a hearty laugh and quiet smile over the petty anxieties and consoling successes of the pie project and recollections of men and women of today who were the boys and girls of yesterday and helped to eat that gigantic pie.

Under the same management, and for the advancement of city and newspaper alike, sundry matinees, minstrel shows, and even a notable one-ring circus, gave the girls and boys glorious fun and also chances to prove their powers of entertainment. Both performer and projector gloried in their share of success. Entertainers and spectators are men and women now, but they often hark back to memories of those happy days that were a source of mutual pleasure. Today, the personal surroundings of that aggressive daily lack no comfort, but there is still hard work to be done to keep up to the standard which it set for itself in those dear old days.

* * * * *

Again the scene changes, and I see a large publishing house—the theater of action and the arena of activity—the home of the National Magazine; but the years which have to do with this project are yet too close to give the rich mellow perspective which those earlier days of happy struggle afforded. We can indeed testify to the wisdom of Aeneas' philosophy—it does truly "delight us to remember these things!"

* * * * *

These thoughts are brought to mind by the happy memories of a reunion of NATIONAL MAGAZINE readers at the Mechanics Fair Building, in Boston, on October 12, 1908. It was one of those delightful gatherings that mark the days when old friendships are mellowed and new ones begun. The friends, coming from all parts of New England, celebrated the day when Columbus discovered America, in 1492; and, next to discovering a continent, there's nothing surpasses discovering new friends.

Upon this occasion, for the first time, the Happy Habit exercises crystalized into a reality; heretofore it had been simply the pleasant reverie of readers and editor. The incentive that draws us together at these gatherings is the memory of the dear old days and the pleasure we have had at former reunions. October 12th was only an outgrowth of former occasions—the natural sequence of the happy reunions in the past.

The boys and girls were especially considered on this occasion, and many of them were with us to enjoy a good old-fashioned, jolly time. They were the guests of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for Columbus day, at the New England Exposition. We made it a day that brought a thrill of buoyant happiness at the time, and will remain aglow with delightful recollections through all the years that are to come.

To honor the occasion and mark the advent of our new book, an ingenious subscriber has made an acrostic for the Happy Habiter from selections from the "Heart Throbs" book, and sends it with the suggestion that these poems be studied and one of the titles used each day as a "Happy Habit pass word," to recall the poem read that morning and bring a flood of sweet memories each time the words are uttered:—

Home, Sweet Home
America, 'tis of Thee
Pluck and Luck
Pictures of Memory
Your Mission

Hamlet's Soliloquy
Ask and Ye Shall Receive
Battle Hymn of the Republic
If I Were a Voice
Thank God Every Morning

Dr. M. L. Chapman

THE ABRIDGMENT OF DISTANCE IN OYSTER TRANSPORTATION

Of all inventions, the alphabet and the printing press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for the civilization of our species.—*Macaulay*.

MODERN transportation methods have worked a wonderful revolution in the handling of the perishable products of this country.

The consolidation of railroads into great trunk lines, with fast transcontinental trains; the extension of express service, with shipments forwarded thousands of miles over the lines of one company, doing away with delays formerly incident to the rebilling of shipments at each junction point; the shortening of tracks, reducing of grades, with consequent decreases in running time, etc., bringing the interior cities closer and closer and closer together, have each played an important part in extending the markets of the country's perishable products.

With such products as meats, fruits, vegetables and dairy products, this has mainly been effected through the refrigerator car system, so that now it is a common thing for the population of either coast to have for its breakfast fruits grown on the opposite side of the continent.

The more perishable the product, the greater has been the effect of these changed conditions, and the extension of the markets of perishable farm products is even less than the extension of the markets of the more highly perishable sea foods.

The application of these new transportation facilities to the distribution of oysters—bulk oysters shucked from their heavy shells and so shipped as to retain all of their original salt sea tang—the real "oyster" taste with which the fresh bivalve is endowed by Father Neptune, has been a problem that has only very recently been satisfactorily solved.

It is a rather remarkable fact that the system now supplanting the old methods was invented thousands of miles from the sea-coast—in El Paso, the border town between this country and Mexico. It was a queer place for such a thing to originate, but once again it was necessity which brought about

the invention. At that great distance from the coast, and in that warm southern climate, it was practically impossible to get fresh, palatable oysters—oysters that tasted any more like oysters than a storage egg tastes like one just newly laid.

The difficulty was that the oyster business was on a low plane. Starting at the sea-coast, the oysters were placed in a wooden tub, and the only means of refrigerating was the placing of a chunk of ice directly among the oysters. As the ice melted, the oysters soaked up a portion of the water, and floated around in what they did not absorb; and if any portion of the water from the melted ice was poured off, it carried just that much of the oyster flavor with it. Generally, however, it was not poured off, and the customer bought just as much ice-water as oysters.

The solution of the difficulty was such an excellent one, was so effective and met with such instant favor where first introduced, that, following its natural course, it was next taken up in other southwestern cities, and later spread until the organization which it built up and which built it up, now covers and has its registered agencies in thousands of cities and towns all over the United States and Canada.

The invention, which was a simple one, merely applied the refrigerator principle to the shipment of oysters. A "Sealshipt" oyster carrier was invented and patented, in which the oysters were packed in an inside steel can encased in an outer carrier, in which the ice was packed around the inside steel can, and not in contact with the oysters. The outer case is of peculiar woven construction, to give the maximum strength with very little weight; but the strong point of the method was the enormous difference between the firm, clean oysters packed under the "Sealshipt" method, in contrast with the bloated, bleached and tasteless oysters that have been packed in the ordinary, unsanitary, unsealed wooden tubs.

ABRIDGMENT OF DISTANCE IN OYSTER TRANSPORTATION

So long as the oyster business remained tied to a wooden tub, its scope was necessarily limited. People would not eat oysters—just because they were oysters. They wanted *good* oysters. And the problem of transporting oysters to far interior cities and increasing the amount consumed there, was the work the "Sealshipt" Carrier found cut out for it, and awaiting its coming to herald to a large portion of the population away from the coast that the delicious bivalve could

more of them. The customers themselves needed no demonstration but a trial; and, as all such improvements are finally "up to" the consumer, it was only a question of time when the bulk oysters of the country would be handled under the "Sealshipt" method.

Of course, the supplying and introduction of a perfect shipping package was only one step in the organization and perfection of the "Sealshipt" method of oyster distribution. In order to carry the business to its logical conclusion, it was necessary to secure the co-operation of the oyster packers in packing their goods according to a certain definite standard, whereby the oysters are shucked directly from their shells after being washed to remove the sand and grit, and placed directly in the Sealshipt carriers, to be sealed and shipped immediately to the dealer.

Then there was the other end—where the consumer must also be protected against the same old adulteration; that is, it was necessary to guard against the addition of water after the oysters had reached the hands of the local dealers, the tendency on the part of some dealers being to increase the bulk and measure of the goods by that means. This has been accomplished through the establishment of registered agencies with local dealers, who guarantee to handle under the Sealshipt trade-mark only oysters received in the Sealshipt carriers and sold by them unwatered, without preservatives and in the same condition as when first shucked from the shell.

The introduction and extension of this method has worked a revolution in the oyster industry. Whereas bulk oysters could formerly not be obtained of palatable quality at any point more than a few hours distant from the shucking point, they are now being transported in Sealshipt carriers into every section of the United States and Canada, and the amount consumed in the interior cities being each season so largely increased that there is good reason to believe that the prophecy of one of the prominent members of the Fisheries Commissions may soon be realized, and that the artificial propagation of oysters and the bringing under cultivation of now barren oyster bottoms will increase the oyster production of the country to ten times the present output.



be obtained in Amarilla, Kalamazoo or Winnipeg, with all the indescribable, distinctive savor of oysters freshly taken from the sea.

Like every other big step in packing and shipping methods, these changed conditions have only been brought about by organization, by specialization and by lots of hard work. The oyster growers had to be "shown" before they would see that improved packing conditions meant increased sales and extended markets. The retail dealers insisted on a demonstration of the claim, that their customers would see the desirability of purchasing oysters that tasted right and would buy

Dress-making Troubles Ended

Mrs. Wm. J. Wood, "The Cambridge", Pittsburg, Pa., writes:

"The Suit you made for me has just been received. It fits me perfectly and I am highly pleased with it. I feel that I never want to get a suit any other way than from the 'NATIONAL', it saves so much trouble about fittings and other dress-making annoyances.

"I thank you for your promptness."

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Twenty Years spent in doing just one thing makes one an expert. Don't you think so?

So we do know how to make suits to measure perfectly. We do know we can fit YOU perfectly and relieve you of all dress-making troubles.

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And remember; all the risk of fitting you and pleasing you in Style, Workmanship and Material—all this risk is ours.

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LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.



FEATHER PILLOWS

By Mrs. Effie J. Biggersstaff, Seattle, Wash.

When changing feathers from one tick to another simply press the feathers back from one corner for about six inches. Then baste firmly before ripping open the seam. Have the new tick sewed to within the same distance. Then overhand the seams of the two ticks together, pull out the bastings from the full one and shake feathers into the new tick. When all the feathers are in the new tick, baste firmly before ripping apart. In this way feathers are easily managed and without flying about the room.

TO COLOR LACE ECRU

By Mrs. A. S. Coffield, Everett, N. C.

Old white lace or silk gloves may be given a beautiful ecru color by first washing and then dipping them in plain table tea; the stronger the tea the deeper the color.

TO KEEP MEAT FRESH

By R. J. Lean, Elkhorn, Wis.

After butchering, wrap the meat in paper, and bury in a grain bin. This will keep beef or pork fresh for months.

A GOOD HOUSEHOLD SOAP

By Mrs. G. M. Warren, Dillonvale, O.

When making soap, to every pound of potash used add one-half pound of borax and a few drops of carbolic acid, according to strength of the acid, stirring in the two last ingredients just at the finish, either in boiled or cold soap and the resultant soap will be superior to any soap for general purposes, as the housewife is certain of the condition and quality of fat used. If fresh mutton-tallow be used it makes a good healing soap for workingmen's use.

TO STOP HICCOUGHS

By Eva G. Lambertson, Lander, Wyo.

Ten drops of camphor in half a cupful of hot sweetened water will usually relieve a bad case. Repeat in ten minutes if necessary, but usually it isn't. For the baby one to three drops will be enough. Even dropping some on a handkerchief and laying it near the baby's face has been effective.

WATER FOR CAKES

By Mrs. A. F. Barker, Salem, Va.

Water instead of milk for making cakes is much better. Hot water should always be used in making sponge cake. A cake made with hot water will not be tough.

FLY-PAPER SEASON

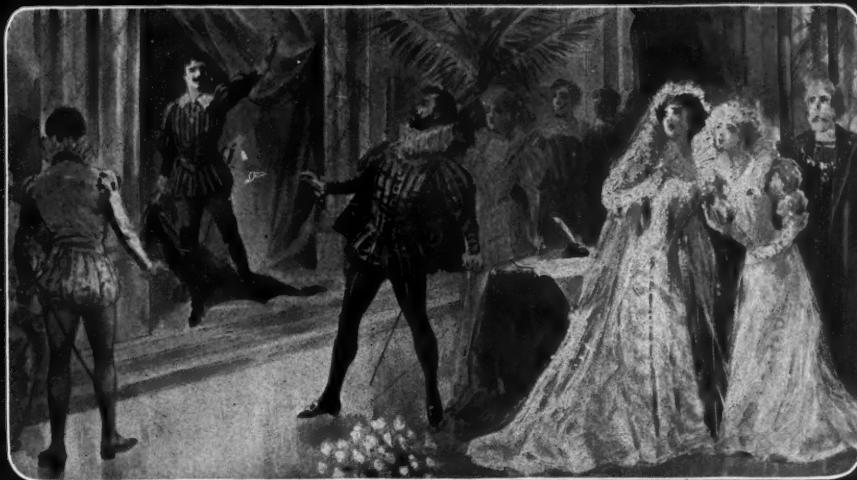
In fly-time when it becomes necessary to use fly-paper try this method and see how much trouble will be saved. Tack the sheets of fly-paper to thin boards. In this way they are not carried across the room by a stray breeze and landed sticky side down on the floor or furniture.

TO CLEAN A CLOCK

By J. W. Murray, Milford, Utah

Saturate a piece of cotton as large as an egg with coal oil and put on the floor of the clock shut tight. In 4 or 6 days you will see the works clean as new and the cotton black with particles of dirt which have been loosened by the kerosene fumes.

Victor



The great Sextet from "Lucia"

sung by Sembrich, Severina, Caruso,
Scotti, Journet and Daddi

A magnificent record of this grand ensemble, noted for its extreme beauty and powerful dramatic qualities.

The Victor grand-opera list includes such masterpieces as the Quintet from the Meistersinger, the Quartet and Duet from Rigoletto, the Quartet from Boheme; duets from Madame Butterfly, Boheme and Don Giovanni, and more than 300 other operatic selections.

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THE HOME

SOUR PICKLES

By Lena W. Rice, Underhill, R. F. D. 1, Vt.

A very easy way to make sour pickles for the winter is as follows: Fill quart fruit jars with small cucumbers, mixing in a little horseradish root or leaves. Place a heaping teaspoonful salt on top and fill the can with boiling vinegar. Seal immediately. These pickles keep indefinitely, and are as nice as those made with twice the work. They also have that "crumby" quality so much desired.

MOVING MATTRESSES

In cleaning chambers, do you not find that lifting the cumbersome mattresses is the hardest task found? Not because of their great weight, although they are heavy, but on account of the difficulty in getting hold of the unwieldy things. Try roping them with clothes line, and see how it simplifies matters. Put the rope around bookstrap-fashion, and knot in such a way that you have a rope handle to clutch and see how easily the mattress can then be handled.

TURNING A HEM

If you have a ruffle to hem, the hem may be measured in a tenth part of the time usually required by employing the following process: After the breadths of ruffling are cut off, before sewing them together, lay flat on work-table and measure at each lower edge the width of required hem, allowing for the portion turned under. Then, by the use of a yard stick, mark across the goods with chalk or tracing-wheel, and your hem is all measured, ready to turn.

WINTER PIES

In cold weather one may save much time by making a quantity of apple or mince pies at a time. Put them in some cupboard outside, where they will freeze and remain frozen until wanted. The day you wish a pie for dinner, bring in one in the morning, thaw out, and bake. Pies kept in this way will be as good as if just put together.

RELIEF FOR SICK STOMACH

A very simple home remedy for nausea is cinnamon tea. Place a teaspoon of ground cinnamon in teacup, and pour over it a half cup of *boiling* water. As soon as the mixture settles, it is ready for use. This settles the stomach in a remarkably short time.

MAKING A WASH DRESS

In making a wash dress, if you would avoid the unsightly sag which will invariably come in the back of the skirt after a few day's wear, do not gore the back breadths. A five or seven-gored skirt model cuts to good advantage in this way. Gore the front and side breadths according to the pattern, and set in straight back breadths, and see how well your skirt will hang until worn out.

FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

If you are a home dressmaker keep a quantity of the sharp black pins on hand to use in pinning patterns on, etc. Their large heads render them very easily picked up, while the points, being so very sharp, are easily pricked through the material, and do not draw the goods as common pins frequently do. A quantity of these can be purchased for five cents at any department store.

TURKISH DELIGHT

By F. B. W., New Castle, Ind.

One ounce Knor's gelatine dissolved in one-half cup of water, grated rind and juice of one lemon and one orange, one-half cup of cold water added to two cups of granulated sugar. When dissolved, mix all together and boil twenty minutes. Pour in a shallow vessel and let stand twenty-four hours; then cut in squares, rolling each in pulverized sugar.

SAVE SOAP SCRAPS

By Mrs. J. M. Sewell, Pullman, Wash.

Do not throw away bits of toilet soap. Keep a jar to put them in. Make bags of fine cheese cloth four by six inches, fill with bran, a few bits of soap, and a pinch or two of Orris if you have it; Tie the bags at the top; do not fill them as full, as the bran swells in the water. Oatmeal may be used instead of bran. These bags make the nicest kinds of wash-rags. Another use for bits of soap is to put them into an empty jar and pour in alcohol or cologne, not quite enough to cover the soap. This will make a jelly which will be found useful in shampooing, or in the bath, as it dissolves quickly in the water. Add a few drops of lavender or rose to the alcohol and soap just before using.

ECONOMY IN MAKING BED LINEN

By Mrs. James MacGregor, Ansonia, Ct.

Sheets are better hemmed with the same width hem at each end. They can then be used either end for the head and will wear more evenly.

If, when making pillow-cases, you make them an inch or so longer than usual, it will allow of cutting off and hemming again when they wear out at the corners and the other parts are still good.

ANT EXTERMINATOR

By Mrs. C. A. Wilcox, Hartford, Ct.

I was troubled last summer with little red ants in my house. I took alum in proportion to two pounds of alum in three quarts of water. Having dissolved the alum in the water, I applied with a brush while hot to every crack and crevice where the ants were in the habit of staying.

To get rid of the larger species, lay about fresh picked tansy leaves.

ABOUT EGGS

By Mrs. Rena Nelson, Marshall, Ind.

When using an egg which has been frozen, break it into the mixing dish and place on the stove until slightly warm; beat briskly, and the yolk will be smooth instead of forming in small curdles.

If you use the whites of the eggs only for a dish, do not remove the yolks from the shells, and they will not form a crust on top.

AN ANSWER

By Mrs. A. S. Badger, Waukesha, Wis.

You may say to W. D. Robinson, Knoxville, Iowa, that to drive away red ants, if he will take liquid corrosive sublimate, pour it on little pieces of cotton batting and lay it where the ants travel, they will leave instantly. The odor of corrosive sublimate lasts but a short time.

SUGARING DOUGHNUTS

By Mrs. M. J. Love, Sandusky, O.

Put pulverized sugar in a paper bag, add doughnuts, give a little shake, and lo! the work is done, with nothing to clean up. Try my way.

SAUSAGE HELP

By Mrs. Fred Van Vechten, Columbia X Roads, Bradford County, Pa.

When making sausage add a small amount of ginger, this prevents the formation of gas in the stomach.

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THE HOME

INVALIDS MADE COMFORTABLE

By Annie E. Brown, Breckenridge, Minn.

Chair-bound invalids living in warm climates may be protected from flies and mosquitoes by suspending the top of an umbrella or parasol from hook in ceiling, sawing off the handle just below the catch which holds up the frame. Get about four yards of mosquito-netting, sew the edges together with exception of an opening at front, gather at top of parasol and leave hanging to floor around the patient's chair.

TO ALLAY FEVER THIRST

In cases of fever moisten the tongue frequently with glycerine and thirst will be greatly decreased.

MEALY POTATOES

To make old and poor potatoes delightfully mealy and nice, the moment water has been drained from them, after boiling, take kettle to the open air and shake gently; must be done very quickly.

POTATOES A SUBSTITUTE FOR MILK

I have discovered that a couple of cold boiled potatoes mashed fine make an excellent substitute for milk when making baking-powder biscuit, making them moist and very light.

TO FRY SMOKED HAM

Fry in the ordinary way till half done. Then turn grease out of frying-pan into another dish. Put meat back over fire, have ready boiling water and cover meat quickly with it, in the frying-pan, allowing it to stand for a minute or two. Turn off water, replace grease, and continue frying till done. The meat will be delightfully soft and nice.

HOW TO TREAT SPRAINS

By Mrs. C. B. Thrapp, West Lafayette, O.

When a wrist or ankle is sprained take the white of an egg and thicken it with common table salt. Spread it on a strong cloth and bind it firmly around the sprained member. It will almost immediately harden until it forms a cast around the injured member. Let it remain between twenty-four and thirty-six hours according to the severity of the sprain. Remove, and the sprain will be entirely cured. We remember a music-teacher who received a severe sprain in her wrist two days before a concert in which she was engaged to play. She tried this remedy and was able to fill her engagement.

HOW TO CLEAN A PAINT BRUSH

By Miss Mary P. Bickford, Muskogee, Okla.

Make a good soap-suds with boiling hot water, then dissolve sal-soda in the water until quite strong. Work the brush in this, changing the mixture if it becomes too thick with paint, always using enough sal soda, and see if your brush will not be soft and clean, unless it has been used so much that it is a hopeless case.

OILCLOTH APRONS

By Miss E. Hope Chandler, Presque Isle, Me.

Make oilcloth aprons with bibs for washing. The water that splashes on one from the board runs off and leaves one's clothes dry.

TO CLEAN SOILED STRAW HATS

By W. W. Miller, Concord Junction, Mass.

To clean old or soiled straw hats, rub with a mixture of three parts benzine to one part of magnesia. Have proved this in available.

THE SALT BATH

By Rev. M. Fulcomer, Bluesprings, Neb.

Bathing in salt water is so refreshing, so invigorating so health-inspiring to the cuticle and to the whole system. It leaves the pores in a healthy operating condition. Well tried experience proves that the most economical and safest way is the sponge bath; and perhaps the best sponge is a good coarse cloth of the right size. Make your wash-bowl of warm water salty like sea-water. Commending with the head, saturate your whole body freely with your sponge or cloth. Take time enough, and use plenty of good soap. Wipe dry with a coarse towel. Do all this yourself. Do not let anyone do it for you if you are able to stand up.

Take this bath at least once a week or oftener. It helps the whole system, even to regulating the bowels and kidneys in their action. It is good for the eyes, the nose, the ears, the hair. It relieves all cutaneous affections. It is better than medicine.

THREE SENSIBLE HELPS

By Paul Suter, Cleveland, O.

NATURAL CURE FOR CONSTIPATION

Each night, just before retiring, practice bending exercises, backward and forward, and from side to side; also, come to a full squat and rise again, from ten to twenty times. In the morning drink a cup of warm water, in which has been mixed the juice of half a lemon and a pinch of salt. This remedy is especially good for a "lazy liver."

FOR DANDRUFF

Wash the head, each morning, in *cold water*. You won't catch cold in the head, if you are careful to dry the hair thoroughly before going outside. Indeed, this treatment if persisted in, will go a long way toward curing catarrh. It is a "sure shot" for dandruff.

BACKACHE

If you are troubled with pains in the back, try heating a bag of salt in the oven, and taking it to bed with you. Salt heated in this way will retain its warmth for hours. Besides, it has a curative property in itself, which acts upon the kidneys.

OVEN-HELPS AND SANDWICH BREAD

By Mrs. M. Barrett, Jacobsburg, O.

For next year's canning remember to salt tomatoes and prevent popping, also that apple butter made in the oven requires little stirring. In canning berries I place a pan in the oven to cook while the top of the stove is filled. Fry meat or sausage, also heat dish water in the oven when stove is crowded.

To make a round loaf of bread for sandwiches bake in tin can after having melted off the rim.

A HANDY GRATER

By Mrs. G. M. Warren, Dillonvale, O.

A tin-can lid, medium size, driven full of holes with an awl or sharp-pointed nail makes a handy culinary tool for any use to which a larger grater is used. It quickly removes any scorched crust from bread, cake or pie, and will be found helpful in many ways.

TO KEEP MATTRESSES UNMARKED

By Margaret A. Hale, New Richmond, Wis.

To prevent a mattress from getting marked by springs, stretch ticking over the springs, hem both ends, sew rings on corners, run tape through and tie to springs.



A Masterpiece

A true masterpiece represents the highest degree of achievement. What the name Michael Angelo stands for in sculpture—what Raphael signifies to the painter—what Stradivarius means to the violinist, that wealth of meaning the name STEINWAY conveys to the pianist and to the great music-loving public of the world.

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By BENNETT CHAPPLE

THE "MUSTANG" OF THE NAVY

THE American Navy has always been a source of just pride to the nation. Its record is a noble one, and its service is of especially fascinating interest to the young men of the country. At present it is the best advertised branch of Uncle Sam's service, for the magnificent fleet now "playing to crowded houses" on its trip around the world has, by its splendid proportions and appearance, been a source of patriotic pride to every American citizen.

Many things have contributed to the remarkable growth and improved conditions of the American Navy. One powerful factor is the personal interest taken in its fortunes by President Roosevelt, who served just before and up to the beginning of the Spanish-American War as assistant secretary of the navy; and who, when he became president, continued to keep the interests of the navy close at heart, in doing which he was ably supported by such broad-minded, capable commanders as Admiral Dewey, Admiral Schley, "Fighting Bob" Evans and a host of other officers of marked ability.

In the year 1901, during the administration of President Roosevelt, Congress passed what is commonly known as "The Personnel Act," which enables enlisted men in the naval service to become commissioned officers, which was formerly possible only for graduates of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Give the average young American an opportunity for advancement, and he will work hard and perseveringly for it. In commer-

cial circles in this country the self-made man receives full recognition of his ability, and so it is now in the navy. Consequently, it is filling up with some of the best blood of the country—young men who were not so fortunate as to secure appointment to Annapolis, but who yearned for the sea life of the navy and a chance for promotion and honor such as is now afforded by the Personnel Act.

Every young man nowadays has an opportunity to fit himself for a naval career, without being obliged to get appointment to Annapolis. By opening up the way to a commission for the petty officer and seaman, the Navy Department encourages all ambitious enlisted men to live soberly, serve faithfully, become efficient in all their duties and study to fit themselves for advancement. That many are doing so is evidenced by the fact that since this act was passed twenty-four young men have attained the grade of ensign, the rating given a naval cadet at graduation, and some have secured even higher promotion.

The Annapolis graduates have adopted a distinctive term for these self-made men; they call them "mustangs," and a better name could hardly be found, for, like the wild horses, these men are hardy, fearless, persistent and enduring beyond many of the scions of the highly-bred stock. If brains and energy count in the navy as they do in business life, the world may expect much of the "mustangs," for that species has a habit of "getting there." While this rivalry exists it

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599/S. Women's "Onyx" Black Gauze Lisle, Garter top, spliced selvage, reinforced heel and toe; unusual value; delightful weight, 50c per pair.

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E/310. Black and Colored Lisle, Six-Thread Heel and Toe. Four Threads all over. The only Lisle Hose that will not burn nor is harsh to the feet, 50c per pair.

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is wholesome and good-natured. Annapolis graduates take their cue from their superior officers, and on board ship encourage with time and practical assistance the less favored enlisted men.

In many instances the Navy Department provides places for study on board ship, and under the encouragement of Admiral Dewey and Rear Admiral Evans, the captains of many battleships and cruisers have appointed instructors from among their officers to assist those who are studying for promotion.

There is a strictly business side to this new departure; encouraging enlisted men to seek promotion aids them in acquiring good habits and manners conducive to study, and necessarily makes them quick to learn not only the practice but the theory of their duties, thus visibly increasing the efficiency of the service.

It is now a common occurrence for a smart young seaman or landsman on the watch that is "piped below" to get out his "ditty box," spread his "calking mat" in a comfortable place and begin to prepare a "recitation" on nautical astronomy, with a view to forwarding it by early mail to his correspondence school professor—for it is thus that most of the men secure their theoretical training. The International Correspondence Schools, at Scranton, Pennsylvania, alone have over 2,000 students in the fleet now sailing around the world. Of the twenty-four enlisted men who have already secured ensigns' commissions under the Personnel Act, fourteen have availed themselves of the course and methods of study of these schools.

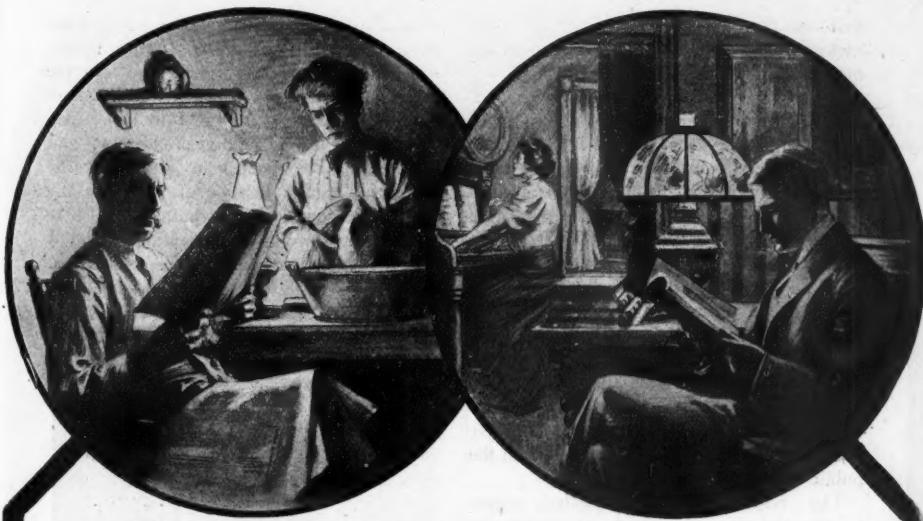
Comparatively few persons have any idea of the scope and effectiveness of this method of education. The sailor-student receives his lessons at one port, studies them at sea, graphically "recites" them and sends his "recitations" to a teacher from his next port of call, where he receives the corrected "recitations" sent from his last landing place. A young seaman who pursues this earnest mode of getting an education deserves advancement, and may well be compared to the hardy and tireless "mustang." Thus the ladder is steadily ascended; able seamen gain commissions as ensigns and are advanced to lieutenancies; boatswain's mates are made boatswains; firemen and machinists become warrant machinists; electricians are promoted to chief electricians; yeomen to chief yeo-

men, and men are advanced from rating to rating in all branches of the service. Passing through the unrivalled school of experience, these self-made officers must in every way equal Annapolis graduates in actual efficiency. The civilian who has overcome all obstacles and advanced to a lofty position is regarded as a high type of manhood, and the man in the navy who, by faithful service and patient study demonstrates his ability to climb to high command, is equally worthy of admiration and respect.

Of the work accomplished by the International Correspondence Schools among enlisted men, Admiral Dewey says:—"I am glad to learn that so many men in the naval service have taken and are taking advantage of the excellent system which these schools follow. I have heard many favorable opinions expressed in regard to their work," and Admiral Thomas, who succeeded Admiral Evans in command of the fleet, has expressed himself as amazed at the wonderful progress his men have already made.

With such instruction so easily obtainable, it is evident that the young sailor has as good opportunities for study and advancement as any "land lubber," and in some instances he is even more favorably situated than many ambitious men and women in trades and professions. In the navy, as in all other walks of life, the mission of the correspondence school is self-help, and must be considered not only as a benefit but as a necessity to the nation. The immense changes in every department of naval warfare; the use of steam, electricity, gasoline, smokeless powder and other high explosives; the handling of all kinds of apparatus and labor-saving machinery; the wonderful skill and judgment necessary to the effective use of long range and quick-firing ordnance and the torpedo—all call for men of finer perception and closer training than the broadside firing, sail-handling heroes of Jones, Hull, Bainbridge, Decatur, Farragut and Porter.

The splendid work that the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton are doing must call forth renewed praise for this great "college for the ambitious" which in its seventeen years' experience has bettered the work and bettered the lives of hundreds of thousands in nearly every civilian trade and profession; has brought yearly millions of dollars in increased salaries to its students,



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LET'S TALK IT OVER

and has far and away surpassed all other methods of utilitarian education for the masses.

* * *

OME years ago a paragraph appeared in the NATIONAL reflecting the philosophy of the average policeman. It was a serious and earnest appreciation of the conscientious officer of the law. A copy of the resolution adopted at the convention of the International Association of Police at Detroit, Mich., in June last has called this to mind. It was in the nature of a protest to the publishers of newspapers, books, magazines and theatrical managers that they put a stop to the cartoons and facetious alleged humorous comments upon the policeman. The ridicule of the policeman has become in a way offensive not only to the men who wear the star but the public who respect the law.

The resolution also requested school boards and superintendents of schools to have the school children properly instructed to respect the policemen as guardians of the peace to whom they can look with confidence for aid and as representatives of authority.

This came home to us because one of the boys of the NATIONAL office force who has been with us for years, has gone to wear the blue on the Boston police force. Now the NATIONAL has a personal interest in "Joe," for he is one of those stalwart young men who is always respected. Big, kind-hearted, he never shirked his work and duty. Sensitive to abuse and ridicule, the policeman is necessarily the same as any other professional man or tradesman, for policemen are recruited from such boys as our Joe and do not deserve to be made the butt of ill-considered harpooning under the guise of alleged humor. It is difficult to focus admiration on the policeman as a sturdy, unpretentious hero. He is made a target of abuse for the high and low, the good and the bad. In the circus and on the stage he is pictured with his red nose doing those covert acts which seem to be about the only fund which the humorist draws upon as a last resort. Stop and think for a minute of how unhesitatingly and fearlessly he is ready to meet death at the hands of a maddened loafer and from the pistol of a burglar, highwayman or murderer.

There is nothing dramatic in the simple performance of his duty. He is compelled to face without flinching emergencies that may

arise at any moment; to care tenderly for the sick, wounded, dying, and lost unfortunates; in a thousand ways to protect and save the helpless, and yet these are the men whom the public have been taught to look upon with a sneer and as the butt of cheap wit and caricature. The policeman represents the glory of a nation in time of peace, as the soldier wearing the brass buttons of Uncle Sam during war. The convention displayed good judgment in passing this resolution. The request will be honored and result in



FRED KOHLER
Chief of Police, Cleveland, Ohio

much deserved honor to the helmeted guard who do, in fact, represent the real majesty of law and order.

* * *

GAS ENGINES

THE owner of a good horse not only likes to ride behind it and feel the electric tension of its superabundant energy through the reins, and know that he is going at a two-ten clip, but he wants his friends to know all about it. There is such a satisfaction and exhilaration in the possession of anything that "goes" well.

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An Ostermoor never needs renovating. Just an occasional sun-and-air bath will keep it always pure and clean—there's no wear-out to it.

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Sleep on an Ostermoor Mattress for a month—then, if for any reason you're dissatisfied, we'll return every penny of your money.

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its fascinating sway over me, it is the Bruce-Merriam-Abbott gas engines—"Jack and Jill."

Jack and Jill are units of twenty-seven horse power each, and when they start up in the morning and jog along, night and day, furnishing power without complaint or protest, I feel a personal interest in them, almost as much as in the beauty and energy of a good horse. Whenever I go down to the engine room and look at those engines working noiselessly and powerfully, I can well understand the universal human admiration of concentrated power. All day long Jack and Jill purr like two kittens, each seeming to run a race with the other, just to see how much power they can furnish. Although these machines were made by the same company on exactly the same pattern, they seem to have an individuality of their own. Of course it is Jack that eats the most, because that is why he got his name. Just a little more—just as a man will consume a little more food than a woman. Jack is a little bit slower about getting into action, but once the wheels begin to whirl, he is there for all day.

Expert engineers have long since decreed that the most economic power that can be used in industrial power is gas, so now as these twins rush along day and night without murmur or complaint, running at a speed that would rival fast express trains, pulling a load that would make a locomotive throw out showers of cinders in years gone by, we feel a pardonable pride in the possession of this equipment. Then as one looks at the little incandescent bulbs gleaming all over both floors of the offices, one realizes that, incidentally, almost as a mere by-product, the light that illuminates the NATIONAL MAGAZINE office is furnished by this splendid equipment. When the engineer starts them in the morning and gives them each their quota of oil and food for the day, they start off like frisky colts, and then when they are closed down for noon-day rest or at night, there is a chug-chug murmur of content as they are carefully rubbed down for another day's race.

When it comes to gas engines, we have an exhibit that proves the case.

* * *

THE great flocks of the patriarch Abram ham were as nothing in comparison with the immense numbers of cattle, sheep, swine and chickens that pass in endless procession

from the farm to the great stock yards of the country, in urging large direct cash returns to the farmers of the republic a long time before it is turned over into money from the consumer. The stock yards in Chicago are a veritable clearing house for the agriculturists of the country, and this industry represents the largest proportion of the income of the American farmer. The money is received as direct as if pouring from a mint. On the bulletin boards of these yards are the receipts of live stock in every large market and packing house in the world, showing just how the soil is turning it all into cash.

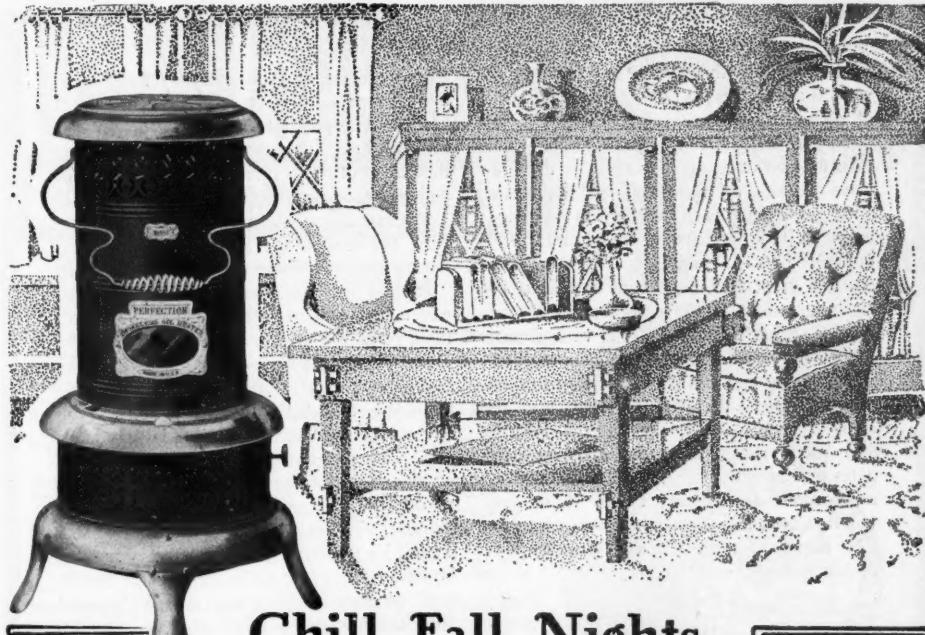
The variety of farm products handled in the stock yards gives them something of the romantic interest of farm life. The Libby-McNeill packing house alone cans over 325 varieties, and of those sent to the markets 210 have distinctive Libby labels. Some idea of the extent of this trade may be gained from the fact that this firm puts up 8,000 tons of sauerkraut, this being but one item of the immense diversified productions of this concern.

The Libby-McNeill establishment supplied goods for the Japanese and Russian armies, as well as the American and Spanish armies when in conflict of war. The English navy is an old customer, and the products put up by this house are found in every country in the world where meats are consumed.

The magical words, "Made in America," as is now the case with the products of the larger houses, will be an ample guarantee of a quality and purity not surpassed in any market in the world.

* * *

WHEN it came to selection of a chairman of the National Committee, aside from the preference expressed by the nominees for president and vice-president, it was inevitable that an overwhelming majority of the committee should favor Frank Hitchcock and his aides in Chicago to command the campaign. To work night and day is merely an incident in the policy of this active, young political general. His enthusiasm is shared by those he employs, and stenographers, messengers and other employees have that unswerving loyalty to the chief that counts for so much. Long ago Frank Hitchcock demonstrated that he knows how to treat men as



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LET'S TALK IT OVER

men, even fair and just in his dealings, his word is as good as his bond. In all the stress of alternate success and difficulty, he sits quietly, often with folded arms, selecting one man for this duty, another man for that; always choosing the right sentinel for the post, and considering each as part of the great entity that is ever present in his mind—his finished plan. While Mr. Hitchcock will spend a great deal of his time at Chicago, it is characteristic of the man that every conference and talk with leaders in various parts has occurred in the section where they reside. When he talks with a Wisconsin man, he does so in the Middle West, and the same rule is followed in Idaho, California and other states. The New England delegates will be called together at some convenient center, and discuss chiefly those matters that interest voters of their own locality. The leaders of the South and West convene in like manner, each "at home."

* * *

STANDARD PENS

ALTHOUGH it is an article used by nearly every individual in the United States, and almost continuously by some, it is a curious fact that there are but six establishments in the country making steel pens. It is not a far cry from the split goose-quill of our grandfathers to the polished steel point that marks every walk of life,—it may be the tiny hairlines made by the timid schoolgirl in her copy-book, or the hasty scrawl that appears on public telegram or hotel register. Many persons alive today took their first writing lesson with a quill pen; and it may be, in the course of evolution, future generations of spectacled youth will sit at desks equipped with typewriters, making interminable copy-books; yet, so long as human thought is set down on paper, it is doubtful if anything can quite supplant the instrument that directs a flow of thought straight from the brain to the paper.

At the Standard Steel Pen Works, in New Britain, Conn., I saw for the first time how pens are made, and it was delightful to hear Mr. Munro tell about the art and watch him show the processes. He is an Englishman by birth and comes of a family of pen-makers who have been engaged in the business ever since steel was first used in this manufacture. The material used comes from England in

narrow sheets, and in lengths of not more than six or seven feet. In these lengths it has been found that an exact uniformity of thickness can be secured by rolling, and in thousands of strips there is not a variation of one four-thousandth of an inch.

We saw the whole process of pen-making. First the steel strips are passed through a dyeing process where the pens are cut or "blanked out"; afterwards they are pierced with a fine tool to make the little hole, and then, passing to another press, are slit on the sides. Then they are taken down into the basement and put into "muffle pots" and annealed—that is, the temper is taken out by heating, and the cooling off is very slow.

The next process is "striking the name" on the shank of the pens, which is done on small hand "drops" that are miniature pile drivers. Girls operate them and they raise a weight by pulling a strap and the embossing is done by the fall; some idea of the expertness of these girl-workers may be formed from the fact that a day's work is from 200 to 250 gross of pens.

Next comes the "raising" process or shaping into such style as may be desired. Then back to the annealing ovens the pens go, but this time to be hardened; being a quick process, the pens can be handled in large quantities.

Now, for a while, the pens are rolled and tumbled in circular drums partly filled with scouring mixture, and when they reappear, and the muddy water is rinsed off, they are as clean as washing can make them. Now they are heated again and carefully tempered, which leaves them black, although perfectly clean. Into another cylinder they go and are revolved until bright.

Seated at benches a number of girls were busily "grinding" the points, a very important process, but the operatives handle each pen so deftly that the observer can hardly follow the movement of their swift fingers.

The next process is also very important—"slitting." This is done on stamping machines in a manner similar to blanking, piercing and striking up the name. Still the pens won't write. They must return to the basement and go through another rolling and tumbling process, involving a trade secret which gives them a lustrous finish, and so smooths the point that it attains a velvet softness.

IVER JOHNSON

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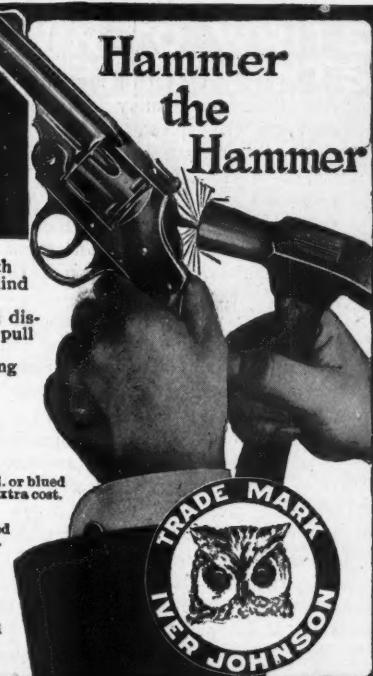
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Now comes the careful inspection of every pen under the scrutiny of young, bright-eyed girls, who "spread" the points of the pens on glass counters under which is very white paper. Every defect of point, shape, flexibility and finish is taken in at a glance, and the fingers are equally quick; the uninitiated would find it a difficult task to count as fast all day as those girls pass upon the combined features of each little pen.

The next processes are boxing or sewing on display cards. The working exhibit of pen-making would be an interesting study for man, woman and child—in short, everyone who uses a pen.

It may be said here that the Standard Steel Pens made at this factory have, for several years, been used in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE office in preference to any other make. Every teacher who reads this article may do an important service to an infant American industry by introducing and explaining the process of manufacture to her scholars. While at the factory I learned that the sample cards, arranged by the girls and bearing on them a dozen assorted pens, may be purchased for five cents, which seemed hardly credible, but it is an admirable mode of introducing the pens.

While this may be only the embryo of a great American industry, it is destined to accomplish wonders; and in view of the fact that one hundred thousand people in England are making steel pens for the world, it is time for American industrial independence to demand consideration, especially when the business man can get better pens by asking for "Standard,—made in New Britain, Conn." Let everyone patronize this home industry.

After witnessing the sensitive skill required for the delicate work done all through the Standard Steel Pen establishment, the visitor will not be surprised when Mr. Munro claims, with perfect confidence, that nowhere is a better pen manufactured than at his factory; adding that here, too, are to be obtained all styles, from the sturdy stub to the tiny, thread-like nib for the most delicate lines. If you have not yet used a "Standard" don't fail to try one.

* * *

A CIRCUS in Washington is thrice a circus. The large tents of the Barnum & Bailey greatest on earth was filled with 15,000

people daily. In the five rings and between the acts were a proceedings more lively than at the Capitol on the hill. With the air filled with flying forms from the trapeze; the lights glimmering on the tight-wire; horses circling with whirling riders turning somersaults; the automobile looping the loop—the same old story ever new and ever fascinating. On the seats and in the straw—overflow from the reserves—were all the dignitaries of the government, from sedate justice or senator to the new-fledged congressman. What a thrill in those shouts of laughter that followed the unleashing of the coalition of clowns. What trifles it requires to amuse a throng if those trifles chance to hit direct at that funny nerve born in every American and accentuated at a circus. The Merry Widow hat with a bicycle rim and that walk was enough. The painted clown of Dan Rice's time and of ancient renown must give way now and then to modern innovations. That audience felt the thrill and the amusement that recalls the first circus. The boys longed to hoard and prolong passing time, for was not here the realization of those hours of wonderment in the brilliant-hued bill board!

* * *

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PAGE - DAVIS SCHOOL

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LET'S TALK IT OVER

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* * *

A NOTABLE report has been made by the committee—consisting of Mr. Edward Hatch, Jr., chairman; J. Pierpont Morgan, Albert Van Der Veer, M.D., John Y. Culyer, C.E., and Daniel D. Jackson, S.B.—appointed by the Merchants' Association of New York to investigate the pollution of the waters of New York harbor.

The investigation has been a thorough one, and the committee are to be congratulated on having performed a most useful work for the great city. The thorough and systematic manner in which the investigation was conducted is worthy and characteristic of the gentlemen who have devoted their great abilities to this public work. The maps and plans of New York and vicinity, prepared by their direction, and the evidence collected and condensed plainly demonstrate that swarms of flies feeding on matter from the sewers are largely responsible for the mortality occasioned by intestinal diseases, notably typhoid fever, which ravage the infected districts of New York.

Flies, "the plague of Egypt," rather than "the sickly hot season" of summer are responsible for the waves of disease that annually sweep the Empire City. Observe a fever district—in it flies abound. The investigators did not fail to note this fact, and the history of the fly was carefully traced, from birth to death. It was proved that the shape and surface of a fly's body is peculiarly adapted to carrying infectious matter, and to demonstrate this fact flies were caught and thoroughly cleansed, then released and permitted to walk over infected material; they were again examined and the matter clinging to the body and legs on being analyzed, in the case of a single fly, was found to contain over 100,000 fecal germs.

The various meanderings of the flies were traced by sprinkling them with cayenne pepper, and the committee were forced to the conclusion that even New York's drinking water is not pure, but in many instances is a death-dealing fluid. An epidemic of typhoid fever was clearly traced to the pollution carried by flies from around the wharves, where the city sewage collects, for in many instances the pipes are carried but a short distance below the surface of the water of the harbor, and the entire shore is fringed with cesspools, wherein flies and fever are bred.

Flies cannot subsist long without nourishment, and usually go but a short distance from their native habitat; but in warm weather they are apt to travel farther and when possible prefer to get indoors at night. The "harmless flies" buzzing in the pantry have been proven to be a much more alarming menace to the health of the family than even the worst types of mosquito.

Their report also demonstrates that many dairy farms supplying the city are utterly unsanitary, infected with germs resulting from the filth which flows from various sources into almost all the water in and around New York.

It is estimated that proper sanitation will reduce typhoid fever and like diseases prevalent in New York to a ratio of 350 deaths against the 650 now reported, and that deaths from diarrhoea may be decreased from 7,000 to 2,000, provided that germ-infected flies shall not be permitted to contaminate milk and other food supplies before or after they reach the city. The possibility of preventing several thousand deaths and 50,000 cases of

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sickness is certainly worthy of consideration by any lover of humanity.

Few men have given more thought and effort to this important matter than Edward Hatch, Jr., who is now calling the attention of Governor Hughes to the grave question of this menace to the health of New York. Mr. Hatch believes that appropriations of money running well into the millions ought to be used for this important work. A study of the history of New York City shows that it owes the state \$44,000,000 for violations of the health laws between 1903 and 1907. In the opinion of many prominent men, some part of this immense sum ought to be appropriated to the work of proper sanitation on land, and to purifying New York harbor.

Following up the splendid work of Mr. Hatch, Dr. Howard, entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, is taking up for the federal government the investigation of the same subject.

The commission of which Mr. Hatch was chairman proved conclusively that the house fly has done more to carry contagion than any other insect in the temperate zone; and that a large proportion of all intestinal troubles, supposed to be due to the hot weather, were directly traceable to the pestiferous little house fly. Dr. Howard's work has now confirmed this opinion, and shown that such disease mainly exists at Washington just where the flies are most numerous.

In some experiments the flight of the flies have been traced by marking them with red paint, and it is certain that flies do not travel far, a fact previously demonstrated by Mr. Hatch. Dr. Howard's experiments also show that the house fly originates a large proportion of the typhoid and cholera cases, and that a single fly often carries from 550 to 6,600,000 dangerous bacteria. His investigations are now especially directed to tracing the original causes of typhoid fever.

Such facts and statistics will be collected by the Agricultural Department until October, when the fly season is considered to be over.

The multiplication of automobiles will largely exterminate flies, for as the garage replaces the livery stable, there is nothing for the flies to live upon. The old-time flies have a hard time when they seek on the rubber tires of a benzine buggy the nutrient afforded by the body of the noble horse and the refuse of his stall.

A collection of flies from all parts of the country, with reports attached, showing just where and how the insects were captured and what disease germs they carried is being made. Many citizens of Washington have been co-operating with Dr. Howard, sending him specimens of house flies carefully stuck on fly paper, with a note as to whence they came.

The enthusiasm of the eminent scientist was lately demonstrated in a laughable way. He was seen to be carefully observing a fly perched on the rubicund nose of an inebriate sleeping on a seat in one of the parks; carefully watching the fly as it operated on the "well-developed smeller" of the slumbering man; of course a crowd began to collect, and the passers-by became deeply interested in the absorbed professor and his scientific investigation, until it was unceremoniously interrupted by the police with the patrol wagon, who insisted that even science should not interfere with the dispensation of justice, and the maintenance of law and order in the District of Columbia.

THATCHER FURNACE

THE question of heating a house properly and scientifically is as old as the hills. Nor have the new-fangled methods one hears about nowadays, changed the material facts in the case. Heat without ventilation is unhealthful. There can be no argument on that score, and of all the methods of heating in vogue, the old-fashioned warm air furnace stands alone as a method of heating, that insures a constant inflow of pure, fresh air from the out-of-doors.

I write of these things because I have only recently been giving a great deal of thought and study to the proposition, for it was necessary to replace a worn-out furnace in my own home. Naturally, what a man finally buys, he thinks is the best thing to be had, and if any reader of the NATIONAL is facing the furnace problem, he will be interested in my conclusions.

Deciding that the only method of healthful heating was that kind which insured proper ventilation, I looked around for the best kind of a warm air furnace. I was not entirely satisfied with the one I had, as it was old, and I felt there had been many improvements since its construction. In the course of investigation, I came across the Improved

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HARDERFOLD is warmer than the heavier wool underwear, yet is comparatively light.

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C—WINTER WEIGHT.

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LET'S TALK IT OVER

Thatcher Tubular furnace, and its principle of heating the air was so clear and logical, even to the layman, that I decided upon it. The distinguishing features of the Thatcher Tubular are its simplicity, durability and economy of fuel. One can get a tremendous amount of heat or just a little heat, whichever the conditions warrant. There are no complicated or concealed flues to fill with ashes or soot. Its heating surfaces are all practically self-cleaning, and, because of its tubular construction, which creates a rapid circulation, the heat is carried away into the rooms as fast as it is generated.

The Thatcher Tubular is like a locomotive in principle, but with the two factors reversed. Where in the steam boiler long tubes conduct the heat through the reservoir of water, which is to be converted into steam, in the Thatcher Tubular, the supply of pure fresh air is conveyed by many pipes through the fire-box, and thus is quickly heated by the increased surface radiation.

This large, rapid and constant flow of pure warm air makes the home sweet, wholesome and comfortable.

I have had the furnace installed long enough to thoroughly test its remarkable advantages, and in the language of the lady of the house, I wouldn't part with it "for the world."

The Thatcher Tubular is advertised elsewhere in this issue of the NATIONAL. It would be well to write for their booklet if the furnace problem is staring you in the face.

* * *

BUYING NEW VICTOR RECORDS

IN our household we speak of the selection of Victor records as "buying more magic carpets," because, with the playing of each one, we are transported to a different place and make the acquaintance of new people. The only difficulty is that all the Victor records are so good it is hard to know just which to choose when one would like to have the entire list to take home.

The other day it fell to my lot to go and hear the new list played and make the choice for the month. Evan Williams is always a favorite with us; we feel as though he had become a personal friend, so I asked first for

his rendition of "Lead, Kindly Light."—No, I was not listening to a record; I was hearing Evan Williams singing for me in his best style. Every word was distinct; the verse, "I do not ask to see the distant scene," was rendered with a beauty of expression that I had never before heard. I put that on my list.

Then I chose a delightful selection from "Il Trovatore," that music of which one never tires. It was perfect. I knew I must have that.

The next selection was the stirring combination of melodies called "The Ancient's March"; it included those familiar airs that are always welcome. With "Auld Lang Syne," I was off in the Scotch Highlands; a moment later, "Yankee Doodle" appeared on the scene, more than ever a "dandy" in his new musical dress; this modern "Yankee" had ambition enough to stick twenty "feathers in his cap." The listener actually could hear the taps and the marching feet as the music flowed on.

Then off to the country with Billy Murray, while he sang "Rainbow." One felt sure that his "pretty maiden" could not refuse to give him the "trial" for which he so musically pleaded "beneath the moonbeam's silvery light." "Billy" was ably assisted by the Haydn Quartette, and with the quick, closing notes, sitting with closed eyes, I actually saw the singers. The magic carpets are always in good working order.

Then I wanted the very newest thing in songs, and at once got it in "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." Instantly I was with the "boys," rushing across the fields to scramble to the highest possible point of view and imbibe the energetic spirit of the players, the "one, two, three strikes you're out, at the old ball game." With all my heart I joined with the Haydn Quartette in their abandonment to the enthusiasm of the baseball fever,

"Take me out to the ball game;
Take me out with the crowd.
Buy me some peanuts and cracker-jack;
I don't care if I never get back!"

It is not often that I am entrusted with the making of really important household purchases; therefore, it is not surprising if I felt a "bit sot up" when my selection of Victor records met with the family's full approval.